00082174

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018

THE

RISE OF GREAT FAMILIES,

OTHER ESSAYS, AND STORIES.

T.9.25

£2174

BY

SIR BERNARD BURKE, C.B., LL.D.,

ULSTER KING OF ARMS,

AUTHOR OF THE "VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES," ETC.

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1873.

923.2
Bur/Wil
82174

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE RISE OF GREAT FAMILIES 1

THE STORY OF PAMELA 65

A TRUE ROMANCE CONNECTED WITH THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641 87

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, BIRTH, BIRTHPLACE, AND EARLY HOME 94

THE STORY OF THE SWORD 108

RIVAL PRETENSIONS 113

SCROPE AND GROSVENOR, 113.—BOCCACIO'S DECAMERONE, 126.—STAFFORD AND BAGOT, 132.—THE CLAN CHATTAN, 137.—O'CONOR, 142.—HERBERT AND JONES, 146.—SCHAW OF GREENOCK, AND BRUCE OF CLACKMANNAN, 154.

THE ABERDEEN ROMANCE 155

LADIES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER. 182

THE MIDWIFE'S CURSE, AN EPISODE OF THE GREAT REBELLION 191

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER 203

MEMORIES OF THE VICE-REGAL COURT 226

PERPLEXITIES OF PRECEDENCE 251

TOM STEELE 277

EXTINCTION OF THE FAMILIES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN . 289

HISTORICAL GALLERIES. 315

PAGE

LA BELLE JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL . . 319

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY AND PERSONAL HISTORY . . 327

IVAN YORATH, 327.—OLIVER CROMWELL'S BAPTISM, 328.—THE HATTONS OF KIRBY, 328.—EARL OF ELDON, 330.—FIELD-MARSHAL BRADY, 331.—FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE NUGENT, 332.—LADY ANNE BARNARD, 335.—EARLDOM OF BERKELEY, 339.—LORD LYNDHURST, 341.—MARRIAGE OF SIR PHILIP HERBERT AND LADY SUSAN VERE, 344.—MARRIAGE OF MR. YNYR BURGES, 346.—SOAME JENYNS, 347.—HERALDRY AND THE HERALDS, 347.—ULSTER'S OFFICE, 348.—KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER, 350.—LORD EDWARD FITZ-GERALD'S DAGGER, 352.—EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G. AND K.T, 354.—THE RISE OF THE ROTHSCHILDS, 356.—MARRIAGE OF LORD CLIVE, 359.—THE VALENTIA ANNESLEYS, 359.—VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES, 360.—DEGRADATION FROM KNIGHTHOOD, 362.—CANNING'S RISE, 362.—PRINCE BISMARCK'S SUPPORTERS, 364.—SIR WILLIAM GULL'S HONOURABLE AUGMENTATION, 364.

ERRATA.

Page 7, *line* 21.—There were 22 Howards Knights of the Garter.

Page 143.—Mr. Arthur O'Conor, mentioned in line 6, was first cousin, *not* uncle, of the late O'Conor Don.

The Rise of Great Families.

"Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the State, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathise in its various fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honours of its name."—GIBBON.

POPULAR notion prevails that it would be an invidious task to write the history of the rise of our eminent Houses, that the consequent investigation would lead to the discovery of the obscure source of their greatness, that the details would detract from the estimate in which the nobility is held, that the subject had better be left unexamined, and that, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." To all this I emphatically demur: few books

would be more interesting or instructive, few abounding more in deeds of fame and in instances of success achieved by intellect and genius, and of patriotism and loyalty true to the death, than a faithful record of the rise and progress of the distinguished families that constitute the class known as the Aristocracy of Great Britain and Ireland. That record would tell of ancient pedigrees, famous titles and brilliant services. There might be now and then a chance precedent, showing that "the royal hand had sometimes laid the sword of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder," but the exception would only prove the general rule.

The best blood in Europe, and the most historic illustration, belong to the *noblesse* of this empire. Occasionally a naval or military Commander, a Statesman, a Lawyer, or a Merchant of comparatively humble birth—a Nelson, a Colborne, a Copley, or a Lloyd—makes his way into the House of Lords; but this infusion of new blood lends fresh vigour to the system:

> "Le premier qui fut roy fut un soldat heureux,
> Qui sert bien son pays n'a besoin d'aieux."

It is surprising how strongly a false notion of the inferiority of the British nobility has taken hold of the public mind. This very year Lord Shaftesbury is reported to have thus spoken of the peerage:—

"There were few persons of Norman descent in the House of Lords, which represented a very large infusion of every rank and profession—naval, military, civil, legal, clerical, and mercantile. He once heard

that great man, Lord Eldon, Lord High Chancellor of England, say, 'Look at me, a peer and a Lord High Chancellor, taking precedence of you all, and yet I can look back and remember that I am the son of a coal miner at Newcastle.'"

Even Mr. Disraeli puts into the mouth of his favourite character, Millbank, heterodox assertions, which Coningsby leaves unrefuted, or, at all events meets with a general remark, that he had always "understood that our peerage was the finest in Europe:"—

"Ancient lineage!" says Millbank, "I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The real old families of this country are to be found among the peasantry; the gentry, too, may lay some claim to old blood. I can point you out Saxon families in this county who can trace their pedigrees beyond the Conquest. I know of some Norman gentlemen whose fathers undoubtedly came over with the Conqueror. But a peer with an ancient lineage is to me quite a novelty. No, no: the thirty years of the wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen. I take it, after the battle of Tewkesbury a Norman baron was almost as rare a being in England as a wolf is now."

Mr. Millbank was better read in politics than genealogy; had studied Bentham, Adam Smith and Hallam, rather than Camden, Dugdale and Nicolas. Beyond all question, the peers are "of ancient lineage." Among them, and not among the peasantry or gentry, are "the real old families" to be found; and "a peer

with an ancient lineage" is most assuredly not a novelty.

Whoever will take the trouble to examine the pedigrees of the great European families, with a view to comparison, must come to the conclusion that the nobility of this empire need give place to none other. The official lists of the Peerage enumerate in "a long bede roll," the names of Nevill, Howard, Courtenay, Percy, Devereux, Hamilton, FitzGerald, Talbot, Stanley, Lindsay, Butler, O'Brien, Douglas, Seymour, Russell, Cavendish. Berkeley, Manners, Montagu, Campbell, Murray Graham, Grosvenor, Poulett, Gordon, Stuart, Hastings, Feilding, Fane, Bruce, Grey, Stanhope, Lumley, Villiers, De Burgh, Lyon, Erskine, Shirley, Ashburnham, Greville, Spencer, Edgecumbe, Fortescue, Eliot, Lowther, Gage, Crewe, Drummond, Walpole, Lambton, Wodehouse, St. John, Stonor, Wingfield, Nugent, Stourton, Petre, Arundel, Clifford, Astley, Bertie, Fiennés, De Courcy, Preston, McDonnell, Perceval, St. Lawrence, Digby, Bagot, Littleton, Plunket, Ramsay, Fraser, and many a one beside that is "famous in story." The noblemen, the chiefs of these distinguished names, are, in nearly every instance, either the heirs male or the heirs general of their respective families, and several of them still keep their state in the very Halls or Castles transmitted to them from Plantagenet, and in some cases from Norman, times. Their peerage creations they derive from ancient feudal proprietors, from warriors who led armies to victory, from statesmen who in critical

times guided the councils of their country, or from lawyers who, as Lord Chancellors and Judges, framed and administrated our laws.

Out of this long list, let me take haphazard a few names, Nevill, Talbot, Howard, FitzGerald, Hamilton, Devereux, Courtenay, Butler, and Douglas. Where in the history of foreign nobility can they be surpassed for ancient lineage or public services? The sound of their names is the echo of the war trumpet of the middle ages.

The EARL of ABERGAVENY is chief of the NEVILLS, and but for their attainder, would, as their heir, be Earl of Westmorland, of a patent dating back as far as 1397. Raised to the height of glory and power by Richard, Earl of Warwick, the King-maker, the Nevills of Raby were of Baronial rank shortly after the Conquest. The mere summary of the honours they achieved would fill pages of my book. Queens, Archbishops, Lord Chancellors, Knights of the Garter, they fairly won the numerous coronets, Baronial to Ducal, which their Sovereigns bestowed on them.

Then there is the EARL of SHREWSBURY, the direct descendant, through the first and illustrious Earl, the hero of forty battles, of the Talbots, of which family Sir Philip Sidney writes, "There is not in Europe a subject house which hath joined longer continuance of nobility with men of greater service and loialty."

The GERALDINES and the HAMILTONS, with pedigrees of "ancient lineage" and historic fame, identified with the chief events of the rival kingdoms of Ireland and

Scotland, are still represented by the two Irish Dukes, Leinster, and Abercorn. In the sixteenth century, the HAMILTONS were next in succession to the crown of Scotland after Mary Stuart, the Queen regnant.

VISCOUNT HEREFORD, the Premier Viscount of England, is the heir of the Devereuxes, Earls of Essex, of Baronial rank in the Wars of the Roses, and of historic distinction for centuries before and after. The EARLS of DEVON, whose very name, Courtenay, recalls Emperors and Kings, can be clearly traced back to feudal Barons of the time of Henry II.

JUST four centuries of ducal rank and just eight centuries of unsullied ancestry are associated with the name of HOWARD. In the combination of antiquity of descent, and the possession of the highest peerage honours with the most brilliant public services and the most illustrious alliances, the family of the DUKE of NORFOLK is unrivalled. Next to the blood-royal, Norfolk is not only at the head of the titled ranks of this empire, but also, I maintain, at the head of European nobility. In historical pre-eminence, no dukedom in Europe stands so exalted as this.

Dugdale was at a loss to ascertain the parentage of William Howard, the Lord Chief Justice of the reign of Edward I.; but recent researches have led me to the conviction that his descent from Herward, "Exul,"

or "the Exile," a contemporary of William the Conqueror's, is quite capable of proof.

After a series of generations of great county gentlemen, the Howards were raised from knightly degree and provincial celebrity to the most elevated rank in the kingdom. They sprang, per saltum, from simple chivalry to ducal position. The cause of this was the splendid alliance formed in the early part of the fifteenth century, by Sir Robert Howard with the Lady Margaret de Mowbray, daughter of Thomas De Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk, and cousin and co-heiress of John De Mowbray, the fourth duke. This it was which brought eventually to the Howards the inheritance of royal blood, vast possessions and magnificent heirships. The Lady Margaret's mother was sister and co-heiress of Thomas Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, and her father was, through his mother, great grandson of Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Norfolk, eldest son of King Edward I., by Margaret of France, his second Queen.

No less than nineteen Howards have been Knights of the Garter—no other family can boast as many—and full twenty distinct peerages have at various times been conferred on this illustrious house. No one was more capable of forming an opinion on the relative position of the nobles of England than the late Sir Harris Nicolas, and he thus speaks of the Howards:—"In point of mere antiquity there are several nobles which far exceed the Howards; but what other family pervades all our national annals with such frequent

mention, and often involved in circumstances of such intense and brilliant interest? As heroes, poets, politicians, courtiers, patrons of literature, state victims to tyranny and revenge, and feudal chiefs, they have constantly been before us for four centuries!"

For a period, their history was as tragic as it was glorious. The first Duke of Norfolk, true to his king, fell at Bosworth. The second duke won Flodden, but nevertheless, his son Thomas, the third duke, was attainted, and would have been beheaded, but that the king's death, the day before Norfolk's was intended, arrested the axe in its course; his two hapless nieces, Queen Anne Boleyne and Queen Catherine Howard, had already passed to the scaffold. The third duke's son, the brightest jewel in the coronet of Howard, was Henry, Earl of Surrey, K.G., the statesman, warrior, and poet:

> "The gentle Surrey loved his lyre;
> Who has not heard of Surrey's fame?
> His was the hero's soul of fire,
> And his the Bard's immortal name."

Surrey's cruel and iniquitous execution* was the last

* The charge on which Surrey was convicted and beheaded was that he had assumed the heraldic bearings of King Edward the Confessor! His sister, Mary, Duchess of Richmond, was the principal witness against him; and his own father, the Duke of Norfolk, went so far as to declare that his son, Lord Surrey, had presumptuously used the arms of St. Edward, and that he himself had, ever since the death of his father, borne in the first quarter of his shield the arms of England, with a difference of three labels of silver, which he admitted was High Treason. This confession was made under fear of death. The

act of the tyranny of Henry VIII. His son, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, met a like doom as his father, and was beheaded in the time of Elizabeth, on an accusation of having conspired with Mary, Queen of Scots.

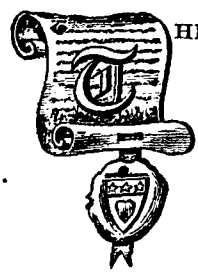
An entry in the Journal of Mr. E. Browne, "Sloane MSS." (Brit. Mus.), gives a striking description of the celebration at Norwich of the birthday of Henry Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, a description, obviously the source from which Macaulay derived the materials for the following graphic account of the gorgeous state kept up by the Norfolk family two hundred years ago:—

"In the heart of the city (Norwich), stood an old palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, said to be the largest town house in the kingdom out of London. In this mansion, to which were annexed a tennis-court, a bowling-green, and a wilderness, stretching along the banks of the Wensum, the noble family of Howard frequently resided, and kept a state resembling that of petty sovereignty. Drink was served to guests in goblets of pure gold. The very tongs and shovels were of silver. Pictures by Italian masters adorned the walls. The cabinets were filled with a fine collection of gems purchased by that Earl of Arundel, whose marbles are now among the ornaments of Oxford. Here, in the year 1671, Charles and his court were sumptuously entertained. Here, too, all comers were

quartering, the use of which was considered so heinous, belonged of right to the Howards by descent, and has been ever since, even to this day, borne by the Howards.

annually welcomed, from Christmas to Twelfth Night. Ale flowed in oceans for the populace. Three coaches, one of which had been built at a cost of five hundred pounds to contain fourteen persons, were sent every afternoon round the city to bring ladies to the festivities; and the dances were always followed by a luxurious banquet. When the Duke of Norfolk came to Norwich, he was greeted like a king returning to his capital. The bells of the cathedral and of Saint Peter Mancroft were rung: the guns of the castle were fired; and the mayor and aldermen waited on their illustrious fellow citizen with complimentary addresses."

What Howard is to England, DOUGLAS is to Scotland.



THE first title on the Union Roll after that of Rothesay, inherited by the Prince of Wales, is "Hamilton," now possessed by the representative of the illustrious house of Douglas. Of the Hamiltons, the heir-male is the Duke of Abercorn, and the heir-general, the Earl of Derby. The Dukedom of Hamilton descends to its present holder, Douglas, by the special limitation of the patent of creation.

The family of Douglas, long the rival of royalty, has been, time out of mind, connected with the first nobles of Scotland, England, and France; and it has intermarried no less than eleven times with the royal house

of Scotland, and once with that of England. There are few races in Europe so dignified as it, whether we consider its long line of illustrious ancestors, its princely inheritance, or its historic renown. The original settlement of the clan was far north, in Morayshire; and the pedigree is deduced from Theobald le Fleming, to whom the Abbot of Kelso granted lands on the Water of Douglas, whence came the far-famed name of his descendants.

At Bannockburn, the centre of the Scottish army was commanded by the good Sir James Douglas, and on that famous field, under the royal standard, he was created a knight banneret. The good Sir James, long after, journeyed to Jerusalem, for the purpose of depositing Bruce's heart in the sepulchre of Our Lord; and the event has ever since been commemorated in the arms of Douglas. James, the second Earl of Douglas, won Otterburn (Chevy Chase) against Percy of Northumberland, but fell in the moment of victory. As he lay wounded, one of his knightly companions (Sinclair) enquired, "How goes it, cousin?" "But so-so," replied the sinking soldier; "praise be to God, few of my ancestors have died in chambers or in beds. Avenge me, for I die; raise again my banner, but tell not friend nor foe how it fares with me, for my enemies would exult, and my friends be disconsolate." Sir Philip Sidney delighted in this episode of the story of the Douglases. "I never heard," he used to say, "the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

The third, the grim Earl of Douglas, about whose legitimacy there is grave doubt, was the most powerful subject of his time; and his son, Archibald, fourth Earl, one of the most distinguished soldiers in Europe. He commanded the Scotch at Homildon, and having been made Duke of Touraine, in France, and created lieutenant-general of the French forces, was slain at the battle of Verneuil. His son, the fifth Earl of Douglas, and the second Duke of Touraine, exhibited the martial spirit of his race at the battle of Beaugé. His son, William, sixth Earl of Douglas, third Duke of Touraine, and second Count of Longueville, a youth of princely magnificence, was inveigled into the Castle of Edinburgh, and basely beheaded in 1440. At his death, his grand-uncle, James, Earl of Avondale, succeeded to the Scottish dignity, and was father of William, eighth Earl of Douglas, lieutenant-general of Scotland, who restored the splendour and power of his house by marrying his cousin, "the Fair Maid of Galloway," only sister of the last Duke of Touraine. The fate of this Earl, whom King James II. of Scotland stabbed in Stirling Castle with his own hand, and while under the royal safeguard, is familiar to all who read Scottish history. His brother, James, ninth Earl of Douglas, bent on revenge, took up arms, and rapidly collected 40,000 men; but, deserted by the chieftains, his troops melted away, and Douglas himself, with a few attendants, effected his escape to England, where he was granted a pension by Edward IV., and was made a Knight of the Garter, the first Scotchman who

received the honour. The mighty power of the senior line of the house of Douglas was destroyed in him. In the words of Sir Walter Scott, "It can only be compared to the gourd of the prophet, which, spreading in such miraculous luxuriance, was withered in a single night."

The exiled lord made one more faint effort, in 1483, to retrieve his position, but was surrounded and captured at Lochmaben. Brought into the royal presence, the aged warrior turned his back on the son of James II., the destroyer of his house. The king, however, touched by pity, merely sentenced Douglas to the retirement of Lindores Abbey, and in that holy retreat the broken-hearted Earl died a monk four years after.

On the extinction of the Black Douglases, the branch of the family which became the most powerful was that of the Red Douglases, the Earls of Angus, descended of a younger son of the first Earl of Douglas. Archibald, the fifth Earl of Angus, is known in history as "Bell the Cat." His son, Archibald, the sixth Earl, married the Princess Margaret of England, Queen Dowager of Scotland, by whom he had an only child, Margaret, Countess of Lennox, mother of Henry, Lord Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots. From the brother of the sixth Earl of Angus, the present Duke of Hamilton directly descends.

Of the house of Douglas, besides the Earls of Douglas and Angus, there have been Dukes of Douglas, Dukes of Touraine, Dukes of Queensberry, Dukes of Dover, Hamilton, and Brandon; Marquesses of Beverley and

Queensberry, Earls of Athole, Buchan, Morton, Selkirk March, Dumbarton, Forfar, and Butler; and Barons Douglas, Ripon, and Solway.

IDE by side with the Howards of England and the Douglases of Scotland, Ireland can fairly place her own GERALDINES of KILDARE and DESMOND, and her BUTLERS of ORMONDE, both dating their rise to greatness from the first invasion of Ireland and from their share in the territories then won. The Anglo-Norman founder of the House of Ormonde was THEOBALD WALTER, to whom King Henry II. granted the Chief Butlerage of Ireland, and thus originated a name, destined to become one of the most distinguished in the annals of that country. Hubert Walter, brother of the first Chief Butler, happened to fill the primatial see of Canterbury when Richard I. died leaving the crown to his brother John, and it was mainly through his influence that the latter was enabled to succeed to the throne, to the prejudice of his unfortunate nephew Arthur; and in return for the service thus done to John, that King added to the wealth and power of the Butlers in Ireland.

In Camp, Court, and Council, the Butlers have figured for ages. Dryden styles them, "one of the most ancient, most conspicuous, and most deserving families in Europe." The height of their renown was attained by the great Duke of Ormonde, K.G., the head of the

Irish Cavaliers. A Duke in Ireland, and a Duke in England, he preferred to all other titles, for these Peerage honours, the one historic name of Ormonde. He married his cousin Elizabeth Preston, Baroness Dingwall, who was heir-general to the tenth Earl of Ormonde and to the eleventh Earl of Desmond: and whom James I. had meant to be the wife of George Feilding, a young nephew of his favourite the Duke of Buckingham. Love laughs at Kings' decrees, but the self-sufficient James could not imagine such rebellion: and having created Lord Dingwall Earl of Desmond in Ireland, he gave that title in reversion after his death to the son-in-law he had fixed upon for the Earl. The lady married Ormonde, whose father had spent eight gloomy years in the Tower because he would not, on the king's command, surrender his ancient patrimony to her family; whilst Feilding married a Stanhope, and was the progenitor of a distinguished race, who inheriting the English title of Denbigh from the senior line of their family, still bear the historical Irish Earldom of Desmond without any descent from or kinship with the great and unhappy branch of the Geraldines, seventeen of whom had borne the dignity of Desmond, between 1329 and the death of their last chief in 1608.

The eldest son of the great Duke of Ormonde was the gallant Earl of Ossory, father of James, the second and last Duke of Ormonde, Lord High Constable at the coronation of William III. It is said that this second Duke was, during the reign of Queen Anne, the most

popular man in England. He was certainly one of the most dignified. I cannot resist giving the official enumeration of his honours :—

"The most noble and illustrious prince, James Earl of Brecknock, and Baron of Llanthony in Wales, and of Moore Park in England; Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Ormonde, Earl of Ossory, Viscount Thurles, Baron of Dingle and Arklow, in Ireland; Lord of the regalities and liberties, and Governor of the County Palatine of Tipperary; and of the city, town, and county of Kilkenny; honorary Chief Butler of Ireland; Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Constable of Dover Castle; Lord Lieutenant of the County of Somerset; Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Norfolk; High Steward of the cities of Exeter, Bristol, and Westminster; Chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin; Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards; Captain General, and Commander-in-Chief of all Her Majesty's forces, by sea and land; one of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council in England and Ireland; Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter; and Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland."

In strange contrast with this catalogue of glories comes the story of the Duke's end. At the accession of George I., he was attainted with Bolingbroke and Oxford for correspondence with the Jacobites in France. Subsequently he took the command of a force which sailed from Cadiz to accomplish the restoration of the Stuarts, but the fleet was dispersed, and the attempt utterly failed. Ormonde retired to France, and resided for many years in exile at Avignon, on a pension allowed him by the Court of Spain. His death occurred at a very advanced age in 1745.

Very many of our most distinguished families, though of good descent themselves, have been raised to high rank in the Peerage by the influence and fortune they have acquired through intermarriages with heiresses. Even the Howards owe much of their pre-eminence to the Mowbray marriage.

The MANNERSES, gentlemen of blood for full three hundred years before, were advanced to their subsequent position by the good luck of the Sir Robert Manners, of Henry VI.'s reign, in winning a great heiress, Eleanor Baroness de Roos, and acquiring with her Belvoir Castle, still the glory of the Midlands. Their son, Sir George Manners, Lord Roos, raised his family still higher by allying himself to Royalty through his marriage with Ann St. Leger, niece of King Edward IV.

But perhaps the most striking case in point is that of the DUKES of BUCKINGHAM.

RICHARD GRENVILLE, of Wootton, M.P., a Buckinghamshire gentleman of good position and ancient lineage, married, in 1710, Hester Temple, the sister and heiress of Richard, Viscount Cobham, and thus became possessed of the Temple estates. His wife, the heiress, was created a Peeress in her own right, as Countess Temple. Their son, Richard, Earl Temple, K.G., a Statesman of the time of George II. and George III., gained a Middlesex co-heiress, Ann Chambers of Hanworth, and his nephew and successor, George, Earl Temple, afterwards Marquess of Buckingham, obtained the hand of an Irish heiress, Lady Mary Elizabeth

Nugent, daughter of Robert, Earl Nugent. Thus the Nugent estates became the inheritance of the Grenvilles. But the greatest alliance of all in the Grenville family was the next—the marriage of Richard, Earl Temple, second Marquess of Buckingham, with Lady Anna Eliza Brydges, daughter and sole heiress of the last Duke of Chandos, and the representative of Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, and Frances, his wife, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Mary, Queen Dowager of France, daughter, and (in her issue) co-heiress of King Henry VII. In consequence of this illustrious connexion, the Marquess of Buckingham was granted the additional names of Brydges-Chandos, and was eventually created Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. The alliance not only brought broad lands and led to an addition to the Peerage honours of the Grenvilles, but through it Richard-Plantagenet-Campbell, present Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, has become the senior representative of the Princess Mary Tudor, daughter and co-heir of Henry VII.

The DUKEDOM of LEEDS is another strong case in point. Sir William Hewit, Lord Mayor of London, 1559, was possessed of a considerable estate, and had an only daughter to inherit it. It chanced during the time her father resided on London Bridge, that the child, through the carelessness of her nurse, fell into the river, whereupon a young gentleman, named Edward Osborne, one of Sir William Hewit's apprentices, plunged in, and rescued the infant. "In memory of

which deliverance," says an old writer, "and in gratitude, her father afterwards bestowed her in marriage on the said Mr. Osborne, with a very great dowry."

Young Osborne, following up his good fortune, rose to be one of the merchant princes of London, and filled the civic chair, in 1582. His great grandson became Duke of Leeds, and a Knight of the Garter, and after him, the Dukes of Leeds for four generations, married heiresses. One of these well-portioned ladies, Lady Mary Godolphin, was granddaughter, paternally, of Sidney, Earl of Godolphin, K.G., Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, and maternally of John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough. But it was the Lady Amelia D'Arcy, wife of the fifth Duke, who brought Hornby Castle, the heirship of the D'Arcys, Earls of Holderness, the representation of the Dukes of Schomberg, and the Barony of Conyers, to the family of Osborne.

A very remarkable instance of a sequence of heiresses is given in the rise of the LEVESON-GOWERS.

The noble house of SUTHERLAND, which possesses, probably, at this time, the largest landed estate in the three Kingdoms, rose to its ducal position, and present political importance, through the accumulation of property and the vast consequent influence it acquired by intermarriages. No doubt the Gowers themselves were a very old territorial family, one of distinction, ages before; they are said to have been Saxons, were conspicuous in local history, and were included in one

of the earliest batches of baronets; but it was the fortunate marriages of almost every generation, since the time of Charles I., that has made them what they are. Frances Leveson, wife of the second Baronet, brought the Gowers Lilleshul, in Shropshire, Haling, in Kent, and Trentham, in Staffordshire; and Lady Jane Granville, wife of the fourth Baronet, and co-heiress of the Earls of Bath, added the co-heirship of the family of Granville, illustrious for having given birth to Sir Bevil Granville—the "Bayard" of England—slain for the King at the victory he achieved at Lansdowne. Thus enriched, territorially and ancestrally, the Leveson-Gowers became Barons and Earls. The second Earl, securing the hand of another heiress—the Lady Louisa Egerton—succeeded to a considerable portion of the Bridgewater property, and was created a Marquess; and his son, the second Marquess, who, through his mother, was entitled to quarter the Royal Arms, gained for wife Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver—the inheritrix of one of the oldest earldoms of Scotland, and the proprietrix of more than one-half of the county of Sutherland. A Dukedom, under the title of the Lady's Earldom, was conferred upon the Marquess, and is now possessed by his grandson, the third Duke, who, true to the traditional good fortune of his race, has married the heiress of the Hay-Mackenzies, of Cromartie, and has obtained for her a Peerage in her own right as Countess of Cromartie.

EARL COWPER derives some of his Peerage honours

from his ancestor, the Lord Chancellor Cowper, of the time of Queen Anne; but a large portion of his landed possessions, his Scottish Barony of Dingwall, and his English Barony of Butler of Moor Park, as well as the dignity of a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, come through the marriage of the second Earl with the Lady Henrietta, daughter and heiress of Henry de Nassau Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham, son of the famous Marshal, and the sole descendant of the legitimated children of the Stadtholder Prince Maurice, of Nassau. The Lady Henrietta, through her mother—Lady Henrietta Butler—became also, in her issue, heir general of the Dukes of Ormonde.

The present Lord Cowper's mother, a Peeress in her own right as Baroness Lucas, represents the Dukes and Earls of Kent, a branch of the famous house of Grey, which has filled so prominent a part in English history. Henry de Grey acquired a good estate with Isolda, the heir of Robert Bardolph: and his male descendants were Dukes of Suffolk and Kent, Marquesses of Dorset, Earls of Stamford and Warrington, Viscounts Lisle and Graney, and Lords Grey de Wilton, Rotherfield, Codnor, Groby and Ruthyn. The sad fate of the fairest daughter of this house, Lady Jane Grey, is familiar to all my readers. Her misfortunes brought ruin to her kindred. Her father, nominally pardoned at the time, was afterwards pursued as an accomplice in Wyatt's rebellion, and being betrayed by one of his own keepers, was taken out of a hollow tree in which he had concealed himself, was beheaded, and

attainted; so that the Marquessate of Dorset was forfeited with his other honours. Otherwise his brother's descendant, and the heir male of the Greys, the Earl of Stamford, would now rank as premier Marquess. Lord Grey de Wilton fortunately escaped a similar fate, though he had openly supported Lady Jane: but his grandson, the fifteenth and last Baron of that family, was attainted in 1603 for that mysterious affair, Raleigh's conspiracy. When sentenced he refused to plead for mercy. "The house of Wilton," he nobly said, "have spent many lives in their Prince's service, and Grey cannot ask his." He was given it, however, but died a prisoner in the Tower, where he had been for thirteen years incarcerated. The Greys of Ruthyn were more fortunate—Edward IV. gave them the Earldom of Kent, and they held it for nearly three centuries. But the third Earl, a Knight of the Garter and a nobleman of large fortune, wasted all in riot and extravagance, and died in a poor London inn, leaving his brother to inherit a title and estate overwhelmed with debt. The former he would not assume, the latter he restored by economy and great ability in the management of land; and eventually his grandson resumed the title; and his descendants, as they were amongst the best born, so were counted amongst the wealthiest of the British nobility.

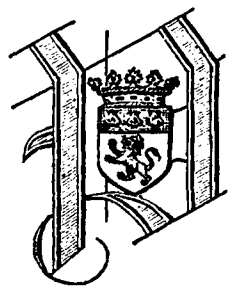
These few instances, chosen out of many, which readily present themselves, show the influence heiresses have had on the rise of our great houses. In the

cases cited, the heiresses carried with them not only the heraldic inheritance, but the much more substantial succession to the family estates. But it must not be taken for granted that all ladies who succeed to property are heiresses. Generally, this may be the fact, but not always. "There's often an heiress without a penny," is an Irish proverb. Many ladies who succeed to extensive estates, or large property (such, for instance, as Lady Burdett Coutts) are not heiresses, and many ladies, who succeed to none, are. The true definition of an heiress or co-heiress is this—a lady who is representative or co-representative in blood of her father.* This representation, which depends on her having no brother, or on her brother or brothers having died without issue, entitles her descendants to quarter her arms for ever. In right of his descent from heiresses, the present Duke of Athole has a shield of more than a thousand quarterings. His Grace is not only the senior representative in blood of the Nevills, Lords Latimer, but also of the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, and the Percys, Earls of Northumberland. Yet he does not inherit Knowsley, Hedingham, or Alnwick.

As a set-off against this accumulation of heiresses combined in the possessor of one Scotch dukedom, it is a curious circumstance that another Scotch Duke, Montrose, is the representative of ancestors quite as

* It seems a pity that English heraldry should extend a right to quarterings to the heiresses of all the younger branches, instead of confining it to the heir general of the family, who is in truth, the real representative in blood.

illustrious—courtiers, and cavaliers *par excellence*—not one of whom, from their first appearance in history, found favour with an heiress. Consequently the Graham shield has no quartering.



PATRIOTS, Courtiers, and Statesmen, the Russells have long held rank among the first nobles of England, and have always enjoyed a foremost place in the esteem and affection of the people.

Their pedigree is clearly traceable to an ancient baronial house, of Norman extraction, seated at Kingston Russell in Dorsetshire, and founded in England at the Conquest. Mindful thereof, the present Earl Russell had his title designated as "of Kingston Russell, in the co. of Dorset."

The Earls and Dukes of Bedford, a younger branch of the Dorsetshire stock, owe their rise to John Russell, a very accomplished gentleman, who had travelled much, and passed some of his early years in Spain. He resided at Berwick, about four miles from Bridport, in the county of Dorset, and obtained a favourable introduction to court through one of those unexpected incidents which may be attributed solely to good fortune. In 1506 the Archduke Philip of Austria, only son of the Emperor Maximilian I., and husband of Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel, King and Queen of Castile

and Aragon, having encountered, in his passage from Flanders to Spain, a violent storm which lasted, Stow says, eleven days, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, Knt., of Wolveton, a person of rank in the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas immediately apprised the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to adopt, invited his kinsman, Mr. Russell, then recently returned from abroad, to wait upon the Prince. His Imperial Highness, fascinated by Mr. Russell's polished conversation, desired that he should accompany him to Windsor, whither the King had invited his Highness to repair. On the journey, the Archduke became still more pleased with his attendant's "learned discourse and generous deportment," and at his interview with the King, recommended him strongly to Henry's favour. Mr. Russell was, in consequence, taken immediately into the King's service, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Retaining the Royal regard in the next reign, he attended Henry VIII. to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, distinguished himself at Therouenne and Tournay, was wounded in Surrey's naval expedition against Morlaix, was knighted for his gallantry, on the deck of the flag ship, took part in the battle of Pavia, where the French King, Francis I., lost all but honour; and was eventually created Lord Russell of Cheneys, and installed a Knight of the Garter.

The Russells were thus placed in the House of

Lords, and associated with the most brilliant order of chivalry, before they acquired their vast monastic possessions. Pennant states that no family profited so much by the Church confiscations as that of the Russells. "To the grant of Woburn, in 1547," he observes, "it owes much of its property in Bedfordshire and in Buckinghamshire; to that of the rich Abbey of Tavistock, vast fortunes and interest in Devonshire; and, to render them more extensive, that of Dunkeswell was added. The donation of Thorney Abbey gave Lord Russell an amazing tract of fens in Cambridgeshire, together with a great revenue. Melchburn Abbey increased his property in Bedfordshire. The priory of Castle Hymel gave him footing in Northamptonshire, and he came in for parcels of the appurtenances of St. Alban's, Herts, and Mount Grace, in Yorkshire; not to mention the house of the Friars' Preachers in Exeter, and, finally, the estate about Covent-garden, with a field adjoining, called the Seven Acres, on which Long-acre is built."

Thus largely provided for, Lord Russell, in the succeeding reign, was made, for his good services, Earl of Bedford, and thereby acquired a title that had previously been associated with the glory of the Plantagenets. Its brilliancy has not since been tarnished. The next step in the rise of the Russells was through the marriage of Lord Russell, the patriot, with the admirable Lady Rachel Wriothesley, widow of the young Lord Vaughan (son of the Earl of Carbery), and daughter and heiress of the Earl of Southampton.

It brought a large accession of property, including the Bloomsbury estate in London, so large, indeed, that, added to the Covent Garden estate, it made the Russells enormously rich; and the next generation added still more, Wriothesley, second Duke, marrying an heiress of Howland, of Streatham. I remember the late Lord Carlisle saying, fifteen years ago, that the then Duke of Bedford might throw £200,000 a year into the Thames, and yet keep up Woburn.

EVONSHIRE gives designation to another ancient and honoured family—the CAVENDISHES, but why that county was chosen, as their Peerage title, I have not ascertained. The Cavendish residence and property were elsewhere, and the Courtenays had already appropriated "Devon." No doubt, at the time, 1618, when the first Lord Cavendish was created Earl of Devonshire, an erroneous impression prevailed that the Earldom of Devon or Devonshire, granted to the Courtenays, was extinct. This misapprehension continued for more than two centuries after, until, in point of fact, the year 1831, when the House of Lords resolved that it was still extant, and belonged to the third Viscount Courtenay. Luckily, for the sake of distinction, the Cavendish title had, in the interval, become a dukedom.

In the fourteenth century the CAVENDISHES held lands at Cavendish, in Suffolk. They rose by the law, from provincial celebrity, in the person of Sir

John Cavendish, Lord Chief Justice of England *temp.* Edward III.; and fell back in the world through the extravagance of William Cavendish, the Chief Justice's grandson, who sold his landed property in Cavendish, and spent his all. The family, however, again rose to be far grander and far richer than ever through the marvellous shrewdness, ability, and manœuvring of the famous "Bess of Hardwicke," the third wife of Sir William Cavendish, the younger brother of the accomplished George Cavendish, author of the *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, and the great-great-grandson of Sir John Cavendish, who shared with Walworth the honour of slaying Wat Tyler. Being from Suffolk, William Cavendish had the good fortune to obtain an introduction to a very eminent Suffolk man, Cardinal Wolsey; and after Wolsey's fall, he was much in favour with Henry VIII., who employed him in the suppression of monasteries, and bestowed on him considerable monastic estates. But it was his wife, Elizabeth Hardwicke, who was the means of advancing him in the world, and raising his descendants to rank, honour, and fortune. She purchased Chatsworth, now the Palace of the Peak, built Hardwicke, and acquired Bolsover Castle. She busied herself in consolidating her estates in Derbyshire, and in adorning them with stately mansions. At her death, she had accumulated the vast possessions that have since rendered the Cavendishes one of the most influential families in the Peerage. The Countess lived to the verge of ninety, and even to the last hour in-

dulged in her pride and worldly magnificence. Her passion was building, and it is hard to say how many other noble monuments of her taste she might not have left behind her, if a severe frost in 1607 had not compelled her workmen to stop suddenly when engaged in improving the Norman Keep of Bolsover. There was a prophecy that when Bess of Hardwicke ceased to build, she would cease to live. The magic spell was broken, and the Lady died. Her story appears in another of my works.

The first and most illustrious of the merchant families which attained the peerage, was that of De la Pole. Michael de la Pole, the son of William de la Pole, Edward the Third's "beloved merchant" of Hull, was created Earl of Suffolk in 1385, and was ancestor of a race of Earls and Dukes the most brilliant and the most unfortunate of the brief period through which they lived. The last male heir, Richard de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk—"the White Rose"—an exile in France, fought with heroic bravery at the battle of Pavia, and was found dead on that memorable field. The rise of the De la Poles seems to have destroyed the prejudice against the admission of the trading element into the House of Lords. Commerce has since given rise to many families, and contributed several titles to the Peerage. Some, like the De la Poles, have altogether passed away; a few others still endure. At present, foremost among the dignities acquired by the descendants of Merchant Princes, appear the Dukedom of Leeds, the Earldoms of Craven, Radnor, and Feversham; and the

Baronies of Ashburton, Carrington, Overstone, and Wolverton.

Hudson, the Railway King, as he was called in the days of his glory, built up for a time a colossal fortune by a system of hazard which astonished every one; and after a thousand hairbreadth escapes, made one false step, and sank at once into ruin no less complete and wonderful than his rise had been. There is a curious coincidence connected with Hudson's rise and fall. From being the owner of a small shop in one of the minor *gates*—that is, *streets*—of York, Hudson, by a singular union of skill and intrepidity, came to be the possessor of so much wealth that he was enabled to purchase from the Duke of Devonshire his noble estate of Londesborough. The first in rank and the first in opulence, the noble from the west end of the metropolis, and the merchant from the wrong side of Temple Bar,—*aristocratic*,—were alike the invited guests at the table of the Railway King, all paying homage in his person to the deity of Fortune. But while the humble Yorkist was thus sailing before the wind, the gifted and amiable Lord Albert Conyngham, who had embarked upon the same voyage of speculation, met with nothing but storms and shipwreck. While Hudson was making a fortune by railways, his lordship was losing one, and was forced to seek a temporary refuge abroad. But again the wheel of fortune went round. Hudson's schemes burst on the sudden, like the soap-bubbles blown by some idle school-boy; he was at once stript of his borrowed plumage, while

Lord Albert—the ruined Lord Albert—having inherited a large fortune from his uncle, Mr. Denison, purchased from Hudson the princely property of Londesborough, and taking a new title from it, became Lord Londesborough. The career of Mr. Denison himself, to whom the noble house of Londesborough thus owes its rise, was one of the marvels of fortune. A poor lad from Yorkshire, he made his way to London, and ascending the ladder step by step, raised himself honestly and honourably from the humblest to the highest position in an eminent bank, and died leaving millions of money.

Mechanical invention, which is perhaps the basis of commercial pre-eminence, has less frequently led to the acquisition of peerage honours, either by inventors themselves or by their descendants, than the successful pursuit of the commerce which has resulted from it; but the combination of mechanical invention with mercantile prosperity has laid the foundation of the justly-respected family of STRUTT of BELPER. At the commencement of the last century, Mr. William Strutt was the occupant of two farms in the retired village of South Normanton, near Alfreton. His family was of that yeoman class which has been productive of so much good to the country. "The good yeoman," says Fuller, "is a gentleman in ore whom the next age may see refined; and is the wax, capable of a gentle impression when the Prince shall stamp it."

William Strutt's second son, Jedediah Strutt, evinced at an early age a taste for mechanics; constructed miniature mills on a little stream that ran through his

father's farm, and adopted many contrivances for improving the rude agricultural implements of the period. At the age of twenty-six, he married the sister of a hosier at Derby, and had his mind thus turned to stocking-making. The result was his invention of a very ingenious machine for the manufacture of ribbed stockings, which soon came into general favour. The invention was secured by patent, and caused the rise of the Strutt family. Subsequently, Mr. Strutt suggested the weaving of calicoes; and this, one of the most important branches of cotton manufacture, has led to the employment of millions of our industrial classes. The grandson of Jedediah Strutt is the present Lord Belper.

It would be tedious and out of place in a work like this to enter on an analysis of the Peerage. It will suffice to discuss in general terms the antecedents of those constituting that illustrious Order, and to leave to the patient antiquary or genealogist who wishes for more minute details to follow the investigation at his leisure.

Let us turn to "GARTER'S ROLL," laid on the table of the House of Lords each session of Parliament, to "ULSTER'S ROLL," prepared under Vice Regal authority, and to the Roll of the SCOTTISH UNION. Those official lists give catalogues of the existing peers of the three kingdoms, comprising many, very many, names of remote antiquity and historic interest, and they still include the following, which all appeared on the Rolls of Parliament in Plantagenet times:—

Howard, Clinton, Talbot, Stanley, Hastings, Grey, Berkeley, Nevill, Courtenay, Devereux, Hamilton, Fitzgerald, Butler, Burke, Nugent, St. Lawrence, Preston, Gordon, Douglas, Hay, Lindsay, Sinclair, Montgomery, Kennedy, Drummond, Lyon, Campbell, Murray, Graham, Forbes, Cathcart, De Courcy, Barnewell, Plunkett, Windsor, Lumley, West, Astley, Stourton, Clifford, Willoughby, etc. These, and a goodly array of other peers of old creations, form the link that connects the present with the past of the House of Lords. But at the same time it must not be assumed that new peers are necessarily new men. Grosvenor, Bagot, Vernon, Wodehouse, Lambton, Portman, and Wrottesley, all of comparatively recent creation, are of most ancient lineage. Wrottesley, a baron of Queen Victoria's reign, can establish what no other member of the House of Lords can—a male line of descent from a FOUNDER Knight of the Order of the Garter. Grosvenor's ancestor was declared *temp.* Richard II., by the testimony of hundreds of witnesses in the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy, to have been a noble knight in direct descent from one of the companions of the Conqueror; Vernon is sprung from Richard, Baron of Shipbroke, recorded in Domesday Book, "*Ver-non semper viret;*" and Bagot is the head of a race of gentlemen traceable back to the Conquest, from a junior branch of whom sprang the celebrated house of Stafford, ducal under the title of Buckingham.

It also frequently happens that new titles, and even new names, give a modern appearance to families that

have really been enrolled among the titled nobility from a very early period. Every one knows that the Dukes of Newcastle have derived that title, under a special remainder, from Thomas Pelham Holles, the Prime Minister. The Pelhams were a knightly family in Sussex, distinguished at the battle of Poitiers. The family of Holles sprang from a Lord Mayor of London, who filled that office in 1540: and the Duchy of Newcastle had belonged to the Cavendishes, a co-heir of whom had married John Holles, fourth Earl of Clare. But the fact is, that the Clintons who now bear the title are of a lineage much more illustrious than the Dukes from whom they have inherited, having been Peers of Parliament since the reign of Edward I., and having had the Earldom of Huntingdon long before it was conferred on the historical houses of Holland, Herbert, or Hastings. With the same oversight many do not remember that the Marquess of Lansdowne, whose distinguished grandfather was Lord Henry Petty, whose Earldom of Shelburne is a Petty title, and whose fine Kerry estate is known to have belonged to the celebrated Sir William Petty, is the twenty-sixth Lord Kerry, of the great Anglo-Norman family of Fitzmaurice, whose male ancestors held that same Kerry estate from the reign of Henry II. until involved in the days of Elizabeth in the attainders which ruined all the adherents of the unhappy house of Desmond.

We have inherited from our ancestors many odd

notions, and we hold to them with singular tenacity. One is, that all families, to be really pre-eminent, should have their origin in the pursuits of war: that the strong hand rather than the strong head should alone lay the foundations of the mighty fabric of the country's aristocracy. This prejudice was all fair enough among the turbulent and uneducated soldiers of the Conquest, the Baronial wars and the Crusades, but it no longer held good when mind began to assert its supremacy and commerce was struggling to raise England to be first amongst nations. I never could comprehend why a merchant prince, or a leading lawyer, an illustrious author, or an eminent philosopher, should not be as honoured a "Rodolph of his race" as the steel-clad baron, the redoubted knight, or the champion of the tournament. "For my own part," says Gibbon, "could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events, our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour, we should learn to value the gifts of nature above those of fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interests of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a King less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity."

The present House of Lords comprises (without

counting 2 Archbishops, 24 Bishops, and 11 Peeresses), 454 members. Of these, 28 are Irish representative Peers, and 16 representatives for Scotland; there are besides 79 Irish Peers who have no seats, and 22 Scotch Lords who are also excluded, besides 4 Scotch Peeresses in their own right. Consequently the whole Peerage is composed of 555 Peers, and 15 Peeresses, in all 570. In many cases a Peer has, in his person, several distinct titles, but he holds only the one state and dignity of a Peer. Consequently 570 is the exact number of the Peers and Peeresses now existing.*

I do not think I am wrong in asserting that of this number fully two-thirds are of ancient lineage illustrated by high achievement; of lineage as ancient, of achievement as brilliant as the best of the Continental nobility, and that about one-third consists of those who owe their coronets to their own or their immediate progenitors' personal services, irrespectively of ancestral or territorial distinction. The Dukes of the three kingdoms, omitting those of the Blood Royal, and those descended illegitimately from Royalty, are Norfolk, Somerset, Leeds, Bedford, Devonshire, Marlborough, Rutland, Hamilton and Brandon, Argyll, Athole, Montrose, Roxburghe, Portland, Manchester, Newcastle, Northumberland, Leinster, Wellington, Buckingham and Chandos, Sutherland, Cleveland, and Abercorn. Of these, Marlborough and Wellington

* I have included the Countess of Loudoun (who inherits several ancient English baronies) among the 11 Peeresses of England.

recall the military renown of England, while the others, with the House of Howard at their head, represent families amongst the oldest and most distinguished in Christendom.

A cursory view of the Peerage will show how it takes its rise. The main body of our great families still consists of the chief territorial Lords, and of the descendants of the old feudal Barons, supplemented by the descendants of eminent lawyers, of speakers of the House of Commons, of diplomatists, of naval and military commanders, and of a few merchants. Examining the English counties, an inquirer will perceive at once how potential is the influence of landed possessions as originating the principal houses now existing.

In NORTHUMBERLAND, one sees Percy, Grey of Howick, Hastings of Seaton Delaval, and Bennet of Chillingham, heir-general of Grey of Werke, Earl of Tankerville; and in CUMBERLAND, Howard of Naworth, representing the Lords Dacre of Gillesland, and Pennington of Muncaster, traceable back to the Conquest. The old and enormously rich race of Lowther stands alone in its glory in WESTMORLAND, and participates largely in the neighbouring counties of Cumberland and York. In DURHAM are Vane, of Welsh extraction; Lambton, of Norman ancestry; and Lumley, of indisputable Saxon origin; besides Earl Vane, representing the Tempests, of Wynyard; and Viscount Boyne, resident at the Nevills' Castle of Brancepeth: in YORKSHIRE, Howard, of Castle Howard; Osborne, of Hornby Castle; Cavendish, Wentworth, Fitzwilliam, Lascelles,

Savile, Dawnay, Hotham, Robinson of Studley Royal, Stourton, Stuart-Wortley, Dundas, Lawley, Duncombe, and Lister: in LANCASHIRE, Stanley, of Knowsley; Molyneux, of Sefton; Egerton, of Worsley; Grey, of Dunham Massey; and Wilbraham, of Lathom; and in CHESHIRE, Grosvenor, of Eaton; Cholmondeley, of Cholmondeley, and Vale Royal; Stanley, of Alderley; Cotton, of Combermere; Crewe, of Crewe; and Tatton-Egerton, of Tatton.

These are still among the chief feudal Lords of the north, as in most instances their ancestors were hundreds of years ago; and, like them, they now form the leading landed aristocracy of that part of England. It is true that Percy—"the noblest Earle in the north countrie,"—has no longer an heir male, but it is equally certain that the present Duke of Northumberland is the lineal heir male of the heiress of that illustrious house, and holds, as his ancestors held, the Castle of Alnwick, conferred in 1309, on Henry Percy, the great-great-grandson of Jocelyn of Lovain, brother of Queen Adeliza, and younger son of Godfrey, Duke of Lower Lorraine, and Count de Brabant.

All the other families I have enumerated, save Egerton, of Worsley, Wortley, of Wortley, and Crewe, of Cheshire, are represented by male heirs, and with few exceptions, are from three to eight centuries old.

"The MIDLANDS" tell the same tale. Several of the ancient families are still there, and most of them are on the roll of the Peerage. The Lord of DERBYSHIRE is Cavendish, of Chatsworth; and of NOTTING-

HAMSHIRE, Bentinck, of Welbeck Abbey, the heir-general of another line of the Cavendishes, also largely benefited by the spoils of the monasteries. DERBYSHIRE has, besides, Curzon, of Kedleston; Vernon, of Sudbury; and Stanhope, of Elvaston; and NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, Willoughby, of Wollaton; and Pierrepont, of Thoresby. In LEICESTERSHIRE, first in territorial and ancestral rank is Manners, of Belvoir Castle, and next to him, are—Grey, of Groby; Feilding, of Newnham Paddox; and Curzon-Howe, of Gopsall. LINCOLNSHIRE has Cust, of Belton; Anderson-Pelham, of Brocklesby; Monson, of Burton; and Willoughby, of Grimsthorpe, holding the office of Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England; and STAFFORDSHIRE has Talbot, of Alton Towers—the historic house of Shrewsbury; Leveson-Gower, of Trentham; Bagot, of Blithfield; Wrottesley, of Wrottesley; Anson, of Shugborough; Littleton, of Teddesley; and Shirley, of Chartley Castle.

A little more to the south there is WARWICKSHIRE, with the Grevilles, inheriting the famous Castle of Warwick, and a good deal of the Beauchamp-Warwick blood; the Leighs, still possessed of Stoneleigh Abbey; the Conway-Seymours, of Ragley; and the Finches, of Packington. WORCESTERSHIRE gives residence to the Lytteltons, at Hagley; the Lygons, at Madresfield; and the Coventrys, at Croome. GLOUCESTERSHIRE is the home of the Berkeleys, of Berkeley Castle—old as the hills; of the Somersets, of Badminton, who hold by descent a Barony of the year 1307; of the Duttons, of

Sherborne; and of the Hanbury-Tracys, of Toddington. In the far south, the ancient feudal houses have not passed away. DEVON can yet boast of the Courtenays, at Powderham, created Earls forty-two years before the Percys; the Seymours, at Berry Pomeroy, who gave a Queen and a Lord Protector to England; the Fortescues, at Wear Gifford; the Edgcumbes, at Mount Edgcumbe; the Cliffords, at Chudleigh; and the Trefusises, at Heanton. CORNWALL retains the Boscawens at Tregothnan, and the Eliots at Port Eliot. HANTS has the Herberts, at High Clere; the Wellesleys, at Strathfieldsaye; the Wallops, at Hurstbourne; and the Paulets, at Amport. To WILTSHIRE belong among the resident landowners, the noble families of Thynne, of Longleat; Arundell, of Wardour; Herbert, of Wilton; Bruce, of Tottenham Park; Petty-Fitzmaurice, of Bowood; and Howard, of Charlton; and to SUSSEX, those of Gordon-Lennox, of Goodwood, senior heir-general of the ducal Gordons; Ashburnham, of Ashburnham, of "stupendous antiquity;" Gage, and Pelham; and Howard, grandest of all. KENT is to this day the place of residence of the heir male of the Nevills. In Kent also dwell the Sackvilles, at Knole; the Stanhopes, at Chevening; and the Sidneys, at Penshurst, ever memorable as the birthplace of Sir Philip; HERTS, has the Dacres, the Cecils, the Grimstons, and the Capels. The palace of Blenheim, in OXFORDSHIRE, is a memorial of the achievements of Churchill; and the Abbey of Woburn, in BEDFORDSHIRE, tells of the rise of the Russells on the fall of the monasteries. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE, with its

"hundred spires and hundred squires," is enriched with the Peerage names of Spencer, of Althorp; Compton, of Castle Ashby; Fane, of Apethorpe; and Cecil, of Burghley, established there by the wisest of statesmen. The neighbouring county of HUNTINGDON, formerly possessed principally by the Cromwells of Hinchinbroke (the ancestors of Oliver), has for its great Lords the Montagus, Dukes of Manchester, and Earls of Sandwich.

The eastern counties are not behind the rest. The Cokes, of Holkham, pre-eminent among lawyers; the Townshends, of Raynham; the Wodehouses, of Kimberley; the Walpoles, of Wolterton; the Astleys, of Melton Constable; the Jerninghams, of Cossey; and the Harbords, of Gunton, are supreme in NORFOLK: while the Herveys, of Ixworth; the Rouses, of Henham; the Fitzroys, of Euston; the Hennikers, of Henniker, hold great part of SUFFOLK.

In glancing over this catalogue, and considering the subject of "The Rise of Great Families," one cannot help perceiving that the chief houses still existing have been built on the foundations laid by feudalism, largely increased at the dissolution of the monasteries, and constantly enriched by the heritages of lady ancestors. From first to last it is the same story. On the spoils of the Saxons arose the Norman Baronage; the confiscations that followed the early Baronial wars gave origin to the Plantagenet Lords; and the estates forfeited in the contests of the Roses enabled the Tudor Kings to establish a nobility of their own. Then came monastic spoliation, and the seizure of the enormous

property of the Church to endow a new, and to enrich what remained of the old, aristocracy.

The Civil War ruined many a Cavalier, and transferred his lands to a rich merchant or a successful lawyer, and then the new proprietor was enabled to take a foremost place in his county, possibly to obtain its representation, and in due course to reach the Upper House.

The Georgian Era differed not much in this respect from the Tudor or Stuart. Although new elements were introduced, the creations of later times have still been generally made from the county gentlemen of landed importance. In point of fact, the millionaire, be his golden stores ever so large, enjoys but small political influence until his guineas are turned into acres. The Barings were great landowners before Lord Ashburton got his title: Mr. Robert Smith, the banker, when he was created Lord Carrington, had invested some portion of his wealth in land, and Mr. Jones Lloyd was the proprietor of Overstone and Fotheringhay, in Northamptonshire, before he gained admission into the House of Lords.

The Law comes next as the origin of the rise of families. When intellect began to assert its power, the lawyers added many a brilliant coronet, and many an honoured name to the Peerage. An amusing little book by Philips, entitled "The Grandeur of the Law," and published in the seventeenth century, gives a list of the "noblesse de la robe" up to that date, which

is carried down to our own time by a pleasing heraldic record of them in the windows of the Halls of the Inns of Court. The armorial blazonries therein depicted, though now and then of necessity new heraldry, are oft-times illustrative of old and distinguished races, and tell how the scions of eminent families, more ambitious than their neighbours, left the ancestral halls of Devon, Worcestershire, Norfolk, or Westmorland, and gained by mental exertion a higher place than those whom they had left at home.

The Law contributes about fifty titles: Aberdeen, Abinger, Avonmore, Aylesford, Brougham, Cairns, Campbell, Chelmsford, Clonmell, Colonsay, Cottenham, Coventry, Cowper, Denman, Eldon, Ellenborough, Erskine, Gifford, Guilford, Guillamore, Haddington, Hardwicke, Harrowby, Hatherley, Kenyon, King, Lauderdale, Lifford, Macclesfield, Manchester, Manners, Mansfield, Midleton, Norbury, North, Nottingham, O'Hagan, Penzance, Plunket, Redesdale, Romilly, Rosslyn, St. Leonards, Selborne, Stair, Talbot, Tenterden, Thurlow, Truro, Walsingham, Westbury, and Wynford.

The foregoing list contains the names of titles actually granted to Lawyers. There were, besides, other Lawyers, who, though not raised to the Peerage themselves, gave rise to families which, in after years, reached the House of Lords, such, for instance, as Howard, Cavendish, Fortescue, Coke, Lyttelton, Bridgeman, Hobart, Bennet, Phipps, Powys, and Buller.

The principal existing peerages originating in military services are Shrewsbury, Lindsey, Marlborough,

Wellington, Boyne, Amherst, Abercromby, Dorchester, Strafford, Anglesey, Hill, Combermere, Hardinge, Gough, Harris, Grey, Keane, Seaton, Vivian, Raglan, Napier of Magdala, Strathnairn, and Sandhurst. The principal naval peerages now remaining are Howard of Effingham, Sandwich, Dartmouth, Aylmer, Torrington, Rodney, Hawke, Howe, Graves, Bridport, Camperdown, Hood, Nelson, Exmouth, St. Vincent, Gardner, De Saumarez, and Lyons. The title of Baron Clive of Plassy commemorates the services of the most eminent name connected with our Indian empire. Oddly enough, after Clive had gained his famous battle of Plassy, in India, he was, on his return to England in 1762, raised to the peerage of Ireland, not of Great Britain, and the designation of the honour was "of Plassy, in *the county of Clare*," where no such place existed. From the date of the creation of this Irish peerage, neither Clive nor any one of his descendants took the necessary steps to have it placed officially on the roll. A Lord Clive never sat in the Irish Parliament, nor was a Lord Clive entitled to vote at the elections of representative peers, until the year 1861, when the present Earl of Powis established before the Lords' Committee for Privileges his right to the peerage honour of his illustrious ancestor. To the Indian service are also due the rise of the noble houses of Caledon, Lawrence, and Teignmouth.

Thirteen existing peers descend from Speakers of the House of Commons, viz., Waldegrave, Vernon, Onslow, Leicester, Winchilsea and Nottingham, Verulam, Winterton, Foley, Hanmer, Brownlow, Grantley,

Redesdale, Sidmouth, Colchester, and Canterbury, and two peers still living, Eversley and Ossington, have themselves filled the Speaker's chair.

In the English Peerage there is no existing title derived from a grant to a Prelate of the Church of England; in the Irish, there are a few titles emanating from the Church. Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, founded the noble house of Ely. William Cecil Pery, Bishop of Limerick, 1784, created Baron Glentworth, 1790, was ancestor of the Earl of Limerick. Archbishop Agar and Archbishop Robinson, the first of Dublin, the second of Armagh, were created respectively Earl of Normanton and Baron Rokeby, and William Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, became Lord Decies. Sir John Denny Vesey, grandson of Archbishop Vesey, and Sir John Francis Cradock, son of Archbishop Cradock, both obtained Irish Peerages, one as Baron Knapton and the other as Baron Howden.

There are not so many descendants of Lord Mayors of London in the Peerage as might be expected. I can only count sixteen. The Earl of Dartmouth descends from Thomas Legge, Lord Mayor, 1354; the Earl of Coventry from John Coventry, Lord Mayor, 1425; Lord Garvagh from Sir Thomas Canninge, Lord Mayor, 1456; the Earl of Roden from Sir Ralph Jocelyn, Lord Mayor, 1476; the Earl of Essex, from Sir William Capel, Lord Mayor, 1503; Lord Hill from the uncle of Sir Rowland Hill, the first Protestant Lord Mayor, 1549; Lord Leigh of Stoneleigh, from Sir Thomas Leigh, Lord Mayor, 1558; the Duke of

Leeds from Sir Edward Osborne, in 1583; the Earl of Craven from Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor, 1610; the Earl of Carysfort, from Sir Peter Proby, Lord Mayor, 1622; the Earl of Feversham, from the nephew and heir of Sir Charles Duncombe, banker, Lord Mayor, 1709; Lord Aveland, from Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Lord Mayor, 1711; Lord Bateman from Sir James Bateman, Lord Mayor, 1717; Lord Wolverton, from Sir Richard Glyn, Bart., Lord Mayor in 1757; and Lord Hatherley, from Sir Matthew Wood, Lord Mayor, 1816.

Some of our noble houses exchanged the chieftainship of ancient clans for peerages of the modern class. The great Scotch houses, like Douglas and Hamilton, to which I refer elsewhere, were not usually of native origin. But as far as can be ascertained from their early pedigrees, the important families of Campbell and Graham were always Caledonian, and therefore the Dukes of Argyll and Montrose are chiefs of clans which in all probability existed in the days of the Romans. The wealthy house of Breadalbane springs from that of Argyll. Macdonald, though an Irish Barony, belongs also to a Scottish chieftain of famous lineage, the Lord of the Isles, whose ancestor, Donald, in 1388, is found entering into a treaty with Richard II. as one independent sovereign would with another. He obtained, by marriage, the Earldom of Ross: but his grandson, the eleventh Earl, having, like him, entered into a private treaty with the King of England, was eventually compelled by James III. to give

up that Earldom, which was inalienably annexed to the Crown of Scotland by Act of Parliament in 1476.

In Ireland it was the policy of Henry VIII. to induce the chiefs of great Celtic clans to exchange their semi-independence for seats in his House of Peers, by doing which they secured their titles and the lands they held for their heirs male, instead of holding both land and dignity subject to the irregular mode of succession laid down by the law of Tanistry. James I. and Charles I. followed the example of Henry VIII.; but of all the titles so granted Inchiquin alone remains, held by the O'Briens, the direct male heirs of the celebrated hero and King, Brian Boroihme. Lord De Tabley, however, is an O'Byrne; and the Earls of Clanwilliam, Donoughmore, and Dunraven, Viscounts Lismore and Guillamore, and Lord Dunsandle, are Irish Celts, and the Earl Fife and Lord Reay, Scottish. The Duke of Cleveland, the Earls of Lisburne, Pembroke, Carnarvon, and Cadogan, Lords Dynevor, Newborough, and Mostyn, belong to the Celtic race which inhabits the Principality of Wales; whilst the Plunketts, who hold the Earldom of Fingall, and the Baronies of Dunsany and Louth, and the Jerninghams, who have eventually succeeded to the Barony of Stafford, and the representation of that unfortunate Ducal house, descend from the ancient Danish sea-captains, whose ships were once the terror of our coasts.

A remarkable circumstance in the Peerage is the frequent occurrence among the Peers of Ireland of *English Welsh* and *Scotch* families holding *Irish* titles,

and designating those titles from places in Ireland, where they do not possess an acre of land; for instance, the descendant of the Scottish House of Duff bears the title of Earl Fife *in Ireland;* the representative of the ancient Sussex family of Turnour, holds an Irish Earldom under the desiguation of Winterton *of Gort*, although Winterton is in Norfolk, and Gort in Galway, where the Turnours never had a footing; and the Yorkshire Dawnays, of Cowick, were created centuries ago Viscounts Downe, although then or since no Irish land owned a Dawnay for its Lord.

The following Families, designated by Irish Titles, have their places of birth, their estates, and their residences in England, Scotland, or Wales:—

Molyneux, Earl of Sefton; Savile, Earl of Mexborough; Turnour, Earl of Winterton; Vaughan, Earl of Lisburne; Duff, Earl Fife; Barrington, Viscount Barrington; Chetwynd, Viscount Chetwynd; Monckton, Viscount Galway; Dawnay, Viscount Downe; Wynn, Lord Newborough; Macdonald, Lord Macdonald; Edwardes, Lord Kensington; Ongley, Lord Ongley; Robinson, Lord Rokeby; Pennington, Lord Muncaster; Graves, Lord Graves; Hood, Lord Bridport; Vanneck, Lord Huntingfield; Hotham, Lord Hotham; Shore, Lord Teignmouth; Eden, Lord Henley; Henniker, Lord Henniker; and Waldegrave, Lord Radstock.

Of all Peerage institutions, none requires more urgently the attention of the Legislature than the Peerage of Ireland. At present, the Whig Lords being in

a minority, have no share whatever in the representation of the Irish Peerage, although that representation was given to them as compensation for the loss of their seats in the House of Lords. Possibly a plan such as this might remedy the evil: No new election of Irish representative Peers should be held until there were three vacancies, and then each Irish Peer should be allowed two votes only. This arrangement would enable the minority, about one third in number, to elect one out of the three representative Lords to be chosen.

Again, no more Irish Peers should be created.* Far from being a boon, such creation is an injury. It is the shadow instead of the substance. An Englishman or a Scotchman meriting a Peerage, is made a "Peer of the United Kingdom," *with a seat in the House of Lords;* but an Irishman of equal desert is (when there happens to be a vacancy) given an Irish title, that operates, like the sentence of a Court-Martial, to disqualify him for future public service.

Justice will never be fully done until every Scotch and Irish Peer is restored to a seat in the House of

* In 1719 the Earl of Sunderland brought in a Bill, "The Peerage Bill," by which the number of Peers should be fixed, and the King restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should become extinct. Steele endeavoured to alarm the nation by a pamphlet called "The Plebeian." To this an answer was published by Addison, under the title of "The Old Whig." Steele was respectful to his old friend, but Addison could not avoid discovering a contempt of his opponent, to whom he gave the appellation of "Little Dicky." The Bill was laid aside during the session, and Addison died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected.

Lords, a right granted in his original patent. To this object legislation ought to be directed. Whatever is done, even the introduction of the principle of minority representation, will of necessity involve an amendment of the Irish Act of Union, but that Act, so far as the section which refers to the Irish Peers is concerned, has for years perplexed the lawyers, and caused not very long since, in the "Fermoy" case, a diversity of opinion among the English Judges summoned to assist the Lords' Committee for Privileges.

It is a curious fact that the office of Prime Minister has added only seven existing titles to the House of Lords. The cause is obvious—the head of an administration used generally to be chosen from the Upper House. The only remaining peerages acquired by Prime Ministers since the time of Henry VIII., are those of BURGHLEY, by Sir William Cecil, *temp.* Elizabeth; SALISBURY, by his son, Sir Robert; MANCHESTER, by Sir Henry Montagu, Lord Treasurer in 1620; ORFORD, by Sir Robert Walpole, First Lord of the Treasury under George I. and George II.; STANHOPE, by James Stanhope, First Lord of the Treasury, 1717; SIDMOUTH, by Mr. Henry Addington, First Lord of the Treasury in 1805; and RUSSELL, by Lord John Russell, on his retirement from the same high position in 1866.

In some cases statesmen who have filled the office of Prime Minister have obtained titles now enjoyed by their heirs, who do not, however, owe their peerage to

them. Thus, the late Earl of Ripon, premier in 1828, sat in the House of Lords only in right of peerages he had himself acquired; but the present peer has inherited from his uncle the older Earldom of De Grey, to which the Marquessate of Ripon has lately been added. So the Earl of Bute, Prime Minister in 1762, obtained for his wife a Barony of Great Britain, which the Marquess of Bute now possesses: and the Earls of Kerry and Shelburne are Marquesses of Lansdowne in right of the patent given to William, second Earl of Shelburne, who filled that high office in 1782. The first Marquess of Winchester, "the willow, not the oak," who filled the office of Lord Treasurer in very dangerous days, may be counted among the Prime Ministers who, first of their families, sat in the House of Peers, though he was a co-heir to the Barony of St. John of Basing, by which title Henry VIII. created him a peer.

The only actual foreign families which now remain in the Peerage of this empire are those represented by the Duke of Portland, the Earls of Albemarle, Radnor, and Clancarty, the Viscount Gort, and the Lords Huntingfield, Northwick, Rossmore, De Blaquiere, Rendlesham, Ashtown, Ashburton, Romilly, Chelmsford, and Northbrook.

The Earl Radnor's ancestor, Lawrence des Bouveries, a Flemish gentleman of good family, being on account of his religion driven from the Low Countries, sought shelter in England, in the reign of Elizabeth, and con-

tributed mainly to the establishment of the silk manufacture in this country. His grandson, Sir Edward des Bouveriès, Knight, became an opulent Turkey merchant, in London, and was grandfather of the first Viscount Folkestone, whose son was the first Earl of Radnor.

PORTLAND and ALBEMARLE are derived from two of the favourites of William III., who accompanied that prince from Holland, both men of very ancient lineage and high position in their native country. Hans William Bentinck, founder of the ducal house, was the youngest son of Hendrik, Lord of Dippenheim, in the Dutch province of Overyssal.* He commanded the Dutch regiment of Horseguards, and fought as Lieutenant-general at the Boyne. The wealth of his descendants has been acquired by a succession of heiresses, one of whom, the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only child of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, and granddaughter and heiress of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, brought to her husband, the third Duke of Portland, Welbeck Abbey, and the very valuable London estate of the younger branch of the Cavendishes, together with Bothal Castle, Northumberland, the ancient seat of the Lords Ogle.

* Kniephausen was the principal territory of the family of Bentinck. It is situated on the shores of the German ocean, and held a very singular position with respect to the German Confederation. It was in some measure an independent state long after the other petty German sovereignties were mediatized. It was jestingly said that it was so small it was forgotten, its extent being only five English square miles, and the number of its inhabitants 3,000.

Arnold Joost van Keppel, the first Earl of Albemarle, was Lord of Voorst, in Holland, and represented an ancient and noble family in Holland. He was high in the favour of William III., and His Majesty left him in his will the Lordship of Breevost and 200,000 gilders.

The Trenches, EARLS OF CLANCARTY, and BARONS ASHTOWN, came from the Seigneurie of La Trenche, in Poitou; and the Verekers, VISCOUNTS GORT, although they owe their peerage to their ancestors in the female line, are descended paternally from a family of considerable antiquity in the province of Brabant.

HUNTINGFIELD and RENDLESHAM, both Irish Peerages, belong to families that never had any connection with Ireland. The grandfather of the first Lord Huntingfield was Paymaster of the United provinces of Holland; and the father of the first Lord Rendlesham was Peter Thellusson (partner of the celebrated Neckar), who, coming from Geneva, settled as a merchant and banker in London, and accumulated an immense fortune, which he bequeathed by an extraordinary will that led to the passing of an Act of Parliament to prevent a similar disposition of property in future.

The founder of the Rushouts, LORDS NORTHWICK, was a London merchant, who came from France in the reign of Charles I.

ROSSMORE is an Irish title, but the Westenras (whose ancestor, a Dutch patriot in the wars of the Duke of Alba, won the sea-horse that figures in their

family arms by swimming across an arm of the sea to convey important information to a besieged city), were made denizens of Ireland by act of Parliament in 1662. The BLAQUIERES settled in Ireland at a much later date, the first Lord, who was secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, being the son of a French merchant who had taken up his abode in London in the time of George the Second.

Another family of foreign extraction raised to Peerage rank is that of the Barings, who now possess two titles, ASHBURTON and NORTHBROOK. Their ancestors were settled at Gröningen, in the same province of Overyssal, whence came the Bentincks. Franz Baring, the first of them in England, was Minister of the Lutheran Church at Bremen, and came over to London as a Lutheran clergyman. His third son, Francis Baring, designated by the Prime Minister, Lord Shelburne, as "the Prince of Merchants," founded the house of Baring Brothers, and Co.

The two distinguished lawyers, CHELMSFORD and ROMILLY, complete my list of foreigners in the Peerage. Lord Romilly is the descendant of a French Protestant family, which took refuge in England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and Lord Chelmsford's grandfather, John Andrew Thesiger, was a native of Dresden, in Saxony.

It has ofttimes been maintained that the noblesse of other countries—of France, Germany, or Spain—is

superior in antiquity and distinction to our own. But this assertion is groundless.

The Montmorencys, who are admitted to have been at the head of the "Haute Noblesse" of France, and who arrogated to themselves the proud title of "Premier Baron Chrétien," cannot ascend higher than the year 1000. "Sans nul doute," says Montgaillard, "la généalogie de la famille Bouchard ou Montmorency est de toutes les généalogies Françaises celle qui présente le plus d'illustration; mais elle ne remonte pas tout à fait à l'an 1000." Then again the direct male line of the Montmorencys ended long since. The last was Henri Duc de Montmorency, Marshal of France, who was beheaded at Toulouse, in 1632. His immense possessions devolved on his sister and heiress, the mother of the Grand Condé.

M. Borel d'Hauterive, author of the "Annuaire de la Noblesse," (the French Peerage), laments that of the seventy-four crusaders who accompanied Godfrey de Bouillon from France, to the Crusade of 1096, and whose shields adorn the Palace of Versailles, only two families exist derived from them, Montmorency and d'Aubusson; and of these the former has now become extinct.

Heraldry, revisiting the Holy Land, that first fostered its growth, will remind the sceptic that the "torteaux" of Courtenay, the "red cross" of De Burgh, the "horse shoes" of Ferrers, the "red bars" of Harcourt, the "saltire and chief" of Bruce, and the "cross and mullets" of Montgomery, were not unknown

banners among the soldiers of the Cross, at the first capture of Jerusalem in 1099.

At the time of the Revolution in 1789, the Peers of France, including those of the Blood Royal, and seven prelates, scarcely exceeded fifty in number. The oldest creation, that of De Crussol, Duc d'Uzés, was of 1572, a date posterior to the creation of Norfolk by half a century, and more than two hundred years junior to the existing earldoms of Kildare and Crawford. The other chief houses of France, such as Rohan, Duc de Montbazon, Richelieu, Noailles, La Tremöuille, De la Tour d'Auvergne, Grammont, and La Rochefoucauld,* were all illustrious in history, but of no very remarkable antiquity. The Gramonts, however, a family entirely distinct from the Grammonts, are, like the Talleyrand Perigords, of remote origin; but were generally settled in a distant region, at the foot of the Pyrenees, which seemed to belong rather to Navarre than to France. These old houses, which have of late years filled so prominent a position in connection with the two Bonaparte empires in

* As an illustration of the reverses which the French noblesse had to endure at the period of the revolution, Mr. Isaac Weld, one of the first travellers who wrote about the United States of America after their independence, used to tell a curious anecdote. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt, whom he met in America in 1795, was speaking of his altered circumstances: "When I was in France," said the Duc, "I had sixteen servants to wait on me; now that I have only two, I am better attended than I ever was. And here," he added, holding up his two hands, "are those servants."

France, are seldom named in the older history of that country. The Tremöuilles, although mentioned by Froissart in the fourteenth century, were little known before the reign of Charles VII., nor the Rochefoucaulds, historically, before the reign of Francis I.

"Under the ancient régime," says the Chevalier Lawrence, "when a plebeian wished to be ennobled in France, he purchased the place of Secretary to the King. This gave him the right of soliciting for a coat of arms. At the revolution there were 206 Secretaries to the King, besides 46 honorary or titular Secretaries, so that the facility of acquiring nobility may be conceived. Hence the place of 'Sécrétaire du Roi,' was styled in derision, 'Une savonette au vilain.' He, however, was only an anobli, though his son was noble, and his grandson a *gentilhomme*, nor could his descendants for several generations be admitted as officers into the army. When about the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. an ordinance appeared that no individual should be presented at Versailles, unless he could prove 400 years of gentility, or could show that his ancestors were already noble before the year 1400, a multiplicity of Comtes and Marquises were rejected, though many an untitled gentleman, ancient as our Squires in their Halls in Lancashire and Northumberland, left their towers and Châteaux in Brittany and Languedoc, and posted up to Paris to show their pre-eminence. Every gentleman, his pedigree being certified, was, on the first hunting day, invited to mount with the King into his

carriage, and accompany His Majesty to the spot where the hounds were turned out. This privilege was termed: 'Le droit de monter dans le carosse du Roi.' The plain Squire, to whom this right was allowed, was considered as superior to the Count or Marquis, whose claims were rejected. If this ordeal found favour at St. James's, the old English Squire and the Highland Chieftain would bear away the palm of ancestry, while many a noble Peer would, as at a tournament, be obliged to ride the barriers."

In Spain, where it was said of the grandees, "Principibus præstant et regibus æquiparantur," and where they were entitled to the privilege (peculiar in this country to Lord Kinsale) of appearing covered in the royal presence, there is not a noble house which can trace beyond the tenth century. But the catalogue is suggestive of world-wide fame. Veragua is the descendant of Columbus, Sessa of Gonsalvo de Cordova, and Balbazez of Spinola. In Flanders and the Netherlands, the Arembergs, the Cröis, Egmonts, etc., may be placed in the same category with the Medinas, Arcos, Albas, Mendozas, Mellos, etc., of Spain and Portugal; and even in Germany, the time of Witikend the Saxon is the boundary of ancestral assumption. Guelph, the patriarch of the kingly Guelphs, lived in the eleventh century, but the unroyal families of Germany can rarely trace as far back. The *Libro d'Oro* of Venice seems to sustain loftier pretensions for Italy, and without doubt the Colonnas, Massimis, Ursinis and Frangipanis at Rome, can trace from more remote ancestors than any family in France, Spain, or Ger-

many. Voltaire assigns to the Venetian nobility the first place in Europe, and we may generally assent to his view, without allowing the Giustinianis their odd descent from the Emperor Justinian. Nevertheless, I think that our nobility can hold their own even against them, and I am certain they can prove their equality with all others.

The Chevalier F. de Tapies, in his work, "La France et l'Angleterre," states that "in Russia there are 500,000 nobles; that Austria numbers 239,000; that Spain, in 1780, reckoned 470,000; that France, before 1790, had 360,000, of whom 4,120 were of the *ancienne noblesse;* and that in England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the contrary, there are only 1,631 persons from Dukes to Baronets, who possess transmissible titles." But there are in the United Kingdom some two or three hundred thousand persons who are *nobles* in the continental sense of the term.

"In Germany," I am quoting from a German writer, "the law of the realm (*i.e.* the Roman Empire) required a triple division of rank amongst freemen, viz., that of nobility, that of citizens, and that of peasantry. Nobility was divided into two classes, high and low. The hereditary high nobility was composed of the Electoral and Princely houses of the realm, and of those *Graves* and Barons who were called *Dynastic* Nobles, and who had a place in the Parliament or Estates of the Realm.

"The low Nobility was composed of the titular *Graves* and Barons (that is to say, such as had no right to sit

in the Diet of the Empire), the Edel-Herren, and Banner-Herren, the Knights of the Holy Roman Realm, the *Edlen-Von*, and the common Nobles, who usually assumed the predicate *Von*.

There is one institution peculiar to this country,—the Order of Baronets, which, without possessing any peculiar privilege, is invested with hereditary title and hereditary precedence. The institution dates from the reign of James I., and was originally devised for advancing the landed gentlemen of the kingdom, thus affording another proof that territorial influence was the main element in the rise of great families. The first batch of Baronets comprised some of the principal landed proprietors, among the best descended gentlemen of the kingdom; and the list was headed by a name illustrious more than any other for the intellectual pre-eminence with which it is associated,—the name of Bacon. To this first batch Lancashire contributed Molyneux, Hoghton, and Gerard; Sussex, Pelham and Shelley; Suffolk, Tollemache; Leicestershire, Shirley; Nottinghamshire, Clifton; Staffordshire, Aston; Norfolk, Hobart and Knyvet; Glamorganshire, Mansel and Stradling; Wiltshire, St. John; Cheshire, Booth; and Cambridgeshire, Peyton. All these were the representatives of territorial families, which had their rise, most of them, at the Conquest, and one or two even in Saxon times. Shirley could show descent from Sewallus de Etingdon, a contemporary of Edward the Confessor; and Tollemache is said to

have been Lord of Bentley in Suffolk, in the ninth century. On the old Manor House there, one used to read the following lines :—

"Before the Normans into England came,
Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was my name."

The Order of Baronets is scarcely estimated at its proper value. A glance over the names which fill the roll of Baronet-creations will convince anyone of the distinction and nobility of the institution. For some time, the intention of the founder was followed, and the Order confined principally to county gentlemen of property and descent. But in more modern days, the circle has been enlarged, and made to include such men as Temple, Hans Sloane, Rodney, Humphry Davy, Herschel, Peel, Walter Scott, Lytton Bulwer, John Burgoyne, Frederick and George Pollock, Havelock and Outram, Astley Cooper, Brodie and Corrigan, Fowell-Buxton, Rothschild, and Guinness, who raised their families to greatness by their pre-eminence in science, literature, commerce, or arms. It seems a pity that so important an hereditary Order should possess no designating mark of distinction. The Orders of Chivalry, the Garter, St. Patrick, the Thistle, and the Bath, have their insignia.

Between thirty and forty years ago, the Baronets sought to obtain from the favour of the Crown some such distinction, and a committee was formed to press their claim upon the sovereign. Too much, however, was asked, and nothing gained. Possibly, if the Baro-

nets had simply sought the privilege of wearing a Badge, and the addition of supporters to their arms, a royal concession might have been made. A precedent already existed in the case of the Nova Scotia or Scotch Baronets, who by their original patents are given badges and supporters.

The popular error that the term "nobility" belongs exclusively to Peers and their immediate families is very prevalent. Such restricted meaning is not given to nobility in other countries, nor did our ancestors so accept it. On the Continent, nobility depends more on blood than title. In France, the King's brother used to be called, "the first Gentleman of France;" and so late as the reign of Louis XV., the untitled Noblesse which could prove descent beyond the invention of patents had at Court privilege peculiar to itself. In former times the words "nobility" and "gentility" were synonymous. Henry VI. created Bernard Auguin a *gentleman* by the expression "Nobilitamus," and Sir Thomas Smith, in his book, "de Republicâ Anglorum," defines "gentlemen as "*nobiles* quos natalium series dignitasque claros efficiunt." There are "untitled men well known to be descended from Knights who broke the Saxon ranks at Hastings, and scaled the walls of Jerusalem." No one versed in the Laws of Heraldry would venture to deny the innate nobility of such families as Blount, of Mapledurham; Ferrers, of Baddesley Clinton; Scrope, of Danby; Legh, of High Legh;

Giffard, of Chillington; Clavering, of Callaly; Kavanagh, of Borris; Wilbraham, of Delamere; Towneley, of Towneley; Dymoke, of Scrivelsby; Penruddocke, of Compton Chamberlayne; or Cameron, of Lochiel. Every attribute required for nobility is in these families — descent from feudal Barons, honourable alliances, right to arms and quarterings, distinguished public services, and the inheritance of territorial lordships. Yet, if a foreigner were to enquire of any one of these Gentlemen if he were "noble," the answer would most probably be in the negative, so little is the status of nobility understood amongst them.

Of the great feudal families that have no peerage titles, the number has been much diminished during the last and present centuries. The creations of George III. and the subsequent Sovereigns have brought into the House of Lords very many of the country Squires who had previously exercised so large an influence on the political history of their various counties, and whose ancestors, as stanch cavaliers, had fought so manfully for the royal cause. But of those that remain, the Roman Catholic Gentry is, as a class, the most conspicuous for antiquity of descent, and, perhaps, for extent of territorial possessions. As an illustration of this, and of the peculiar character of our nobility, I may observe that the heir male of the illustrious house of Scrope is simply "Mr. Scrope of Danby;" and that the descendant in the male line of Earls of Derby, older in creation by more than three hundred years than the Stanleys, and senior coheir through his mother of the

Barony of Ferrers of Chartley, bears no other designation than that of "Mr. Ferrers of Baddesley Clinton," although he has a pedigree and a shield of quarterings that would not have disparaged "an Elector of Mayence, or a Prince Bishop of Wurtzbourg."

The Traffords of Trafford, still possessed of the great Trafford estate in Lancashire, descend from Randolphus Lord of Trafford, who is mentioned in a Deed, as having flourished in "King Canute, the Dane, his time," about the year 1030: he had no surname, as then few of our Saxon nobility or gentry had.

Macaulay, with full appreciation of true nobility, asserts that "pedigrees as long and escutcheons as old are to be found out of the House of Lords as in it."

And Archdeacon Nares supplies a few remarks to conclude this brief essay on our British aristocracy: "So long as the English Nobility and Gentry pass the greater part of their time in the quiet and purity of the country, surrounded by the monuments of their illustrious ancestors, surrounded by everything that can inspire generous pride, noble emulation, and amiable and magnanimous sentiment, so long they are safe, and in them the nation may repose its interests and its honour."

The Story of Pamela.

"Pauvre feuille desséchée, de ta tige détachée,
Où vas-tu? Je n'en sais rien,
L'Orage a brisé le chêne
Qui seul était mon soutien."

Chateaubriand.

"Who was Pamela?" A few years ago, sauntering through the galleries of Versailles, I was attracted by a picture called "La Leçon de harpe," and while I stood before it, a lady enquired of me if I knew the original of the beautiful girl who was turning over the leaves of the music-book.

"Pamela," I replied.

"But who was Pamela?"

The question I found it difficult then to answer; and now, after much research, I am still unable to give a positive reply. All I can do is to tell "THE STORY OF PAMELA,"—a story obscure in its opening, tragic in its course, and mournful at its close; a romance of real life, especially attractive from its association with one whose memory is still held dear by many of his countrymen.

In 1770, Madame de Genlis entered the household of the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orleans, as lady-in-waiting to the Duchess, and soon acquired a controlling influence in the family. In 1777, she was installed in the establishment connected with the Convent of Belle-chasse, in Paris, and charged with the education of the Orleans children, when, according to her *Memoirs*, she conceived the idea of placing along with them a little English girl, to assist them in their studies and amusements. To carry out the plan, the Duc de Chartres, according to Madame de Genlis's statement, intrusted to Mr. Forth, a gentleman in his employment, the delicate task of finding such a suitable companion for the young princesses, and he succeeded eventually in meeting with a beautiful and promising child, to join the royal circle. Madame de Genlis goes on to say that this little girl "was the daughter of a Mr. Seymour, a gentleman of birth, who had married—against the consent of his family—a person of humble condition named Mary Simms, that he had gone with her to Newfoundland, that there this child was born, and was christened 'Nancy;' that her father died soon after, and the mother returned to England with the baby, then eighteen months old; that, as her husband had been disinherited, the widow was reduced to great misery, and forced to work for her bread, and that she was settled at Christchurch, in Hampshire, when Mr. Forth visited that town four years after, on the commission assigned to him by the Duc d'Orleans.

The narrative of Madame de Genlis proceeds:—"When I began to be really attached to Pamela (for that was the name the child was given) I was very uneasy lest her mother might be desirous of claiming her by legal process, that is, lest she might threaten me with doing so, to obtain grants of money which it would have been out of my power to give. I consulted several English lawyers on the subject, and they told me that the only means of protecting myself from this species of persecution, was to get the mother to give me her daughter as an apprentice, for the sum of twenty-five guineas. She agreed, and, according to the usual forms, appeared in the Court of King's Bench before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield. She there signed an agreement, by which she gave me her daughter as an apprentice till she became of age, and could not claim her from me till she paid all the expenses I had been at for her maintenance and education; and to this paper Lord Mansfield put his name and seal, as Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench."

The child's arrival at the Palais Royal gave rise to strange conjectures. She was, however, introduced as companion and friend to the young prince and princesses, had the same masters, received the same care, and partook of their sports; and, in the words of a French writer—"Her astonishing resemblance to the Duke's children would have made her pass for their sister, were it not for her foreign accent."

Later in her *Memoirs*, in 1785, Madame de Genlis gives the following description of Pamela:—

"Pamela was extremely handsome; candour and sensibility were the chief traits in her character; she never told a falsehood, or employed the slightest deceit, during the whole course of her education; she was *spirituelle* from sentiment; her conversation was most agreeable, and always emanated from the heart. I was passionately fond of her, and that fondness has, in some respects, proved unfortunate. This charming child was the most idle I ever knew; she had no memory, she was very wild, which even added to the grace of her figure, as it gave her an air of vivacity. This, joined to her natural indolence, and to a great deal of wit, made her very engaging. Her figure was fine and light: she flew like Atalante; but her mind was indolent to the last degree; thus was she in after life a person the least capable of reflection. In the sequel, her lot brought her into the most extraordinary situations, and she was without a guide or a counsellor on a thousand dangerous occasions, but, nevertheless, she conducted herself extremely well as long as her husband was living, and even, in many difficult circumstances, in a manner truly heroic."

Such are the details of the birth, parentage, appearance, and character of Pamela, given by Madame de Genlis. With reference, however, to parentage, the popular idea for a long time was that to which Moore, in the first edition of his *Life of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald*, gave expression, that "Pamela was the adopted

or, as it may be said, without scruple, the actual daughter of Madame de Genlis, by the Duc d'Orleans." This assertion is supported by the statement of Mademoiselle d'Epinay, daughter of one of Pamela's intimate friends, the Baronne d'Epinay of Paris. She had heard Pamela express her own belief that she was the daughter of Madame de Genlis, a belief prevailing at the time of her marriage, which is thus recorded in the *Masonic Magazine* for January, 1793:—

"The Hon. Lord Edward FitzGerald, knight of the shire for the county Kildare, to Madame Pamela Capet, daughter of His Royal Highness the ci-devant Duke of Orleans."

But again doubt is thrown upon this assertion by a note appended by Moore to the later editions of his *Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald*. "In making this statement" (the statement above referred to) "I but followed what has long been the general impression on the subject. Since the first edition of this work, however, I have been honoured with a communication from a source worthy of all credence, in which it is positively denied that any such relationship between Lady Edward and the Duke of Orleans existed. The Duke himself, it appears, in speaking on the subject to his own family, always confirmed the account which Madame de Genlis invariably gave both of the parentage of the young Pamela, and her own adoption of her."

And finally, the obscurity is increased by Pamela's marriage contract, dated the 27th of December, 1792, preserved in the archives of the municipality of Tour-

nay. That document calls the contracting parties "Edouard FitzGerald, natif de Londres, fils de feu Duc de Leinster, agé de vingt-neuf ans, et Stephanie Caroline Anne Simms, connue sous le nom de Pamela, agée de dix-neuf ans, native de Londres, fille de *Guillaume Berkley* et de Marie Simms." The marriage contract is signed by "Edward FitzGerald," "Pamela Simms," "L. Philippe Egalité," and others.

WHO THEN WAS PAMELA? I will, by-and-by, state the conclusion I have arrived at; but, after all, the reader must form his own opinion. That which is undisputed is the sad story of the lady's vicissitudes. In 1792, during the sojourn of Madame de Genlis in England, Pamela is said to have formed the acquaintance and won the admiration of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and Madame de Genlis asserts that the very evening before Pamela's departure for Dover, on her return to France, Sheridan made her an offer of his hand, and was accepted, but this proposal, if ever made, came to nothing. On the 27th of December following, the young lady was married at Tournay to Lord Edward FitzGerald. It was not only the grace and exquisite beauty of Pamela, but still more the enthusiasm she felt and expressed for the principles to which her lover was devoted, that attracted the young Irish Patriot.

But I am anticipating the incidents of Pamela's life. Here is an account of its previous years:—

"Pamela and the princess were pursuing their studies in the delightful retreat of Belle-chasse, when

the Revolution broke out. The Duke of Orleans and his two sons, the Dukes of Chartres and Montpensier, warmly espoused its principles. Madame de Genlis was then an admirer of the Constituent Assembly—Pamela participated in her enthusiasm for liberty; and every Sunday the members of the Assembly met at Belle-chasse. Barère, Petion, and David, were constantly at her soirées, and there, in the presence of these young girls, seriously discussed the important questions of the day. Pamela, abounding in beauty and every mental accomplishment, had just reached her fifteenth year, and the Duke of Orleans had directed his notary to draw out a settlement of fifteen hundred livres a year upon her. The notary declared that the orphan was not competent to receive the annuity unless she had a guardian. 'Well, then,' replied the Duke, 'let herself choose a guardian: enough of deputies come to Belle-chasse, so that she can have no difficulty in selecting one.' On the Sunday following, the Duke's answer was communicated to Pamela at a moment when the usual party had assembled. 'I have not much time to reflect,' she said, 'but if Citizen Barère would favour me by becoming my guardian, I should make choice of him!' Barère gladly assented, and all the formalities of the contract were soon executed. When the Constituent Assembly had terminated its labours, Madame de Genlis proceeded to England with Mademoiselle d'Orleans and Pamela, and attended by two deputies, Petion and Voidel. It was then Lord Edward FitzGerald saw Pamela. The bril-

liancy of her beauty, the graces of her mind, and the free expression of her feelings for liberty, made a deep impression on the young Irish lord; and when Madame de Genlis, alarmed at the turn things were taking in France, retired with her pupils to Tournay, where the presence of Dumouriez and of the Duke de Chartres assured them of a safe asylum, Lord Edward FitzGerald accompanied them, and soon became the husband of Pamela."

Pamela's wedding is spoken of by Mdle. d'Orleans (Madame Adelaide) in a letter to the Princesse de Conti, and there appears amongst the "Fashionable Arrivals" in a London paper of the day the following entry:—"3rd January, 1793, Lord Edward FitzGerald arrived with his bride at Dover, from France."

After their marriage, Lord Edward FitzGerald and his French bride—for such in idiom, manners, and costume Pamela was—left Tournay and arrived in Ireland for their honeymoon, and thenceforward for five years and four months Pamela enjoyed a period of unalloyed domestic happiness..

The effect of this narrative might easily be heightened. The bright sunshine of Pamela's wedded life, and the night of tragedy that so soon followed, afford materials at hand for touching contrasts; but the story of Pamela in its simplicity speaks more directly to the heart, and engages more readily its sympathy, than any embellishment that could be added.

An extract or two from Lord Edward's letters to the Duchess of Leinster at this period, reflect, as in a

mirror, the scenes of peaceful contentment he and Pamela were then enjoying.

The first is from a letter to Her Grace, written three months after his marriage, and dated April, 1793:

"DEAREST MOTHER,

"I have been very idle, and so has my dear little wife; but I hope you will forgive us; she is afraid you are angry with her. The truth is, the sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we get on so agreeably, and chatter so much in the morning, that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay, a great number of balls, of which the lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her: I wish you could see her dance, you would delight in it, she dances so with all her heart and soul. Everybody seems to like her, and behave civilly and kind to her.

"Your affectionate son,

"E. F."

In the next month, he writes to his mother from Frescati, at Black Rock, near Dublin, May 6th, 1793:

"Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book-room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered, and, with the passage door open, the room smells like a green-house. Pamela has dressed four beautiful

flower-pots, and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frescati gives me—with your last dear letter to my wife before me—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. She is busy in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her table and work-box, with the little one's caps, are on the table * * * The dear little pale, pretty wife, sends her love to you.

"Your

"EDWARD."

In 1794 they left their villa of Frescati, and took up their residence in Mr. Conolly's Lodge in the town of Kildare, which Lord Edward describes in one of his letters as "a little Paradise," but adds, "It don't describe well. One must see and feel it. It has, however, all the little things that make beauty to me. My dear wife dotes on it, and becomes it."

Like everything else connected with Lord Edward FitzGerald, this home, which he loved so well, is now but a mournful memory. A trace of what was once so pleasant to look on, and so delightful to live in, survives no longer.

Pamela and Lord Edward afterwards dwelt either at Castletown, Carton, or Leinster House.

It is not within my province to enter on the

political course of Lord Edward FitzGerald. It is now as much matter of history as the story of "Silken Thomas." Few who read the romantic life of the rebellious Vice-Deputy of the time of Henry VIII., can fail to be struck with its marked resemblance to the career of the other equally ill-fated Geraldine, the amiable and high-minded husband of Pamela. "Silken Thomas" and Lord Edward were both led away by the enthusiasm of their nature; both were chivalrously honourable; both displayed unflinching courage, and each, in the bloom of manhood, paid the penalty of his error in a violent death.

On the 12th of March, 1798, Mr. Swan, a magistrate of the county of Dublin, apprehended at Oliver Bond's house, in Bridge Street, some of the leaders of the United Irishmen, but Lord Edward FitzGerald contrived to elude pursuit, and for some time lay in concealment.

Pamela removed from Leinster House to an obscure place of residence in Denzill Street, Dublin, at the rear of Merrion Square, and to that house her husband, reckless of all consideration but affection for his wife and family, ventured to go at the very moment a reward was offered for his capture. On one occasion, late in the evening, the maid-servant remembered having seen him sitting with Pamela, both in tears, and their little baby taken from the cradle to kiss its father. But, betrayed at last, Lord Edward was discovered on the night of Friday, the 18th of May, hidden in the house of one Nicholas Murphy, at No. 153, Thomas

Street, Dublin. A fierce conflict ensued, in which Captain Ryan was mortally wounded.

From Thomas Street Lord Edward, who had also received a desperate wound, was taken to the Castle, and thence to Newgate. While he remained at the Castle, Mr. Watson, the Lord-Lieutenant's private Secretary, came to assure him from His Excellency that every attention compatible with his safe custody as a State prisoner should be extended to him; and to say, from himself, that if Lord Edward had any confidential communication he wished sent to his wife, he would in all fidelity and secrecy convey it to her ladyship. "Nothing, nothing," was the reply, "but, oh! break this to her tenderly."

Pamela's sole efforts were now directed to effect her husband's escape, or to share his captivity. All the plate, and every ornament she had, the very bracelet she wore, and her treasured bridal presents were sold, and with the produce she endeavoured to bribe one of the jailers; but all was in vain, and her petition to be allowed to join her husband in prison was rejected. Lady Louisa Conolly, writing to her sister, Lady Sarah Napier, 22nd May, 1798, says: "Poor Lady Edward is to go. When I brought her her passport this morning, it threw her into sad distress, for she had hoped I could prevail upon them (the Government) to let her live in prison with him."

True enough; Lady FitzGerald was ordered to quit Ireland at a moment's notice, and had to tear herself and her infant children from the spot where her hus-

band was dying. It is stated that there was an Order in Council to that effect, but I can find no trace of any such order in the Records of the Irish Council Office. Pamela's devotion to her husband, in the closing scenes of his life, is a redeeming incident of one of the saddest episodes of domestic history.

Very shortly after her departure Lord Edward died, 4th June, 1798, of the wound he had received.

Eight days before, he made his will, leaving "all estates, of whatever sort, he possessed, to his wife, Lady Pamela FitzGerald, as a mark of esteem, love, and confidence in her, for and during her natural life, and on her death to descend, share and share alike, to his children, or the survivors of them, she maintaining and educating the children according to her discretion."

Lord Henry FitzGerald and other members of the Leinster family made every effort to protect the property for the widow and orphans, but without success. On the 27th of July a Bill of Attainder was brought in by the Attorney-General, and having passed both Houses of Parliament, received the Royal Assent in October. It deprived Pamela of her natural means of support, and left her wholly dependent on the generosity of friends.

At the moment of her husband's death she was in London, and the Duke of Richmond was intrusted with the painful duty of communicating the intelligence.

"I went," says His Grace, "immediately to Harley Street and brought Lady Edward here"—(Whitehall)—"trying to prepare her, in the coach, for bad news,

which I repeatedly said I dreaded by the next post. She, however, did not take my meaning. When she got here, we had Dr. Moseley present, and, by degrees, we broke to her the sad event. Her agonies of grief were very great, and violent hysterics soon came on. When the Duke of Leinster came in, she took him for Edward, and you may imagine how cruel a scene it was. But by degrees, though very slow ones, she grew more calm at times; and although she has had little sleep, and still less food, and has nervous spasms, and appears much heated, yet I hope and trust her health is not materially affected. She yesterday saw her children, and all of his family who have been able to come here, but no one else, except Miss Coote, who got admittance by mistake. She is as reasonable as possible, and shows great goodness of heart in the constant enquiries she is making about my sister, Lady Lucy, and Mrs. Lock. It seems a diversion of her own grief, to employ her mind in anxiety for that of those she most loves, and who were dearest to her dear husband."

A letter dated at the end of the same month of June, from Lady Sarah Napier to her brother, the Duke of Richmond, continues Pamela's story:—

"Your generous, tender, and noble conduct towards all our afflicted family, but in particular to Lady Edward, has made an impression on my mind of the most consoling nature. It brings forth all those qualities your good heart possessed in their full lustre, and

they not only act as a balm to many a wounded heart at this juncture, but secure to yourself those happiest, best of feelings, which no power on earth can rob you of,—that inward blessing of self-approbation that will make your days calm and content amid all these storms.

"I have hitherto only heard a general exclamation of gratitude from the family—the Duke of Leinster in particular—that Lady Edward was gone to Goodwood, from which I augur so much good to her health and spirits and feelings, that I trust the time is not far off before you will be rewarded by success in your generous solicitude to comfort the afflicted. And when you know her, my dear brother, I will venture to assert, you will not think your pains bestowed on an unworthy or ungrateful object. She is *a character*, but it is noble, elevated, great, and not easily understood by those who level all down to common worldly rules. According to the observations you must have made, in reading and experience of characters, you will find her susceptible of all that belongs to a superior one. Uneven in strength of body and mind, she rises or sinks suddenly with illness and with affections. She launches out into almost ravings from her lively imagination,—sees things in too strong lights,—cannot bear violent checks, but is soothed into reason by tenderness with ease. I know no human being more formed by your tender, patient perseverance to bring her poor distracted mind to composure; and your talents for cheerfully occupying her thoughts will, I

doubt not, chime in with her natural youthful vivacity so well, as to give you full powers of consolation over her mind in due time."

Pamela's final destination was for some time uncertain. The Duchess Dowager of Leinster writing to Lord Henry FitzGerald, from Goodwood, 17th July, 1798, says: "I wish for your advice and opinion in regard to dear Pamela's future destination, as I know it will in great part be determined by that which I give her, and I am really afraid of recommending any particular plan to her for that very reason; but I think we could talk it over more comfortably together. There is no need of hurry, for she is welcome, I am sure, to stay here as long as she likes. My brother is extremely fond of her, and enters into her situation with paternal solicitude. Indeed, it is one that must move all hearts, and claims all our protection, tenderness, and attention. You, my dear Henry, have been the chosen person for this duty, but we are all ready to share it with you. She seems at present much undecided about going to Hamburg. Mr. Matheuson's pressing letters, the cheapness of living, and being, perhaps, more in the way of seeing those who might give her information as to the small chance she may have of recovering her property, are all inducements to go. On the other hand, she hates leaving his family, to whom she is naturally drawn by affection. She hates the appearance as well as the reality of separating herself from us, and wishes us to witness the propriety

and good sense with which she always has and always will guide all her actions, and which the ill nature that has prevailed against her makes more particularly necessary in her case than in any other. She is a charming creature, and the more one is acquainted with her real character, the more one esteems and loves it:—but, even were she not so, *he* adored her; *he* is *gone!* This is an indissoluble claim, that must ever bind her to our hearts."

Unfortunately for Pamela's future, the Hamburg plan was carried out. In 1799, Lady Edward found herself resident in that town, with means of existence precarious and limited. Her principal motive for selecting Hamburg appears to have been that there were then residing there Madame de Genlis' niece, Pamela's early companion, then married to Mr. Matheuson, a rich banker; and also in the neighbourhood General Count Valence, the husband of Madame de Genlis' daughter. Here Pamela became acquainted with an American gentleman of the name of Pitcairn, who filled the office of United States Consul, and, in an unlucky moment, urged by the unfortunate circumstances in which she was placed, married him. But the alliance brought neither happiness nor contentment, and in 1820, Pamela, under the name of Lady Edward FitzGerald, was living in obscurity at Toulouse, apart from her second husband. At length, in 1831, about eleven months after Madame de Genlis' own death, Pamela herself died.

Madame Georgette Ducrest, a niece of Madame de Genlis, attended Lady Edward FitzGerald on her deathbed, and has left a touching narrative of Pamela's last hours:—

"Being apprised that she was ill, I hastened to see her and was much shocked at the change in her appearance. She begged me to send immediately for Dr. Recamier, and requested I would not leave her. I therefore remained, leaving my little *ménage* to my mother. Madame M. and her lady's maid assisted me in nursing her, but her situation becoming more alarming, we called in a sister of charity to aid us in our care. I sent also to beg M. l'Abbé de la Madeleine, Vicaire de l'Assomption, to come. His zeal, his persuasive eloquence, the simple unction of his exhortations did far more for Pamela's peace of mind than we had dared to hope. He inspired the invalid with a true joy at quitting this world, where she had suffered so much. * * * How can I express what I felt, when, for the first time, I was witness to a scene so solemn and terrible! This dying person, who was resigned and courageous from the moment that she heard the intelligence of her approaching end, which she would be informed of, had always been kind and sincere in all her relations with me; in the most distressing circumstances of my unhappy life she remained always the same towards me, when so many others kept aloof, as if misfortune was contagious.

"Not many days before her last illness and death,

Lady FitzGerald was still admired and sought after brilliant in society, *spirituelle* and remarkable for a liveliness of fancy and playfulness of imagination displayed in conversation, in a delicate and refined raillery that gave the vivacity of *repartie* the resemblance at least of wit. In the *salon* of the Comtesse de Balbi, where mediocrity could not gain admittance, Pamela was the life and soul of the society. So many graces and powers of fascination, such goodness and amiability, were soon to be but a remembrance, to perhaps the only woman who was her friend. Here we had before us, at one moment, Lady Edward FitzGerald, full of talents and endearing qualities, beautiful as an angel, and soon after she lay before our eyes a corpse! * * * When poor Pamela had returned from Ireland, and fixed herself in France, she occupied for many years past a pretty little country house near Montauban, and diffused innumerable benefits around her. Her name will for ever be gratefully remembered in the cottages of the poor in the vicinity of her place of residence. People of fashion will remember, perhaps, the fascination of the beautiful Lady Edward FitzGerald; the poor will never forget the kind and generous acts of Pamela. During the illness of Lady Edward, a man, advanced in years, called every day to make inquiries about her state. As he seemed very desirous each time he came to know all particulars about her, he always asked to see me, for I had taken up my abode in her house in order to be the better enabled to nurse her. This man had a kind expression of countenance and a

gentle voice. Not knowing who he was, on one occasion I asked him his name, but he refused to tell me. I spoke of him to Pamela, but she could not enlighten me upon the subject; she could not even imagine who it could be. The day after her death this same gentleman came, and upon hearing the sad news, he burst into tears, 'Madame,' he said, 'when you know who I am, and speak to people about me, you will hear, no doubt, a great deal that is bad of me. You may tell them who speak of me that you know I have feeling at least to shed tears for the death of an old friend who had chosen me for her guardian. My name, madame, is Barère.' He then hurried away."

A few words more, and Pamela's story is told.

The following sworn official record of her death is to be found in the "Mairie of the Premier Arrondissement of Paris:"—

"Du huit Novembre mille huit cent trente un, à trois heures du soir.

"Acte de dècès de dame Anne Caroline Stephanie Symes, rentière, agée de cinquante sept ans, veuve en premier noces de Sieur Edouard FitzGerald, et mariée en second noces à Sieur Joseph Pitcairn. La dite defuncte née à la nouvelle Angleterre, et décédée à Paris, Rue Richepanse, No. 7, aujourd'hui à midi dix minutes."

And now, to revert to the question put to me by the lady at Versailles, "Who was Pamela?" I will endeavour to give an answer. On one side, there is

the distinct assertion by Madame de Genlis, that Pamela was the daughter of a Mrs. Simms, that she was brought over from England in early youth, and that she was educated with the Orleans princesses; and, further, we have Moore's statement, in the third edition of his *Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald*, that he had received a communication *from a source worthy of all credence*, positively denying any relationship between Lady Edward and the Duke of Orleans, and confirming the account given by Madame de Genlis of Pamela's parentage and adoption.

On the other hand, the evidence of relationship is very strong. Assuming that Pamela was the child of Madame de Genlis, is it not possible and probable that the infant at its birth was sent to England to be nursed, and was entrusted to a person of the name of Simms; that, after the lapse of a few years, the natural feelings of the parents urged them to bring back the child; and that the tale told by Madame de Genlis was invented to conceal the truth? It will occur to every one conversant with the forms of the Law Courts in England, that such an agreement for the child's apprenticeship as suggested by Madame de Genlis could not have been made before Lord Mansfield or signed and sealed by him as Lord Chief Justice. A procedure of that kind is totally at variance with the practice of the Law Courts, and, moreover, there is no trace of its having taken place. In point of fact, no such interference by the Chief Justices or Judges could occur, or has ever occurred. I have had

recourse to the experienced Master of the Court of Queen's Bench in England, and such is his opinion. Moreover, no such deed as that described by Madame de Genlis could be discovered by him among the records of the Court, though a most careful search was instituted. Then, again, the different names given at different times for the father—at one time "Seymour," and at another "Berkeley," shows an uncertainty which is scarcely consistent with truth. The statement, too, of the Baronne d'Epinay, one of Pamela's intimate friends, that Pamela herself believed she was the daughter of Madame de Genlis, and had a perfect recollection of her marked and affectionate reception by the Duke of Orleans, on her first introduction to the Palais Royal, strengthens this view of the case. And, finally, the contemporary announcement in the *Masonic Magazine*, in which she is called "Madame Pamela Capet, daughter of H.R.H. the *cidevant* Duke of Orleans," goes far to determine the point.

Viewing both sides of the case, and allowing full weight to the authorized disclaimer in Moore's last edition of the *Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald*, I still cannot resist the conviction forced upon my mind by all these circumstances, that Pamela was the daughter of Madame de Genlis and the Duke of Orleans.

"A True Romance,"

CONNECTED WITH

THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

NEARLY at Christmas time in the year 1641—it being St. Ignatius's Day—the Irish Rebellion broke out under the leadership of Sir Phelim O'Neill. Those in the North were sorely harassed, and thousands of the English and Scotch Settlers lost both life and property. Archbishop Ussher, being in England, dared not to return to his See-house: the Rebels burned his furniture, but they spared his books. William Bedell also, the Bishop of Kilmore, suffered grievous loss; and being confined in the dreary Castle of Cloughoughter, on his liberation from thence died of the hardships he had there endured. Many of the prohibited Clergy fled to Dublin, or into England; waiting till such time as the storm would blow by. Among these was a Mr. Brooke: he was an Englishman, from the County of Chester; he is called, in

the old manuscript from which this narrative is extracted, a "Royal Chaplain;" but more probably he had only a Government Living, which appears to have been near Kells, on the borders of the County of Cavan, where the Rebellion raged most fiercely. He had married a beautiful Irish lady some years previous to the beginning of these troubles; and now being absent in London, his wife wrote to him supplicating that he "should not venture home, his life being in peril." She made little of her own danger: she "was a woman, and feared not but that the Insurgents would regard her sex." Besides this, she was effectually debarred from travelling, her confinement being close at hand: however she suffered nought from fear; she was patient, pious, and brave, and calmly abode in her house, having no one with her but an old Irish nurse, who waited on her and her only child—a little girl of four years of age.

So matters went on quietly for some days, till one evening a lad, who was nephew to the nurse, came running to the hall door, with the announcement that "Black Mulmore, or Miles O'Reilly," was passing up from Kells that night at ten o'clock, and that he had sworn an oath that he would "sack the English Parson's homestead, and not leave a feather or an egg in his nest."

This was an anxious hearing to the poor lady, who, knowing the violent character of Mulmore, at once decided how to act. Horse or vehicle had she none; and her nurse was too old to accompany her: so

making up a small parcel of clothes, together with a little money, she set out for a friend's house at some distance, where she knew there was a guard of soldiers: her old nurse blessed her with tears, as she passed the threshold with her child in her hand. Keeping off the high road, she pursued her way through the fields, by the light of the moon, till on passing out of a wood, she found herself on the banks of a broad but shallow river, on which the moonlight was streaming in silver. The bridge was to the right about two hundred yards off, but on advancing to it she saw it was occupied by a body of the Rebel Cavalry, whom she recognized by their wild accoutrements. Immediately she retreated again into her shelter, but not so quickly but that she was seen by a young Leader of the Band, who suffered her to gain the heart of the wood, and coming up, accosted her. He spoke in Irish, which, happily for her safety, she perfectly understood. "Who are you? whence do you come? Where do you go? What's your name?" She told him all, answering each question simply and faithfully, with a calm voice and untroubled look. "Ha," he said, "you are wife to the English Parson whose house Miles O'Reilly is to sack and burn to-night, and we will sweep you out of the land before the new year comes; you speak Irish, too; who has taught you our tongue? Come, come, why am I wasting words? you must prepare to die." She looked at him fixedly; he was youthful and comely, and there was something almost noble in the cast of his

features, that reminded her of her own young brother. She then said calmly, "You will not surely kill me, sir—you could not be so cruel—so cowardly. I am about to become a mother—have you, sir, a mother? and what would *she* say to such an action?" He drew a naked skeane, or long dagger, from his belt as she spoke, and the glitter of it in the cold moonlight made the blood bound from her heart. "I must kill you," he said—"we are sworn to it—you must die, as well as the child by your side: come, say your last prayer, and prepare for death." She looked at him steadily, and mournfully, and said—"I have been praying to God, and *he* has told me that I am not to die by your hand: no, you dare not do it, *God will not suffer you.*" Three times he brandished his skeane, and pointed it at her heart; and three times she lifted her hands and face to heaven, and said—"*No—God will not suffer you.*" Dashing his weapon on the grass, he cried, "You are right, God will not suffer me; you are a brave woman, and I was going to be a coward, but you would not let me; but come, you are in great danger here; will you trust to my honour, and let me guide you to a place of safety?" "With all my heart," she answered; "I *will* trust to your honour." He then took her lower down to a ford in the river, which she crossed on stepping-stones nearly dryshod, and on ascending the bank, he pointed out to her the road which led to her friend's house, and prepared to leave her, when she addressed him solemnly, and said, "I cannot find language to express

my joy at my escape, or my grateful sense of the conduct of my generous enemy; but if God gives me the baby I am carrying—whether it be male or female—it shall surely be called *Honour*, in remembrance of your honourable conduct to a weak and desolate woman; now, farewell." She offered him her hand, which he took respectfully, uncovering his head from his Barrad cap! then he turned, and ran swiftly and lightly away.

But, alas for the poor lady, her hour was come all too soon; and almost fainting with pain and apprehension, she knocked at a farm-house door; it was opened by the mistress, who at once recognised who she was, but positively refused to let her enter. "God knows, madam, I would gladly do so, for you were ever good to me, and to all your neighbours; but O'Reilly's Bands are on the road, and are certain to call for food and fodder, and were they to find you here under my roof, they are that hard-hearted that they would sack, cut, burn, and slay all in the house—but, alas! alas! good lady, you are fainting—you are dying! Here, John—Phemie—Bridget—for God's sake, carry her into the haggard: there is two feet depth of hay pulled down between the stacks, and plenty of shelter: bring her a pillow and a blanket from my own bed; make haste, make haste, the Boys are on the road." And so this sweet lady was laid on the soft hay, and there with the kind stars looking down, and smiling on her with their golden eyes; and One kinder and brighter still regarding her, and send-

ing her help from a loftier heaven, she gave birth to a little girl, whom the good woman of the house swathed and cared, till a vehicle arrived in the morning from her friend's house with an escort of soldiers, and with great difficulty, and at some risk, conveyed her, her little daughter, and the infant, to a safe and comfortable shelter. This infant was in due time baptized *Honor*, and the name, as well as the narrative, has been handed down and repeated among Mrs. Brooke's female descendants, through six generations, even unto this day.

The old MS. says nothing more of the lady, which is unsatisfactory: but there is at the end of it rather a piquant anecdote of her husband, who, far away from all this tumult, seems to have been—good, easy man—earning his bread by writing for London booksellers. "Black Mulmore"—true to his threats—had plundered and burned his house, and destroyed much of his property—sparing the old nurse as an Irishwoman. So Mr. Brooke was now depending on his literary powers to support himself. One morning when standing in the shop of the bookseller who employed his pen, a bishop came in to make some purchases; the old MS. calls him "the Bishop of London," if so, it must have been Juxon, who attended Charles I. at the block, and seeing a gentle-looking person in a clerical garb standing at the counter, he inquired of the bookseller who he was. The man answered that he was "one of the Refugee Irish Clergy." The Bishop then went over to Mr. Brooke and made many

inquiries, and heard of his house being burnt, &c., &c., when he bluntly said, "Then I suppose you are very poor, sir?" "Extremely so, my lord." "And would not object to receiving an alms?" "Not in the least, my lord." "Then, sir," said the Bishop, drawing out a long silk purse very slowly, which was heavy with gold pieces, and opening it, "here——is——a ——shilling for you." "Many thanks, my lord," said Brooke, accepting and pocketing the coin; "it is a most suitable gift, for the truth is, I have had no breakfast to-day, and your lordship's kind contribution is just enough to enable me to procure and pay for one;" then lifting his hat, he bowed low, and left the shop.

Now the story goes on to say that this prelate was so pleased with the good sense, temper, and tact of the man, and at his standing the trial he had subjected him to so good-humouredly, that he became his steady friend, gave him the true Barmecide feast, after having mocked him with the fictitious repast, and was instrumental in helping him back to his parish in Ireland, when that unhappy land had assumed a somewhat quieter aspect.

And so ends the "True Romance of Mrs. Brooke."

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The lady whose escape is here recorded was grandmother to the Rev. William Brooke, of Rantavan House, County of Cavan; whose son was Henry Brooke, born 1704, the author of "Gustavus Vasa," "The Fool of Quality," &c., &c.

The Duke of Wellington.

OFTTIMES strange, sometimes of the deepest interest, are the inscriptions in parish churchyards, and the entries in parish registers. The simple notification in the parish register of Stratford-upon-Avon that "1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes* Shakspere" was baptized, has been read, and will be read, with intense curiosity and veneration, by the literary pilgrim. Turning over the leaves of the same old register book the Shaksperian devotee comes to another date and another fact: "1583, May 26, Susanna, daughter to William Shakspere." This is the baptism of William Shakspere's own first-born child; and so on the inquirer follows with increased avidity the progress of the poet's life, until he arrives at the last act of all: "1616, April 25, burial of William Shakspere, Gent."

It was with feelings of similar reverence and interest that some years ago, when examining the Parish Books of St. Peter's, Dublin, I lighted on the following entry,

* "Johannes" in the register.

attested by the signature of "Isaac Mann, Archdeacon:"—

"Christenings, 1769—April 30th, Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington."

I read it over more than once, this simple notification of the baptism of one whose future career was to influence the fate of the whole world—of one whose memory not only his native country of Ireland but England and Scotland love to honour as they honour Shakspere's.

It is strange, but none the less true, that the *exact* date and place of *birth* of the Duke of Wellington are still matters of doubt and discussion.

One account assigns the honour to Dangan, another to the county town of Meath, historic Trim, another to a house in Grafton Street, Dublin, opposite the residence of the Provost of Trinity College, and a fourth to 24, Upper Merrion Street, in the same city. For many years, however, popular tradition designated Dangan as the spot. But for this there is something more than general rumour. The present Duke of Wellington informs me that, though he never heard his father say where he was born, he has been informed that the Duke's mother stated that it was at Dangan Castle. The present Duke, however, feels satisfied that this is a mistake; and I am inclined to think that my reader will arrive eventually at the same conclusion. But it is remarkable that, until very recently, almost all the old memoirs of the Duke of Wellington, as well as the

"Peerages," Colonel Gurwood's despatches, &c., seem to infer that Dangan was really the place of Wellington's birth.

This ancient seat of the family is situated within two miles of the village of Summerhill, in the parish of Laracor, a parish so memorable from its association with Dean Swift. Curious to ascertain the present appearance of what was, if not the birthplace, at all events the early home of Arthur Wellesley, I asked my friend Mr. John P. Prendergast, who was going to Summerhill, to extend his journey to Dangan. He did as I asked, and has given me so graphic a description of its present lone condition, that I will venture to print his account of it.

But before doing so I must make an extract or two from another notice of the place which was once one of the chief ornaments of Meath, written from Dangan by Mrs. Pendarves (afterwards Mrs. Delany) in 1732, and published in her Memoirs.

"The house (of Dangan) is very large, handsome, and convenient. Mr. Wesley* is making great improvements of planting trees and making canals. Miss Wesley does the honours of the house as well as if she was a woman. We live magnificently, and at the same time without ceremony. There is a charming large hall with an organ and harpsichord, where all the company meet when they have a mind to be together,

* The surname was formerly Wesley. When the Duke entered the army, he was gazetted as "Arthur Wesley."

and where music, dancing, shuttlecock, draughts, and prayers take their turn."

In the following year Mrs. Pendarves, again on a visit to Dangan, continues her description of the place Writing on the 25th April, 1732, she says:—"Mr. Wesley has three canals in his gardens; in one of them he has the model of the king's yacht [George the Second's], 'the Carolina.' In another of his canals he has a barge, which he calls 'the Pretty Betty,' that will hold a dozen people: we are immediately going to try it; and in his third canal he has a yawl, named after Miss Fanny. In his garden there is a fir-grove, dedicated to Vesta, in the midst of which is her statue; at some distance from it is a mound covered with evergreens, on which is placed a temple with the statue of Apollo. Neptune, Proserpine, Diana, all have due honours paid them, and Fame has been too good a friend to the master of all these improvements to be neglected; *her* temple is near the house, at the end of a terrace, near which the four seasons take their stand, very well represented by Flora, Ceres, Bacchus, and an old gentleman with a hood on his head, warming his hands over a fire."

In June, 1776, Arthur Young, being at Summerhill on his agricultural tour, walked over to Dangan. Lord Mornington had at this time a hundred acres under water, ornamented by islands and promontories shooting out so far as to form almost distinct lakes. Just one hundred and forty years intervened between Mrs. Pendarves' sojourn at Dangan and Mr. Prendergast's

visit, and one hundred since Young saw it. The scene is no longer the same. Mr. Prendergast writes:—

"Yesterday was as fine a July day as ever rose for seeing Dangan. Fine sun, fine breeze, flying clouds. The verdant plains of Meath were fragrant with white clover and dotted with herds of cattle, whose glossy coats told of the richness of their pasture. But I was stirred by the silence and solitude, the absence of population, so different from the equally rich pastures of the golden vein of Tipperary. On reaching Trim I made no stay amidst its military and ecclesiastical ruins, but took the road south to Dangan at once, a walk of about five miles.

"From a hill I had caught a sight of Dangan in the distance, but had so long lost it, that I began to fear I had lost my way; when suddenly, on the right, crowning a hill at a short distance, I was surprised to see an obelisk of Dutch brick, on a base of arched and open stone-work. On getting up to it, it turned out to be ruinous; one-third of the summit gone—the stones of the base disjointed. There was no inscription to mark its age or purpose. Looking out over an extensive 'prairie,' enriched with scattered clumps of timber, there could be seen in the distance, on a kind of green cape or headland perhaps three miles off, a similar obelisk; and in the middle distance, amongst trees, the ruins of Dangan. In all this vast extent of land not one acre of tillage was to be seen—no farmers, no peasants, no horses, scarce any sheep: all grass, and cows, and groups (park-like enough) of trees. These two obelisks,

I found, marked the northern and southern limits of the Dangan demesne.

"I strode through grass that reached nearly to the knee, and scrambled over banks and through hedges, making straight for my object, so eager was I to reach the goal. First came the stately stables and offices, with gate-tower and belfry, forming half a square, with cut-stone cornices and coignes, the whole in ruins, and silent as the grave. Only for a heifer that had sought shelter from the sun under the archway, and a milking pail in a distant part of the grass-grown yard, it was a solitude. At no great distance was the ruined house. Grass grew up to the former doorway, now blocked up. The whole façade, with its Italian cornice and ornamented stone window-jambs, looks westward over a park of nearly one thousand statute acres. The house is a complete ruin—roofless, windowless, doorless. Standing in what once was a large hall, on looking up the clouds were flying overhead. A sycamore has grown up in the middle. In the holes that mark the course of fallen staircases, are birds breeding. At night, as appears from its state, the cattle seek shelter in this roofless hall. Below, one can wander through long ranges of dark empty vaults, with groined arches of brick. These were once the kitchens and offices, thronged with troops of servants. How different this desolation from the scene of festivity Dangan presented to Mrs. Pendarves in the year 1732! In this 'charming large hall,' as she called it, breakfast, and battledore and shuttlecock, and the harpsichord, were

going on together without interfering with one another, so spacious was it. To Dangan, too, fifty years later, in October, 1786, came another lady, the mother of the present Archbishop of Dublin, to spend her honeymoon (Mrs. St. George). And here, in this fine specimen of feudal magnificence (in her own words), for it spake of strength and grandeur, she and her husband, the following Christmas, entertained the Duke of Rutland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Duchess, and some of the prettiest women and a group of the gayest young men.

"Not a trace remains of the fir-grove sacred to Vesta, with her statue amongst the pine trees; nor of Apollo on his mound, amidst evergreens; nor of those of Neptune, Proserpine, Diana, or of the temple of Fame. All these Gods and Goddesses have fled from the scene of ruin. The waters, too, are gone, and even the memory of them and of the yachts, with their bands of music, has perished.

"Amidst such scenes was Arthur Wellesley bred. Here, in this hall, his father, Lord Mornington, acquired on the organ his skill in music. Over these green hills and plains galloped his sons, the one afterwards Governor-General of India, while the other, at the same time, led the English forces there, at Seringapatam and Assaye. All is now silent and deserted:—

"'No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn the unwilling steeds another way.'

"In truth, I was not sorry to bend my steps two miles southward for Summerhill, now the seat of Lord Langford, but shut up and deserted, like the rest. As I walked along the grassy footpath and over an arch without a parapet, I found I was treading an old approach, and came at length to a great palace-like grille, in the florid style of those attached to French châteaux, rusty and decaying, and the grass grown on both sides of it. On the left hand, within the grille, was a small but elegant Doric portico. This once belonged to the gatekeeper's lodge. Nothing now remains of the lodge but a thatched fragment, fronted by this relic of former magnificence. Out of the pediment grows a young sycamore, that has rooted itself in a joint of the stone-work. Passing out at a side door, with melancholy reflections, I bade farewell to all this ruined splendour, and took my way to Summerhill, with a sigh."

Such is the present desolation of the home of the Wellesleys, hitherto, in popular tradition, pointed out as the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington. Whoever will examine the question carefully must, however, as I apprehend, reject the claim of Dangan, and come to the conclusion that the honour belongs to the house No. 24, UPPER MERRION STREET, DUBLIN, now in the occupation of the Commissioners of Church Temporalities.

In the first place, all the Newspaper announcements made contemporaneously say that the child was born in Merrion Street. The *Dublin Gazette*, in its number

dated from "Tuesday, 2nd May, to Thursday, 4th May, 1769," has this notification—

"A few days ago, in Merrion Street, the Countess of Mornington of a son."

Hoey's Dublin Mercury, published on the same day as the *Gazette*, also gives the birth as in Merrion Street; and the same intimation appears in the *Public Register or Freeman's Journal*, and in *Pue's Occurrences*, which were both issued on Saturday, the 6th May. These statements receive strong corroboration from the fact that the baptism of the child was registered at ST. PETER'S, the parish in which Merrion Street is situated, and from the circumstance that the medicines required by the Countess of Mornington and her infant, on the occasion of the accouchement, were supplied by an apothecary in Dawson Street, DUBLIN.

Oral evidence is, also, at hand. Mrs. Reade, a near relation of the Wellesleys, informs me that from her childhood she had had pointed out to her the house, No. 24, Merrion Street, opposite her father's, Sir Chichester Fortescue's, as the birthplace of Arthur, Duke of Wellington. The fact, Mrs. Reade adds, was never doubted, and was always admitted by the two families, between whom there was great intimacy. Before he went to India, young Arthur Wellesley was constantly with his cousin, Sir Chichester Fortescue.

Finally, a friend of mine heard from Mr. Alfred Montgomery, Private Secretary to the Marquis Wellesley, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that, as he

was one day driving with the Marquis in his carriage through Merrion Street, the Marquis, pointing to No. 24, said, "That is the house in which my brother the Duke of Wellington was born." The residence is known to this day as Mornington House.

Before entering on the question of date, a few words as to *Dangan*, *Trim*, and *Grafton Street:*

The simple facts that the child was christened in *Dublin* Parish, and that the medicines furnished at the time of the birth were sent to the Countess of Mornington from an apothecary's shop in Dawson Street, *Dublin*, afford conclusive evidence that the lady was confined in *Dublin*, and not at *Dangan* or *Trim*.

It now only remains to dispose of Grafton Street. It appears, by an examination of the records of the Corporation of Dublin that antecedently to the year 1764, the Earl of Mornington had become possessed of a residence and extensive piece of ground in Grafton Street, opposite the Provost's. In that year, 1764, the earl took a longer lease of the property from the city, engaging to build "a grand ornamental dwelling for himself, at a cost of three thousand pounds." But it seems that he almost immediately changed his mind for in the following year he sold the lease to a Mr. Wilson, covenanting to indemnify the purchaser against the consequences of his not building the grand mansion he had undertaken to erect, it being Wilson's intention to build smaller houses. This transaction occurred in 1765, and it may be fairly presumed that Lord Mornington then quitted Grafton Street.

The next indication of Lord Mornington's place of residence is derived from the announcements in the *Dublin Gazette* and in *Hoey's Dublin Mercury.* of the birth of his son (Arthur) "in *Merrion Street.*" From this it is clear that the Mornington family were then (April, 1769) living in that street, and I find that within a very brief period of the birth of Arthur, Lord Mornington purchased from the Earl of Antrim the lease of the house No. 24, Upper Merrion Street. The date of this lease is 16th of August, 1769, a date no doubt subsequent to the birth that took place on the 29th of the preceding April; but it is very easy and natural to suppose that the Earl of Mornington was resident there some time previous to the purchase of the lease, which was completed, as I have already mentioned, in the month of August.

It may be added, as a circumstance in proof of the fact that Lord Mornington was at that time already domiciled in the house, 24, Upper Merrion Street, that one of the witnesses called up to attest the deed was his lordship's valet.

Now, as to the DATE OF BIRTH of the Duke of Wellington: the same obscurity that hangs over his place of birth applies to this fact too. The 1st of May, 1769, has been heretofore universally accepted as the Duke's birthday, and was kept as such, the present Duke of Wellington informs me, by his father. In consequence of this, one of the Royal Princes, born on that particular day, has been named "Arthur," in graceful compliment, I believe, to the Duke. Besides, in 1815, the Countess

of Mornington, the Duke's mother, in answer to an inquiry, states that her son, Arthur, was born on the 1st of May, 1769, and in the pedigree registered among the "Lords' Entries," Ulster's Office, the same date, 1st of May, 1769, is given as that of the Duke's birth. But how could this date be possible, in face of the entry in the parish register of St. Peter's? That registry distinctly states that Arthur, the son of the Earl and Countess of Mornington, was christened on the 30th of April, 1769, and the page is authenticated at foot by the signature of Archdeacon Mann. The registry seems to have been kept with strict regularity, in consecutive order; and its correctness is corroborated by an announcement in "Exshaw's Magazine," which, in its May number, 1769, has this entry—

"April 29, the Countess of Mornington of a son."

A curious confirmation that the date was earlier than 1st May, is furnished by the day-book of the apothecary in Dawson Street, who, as already stated, supplied medicine to the Countess of Mornington and the new-born child. This entry in the apothecary's day-book is dated "Sunday, 30 *April*, 1769." It has been cut out of the day-book, and exhibited at the Dublin Exhibition, by Dr. Evans, who occupies the same house as Lady Mornington's apothecary, 49, Dawson Street.

There is a rumour afloat that a nurse who attended Lady Mornington gave evidence before an Election Committee as to the exact date of birth, in order to meet an objection that Lieutenant the Hon.

Arthur Wesley was under age at the time of his return as member for Trim, 29th of April, 1790. But an examination of the Committee Book, still preserved among the public records, sets this story at rest. No such evidence was given, nor was the question of age gone into at all. True enough, on the application of the petitioners, a resolution was passed, that "Mrs. Masters, of Dangan Castle, do attend this Committee with the family Bible, in which the entry of the births of the children of the late Earl of Mornington is made;" but the Committee having decided another vital point against the petitioners, the petition was withdrawn.

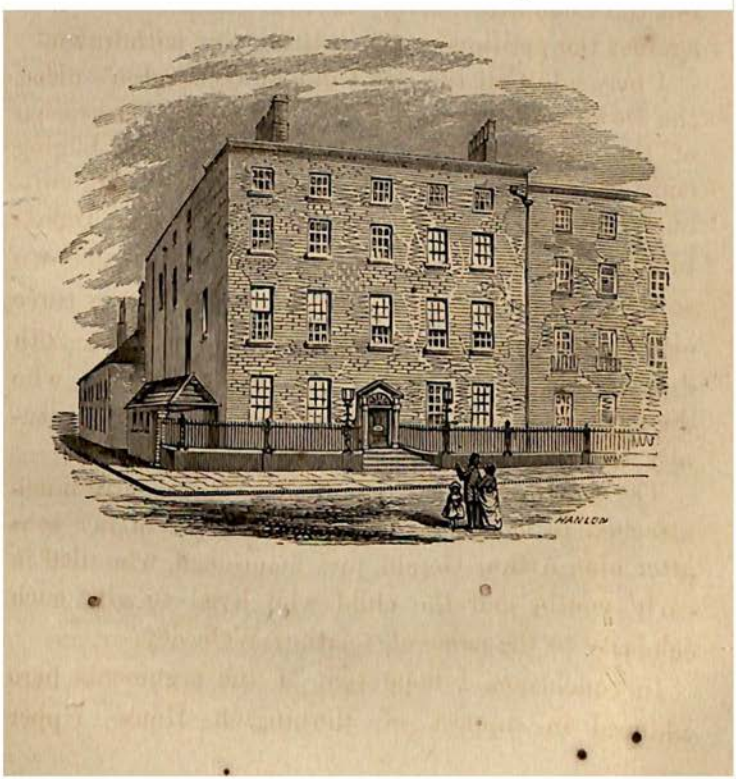
I may add that the late Duke of Wellington's niece, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, who is in possession of the Dangan Bible, has, with the most obliging courtesy, favoured me with extracts from it, but, curiously enough, it contains no entry of the great Duke's birth. In point of fact, the entries do not come down so late, and they record only the births of the three eldest sons—Richard (Marquis Wellesley), born 20th July, 1760; Arthur-Gerald, born 5th May, 1761, who died in 1768; and William (Lord Maryborough), eventually Earl of Mornington.

The Countess of Mornington was apparently much attached to her father, as she named two of her sons after him, Arthur-Gerald, just mentioned, who died in early youth, and the child who lived to give such celebrity to the name of "Arthur Wellesley."

In conclusion, I hope that if the arguments here adduced in support of Mornington House, Upper

Merrion Street, being the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington be deemed sufficient, that an inscription may be placed in front of that house, to indicate to every passer-by that—

HERE
ARTHUR, DUKE OF WELLINGTON,
WAS BORN.



The Story of the Sword.

"Fetch me my rapier."
Romeo and Juliet.

Not very long ago, my friend, Mr. Jolliffe Tufnell, told me a story which interested me much, and I will endeavour to reproduce it as nearly as I can in his own words:—

"You recollect, I dare say," said Mr. Tufnell, "my going out to Turkey, and joining Omar Pasha on the Danube, and, together with Dr. Mackenzie of Edinburgh, giving the Osmanlis professional assistance at the commencement of the Crimean war. Some time after I returned home, I delivered (as Regius Professor of Military Surgery) a series of lectures at the Royal College of Surgeons. One part of the course was devoted to the best means to employ for the sanitary condition of an army. How to keep five thousand, ten thousand, or any given number of soldiers in health during the vicissitudes of war, and under extremes of heat and cold, was

the proposition I was anxious to solve. To work out the problem, it became necessary that I should examine the clothing of the different European forces, this being an important point to be considered. Lord Clarendon, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, readily entered into my views, and gave directions that a set of the clothing of the infantry soldier of each continental state should be asked for, and, when obtained, forwarded to me.

"His lordship's wish had only to be expressed to be complied with. From all parts of Europe were transmitted soldiers' regimentals: the cases, as they arrived from time to time, being deposited in the vaults of the College of Surgeons.

"One Sunday morning, as I was passing the College, I had to take shelter in it from a thunder-storm. Whilst I waited, the Hall-Porter said to me, 'You have a power of boxes down below, Doctor; sure you might fit out a little army for yourself, and go a warring again with the Turks.'

"The rain continuing, I thought I might as well occupy myself by ascertaining if the cases were properly stowed away, free from damp. I accordingly went down to the vault, where they were placed, and made an examination. Most certainly there was a '*power of boxes:*' all the cases were pretty much of the same shape and size, excepting one, a curious, neatly packed box, something like a violin-case, though longer, which at once caught my eye. It was covered with wax cloth, and labelled simply—

"'JOLLIFFE TUFNELL, ESQ., DUBLIN.'

"Somehow or other, it at once excited my curiosity, and I hastened to open it. The outer covering removed, there was first a layer of cerecloth, then another, then a third, until after unfolding several, I came upon two Foreign Office bags, placed mouth to mouth, and drawn over the inner case. Pulling these off quickly, I found a lot of tissue paper, encircling a highly-finished morocco leather cover. In a moment the morocco cover was raised, and there was presented to my bewildered eyes a wonderfully wrought SCIMITAR, IN A GOLD SCABBARD, DIAMOND-HILTED, WITH AN EMBROIDERED BELT, MOUNTED IN BRILLIANTS. I perceived at a glance that the jewels were of very great value, and all the appliances most costly. I again looked at the address: there it was, most certainly, in plain, unmistakable characters, 'Jolliffe Tufnell, Esq., Dublin.' While I gazed, a thought crossed my mind. Might it not be possible that it was a present from the Porte, that Oriental gratitude and Oriental munificence were requiting my services? I remembered that when I left Omar Pasha, I had declined all fee or reward for what I had done for his men, and for my having volunteered a forlorn hope with Major Nasmyth, to try and get into the Arabtabia Fort at Silistria, to succour Butler, who had been wounded in the service of the Turks.

"The next day I showed the sword to a jeweller of eminence in Dublin, and he more than confirmed my own estimate of the diamonds. I thought the best thing to do was to consult Lord Clarendon. My letter

to his lordship told the story of the sword, and by return of post I received a reply, expressing the infinite comfort and satisfaction the announcement afforded him and the Foreign Office, but the answer did not bring similar comfort or satisfaction to me. Lord Clarendon informed me that some months previously, Her Majesty had sent the insignia of the Order of the Garter to the Sultan, and Garter King of Arms accompanied the commission; that in compliance with the Royal custom usual on such occasions, the sword of the sovereign who had received investiture had been forwarded for the acceptance of Sir Charles Young, *Garter;* and that there had been great consternation at its non-arrival, now happily removed by my letter.

"And so the mystery was over. My bright hopes vanished, and with them my notions of Turkish gratitude and munificence, and I took a last sad look at the sword and the diamonds. All that remained to be done was to restore the cerecloth, replace the Foreign Office bags, carefully re-pack the case, and transmit it to London. I insured it for £2,000 (the value of the jewels), and received back a post-office order from Lord Clarendon for the expense I had been put to.

"I cannot say how long the sword was lying in the vaults of the college (probably three or four months), but I can easily account for its getting there. At the moment when the cases of military clothing were being despatched from Constantinople addressed to me, this package got labelled with the others. Thus arose all the trouble and confusion,—Foreign Office

clerks thrown into dismay,—Ottoman attachés unceasing in their inquiries,—and Garter himself in despair! Perhaps if the Sublime Porte hear of my disappointment, compensation may still be given to me for 'agitation of mind.'"

This was my friend's Story of the Sword. In Sir Charles Young's will the Sultan's sword is, I believe, especially named.

Mr. Tufnell has an aspiration that the Sultan may take into his royal consideration the disappointment he experienced; and I will, on my own part, venture also to give expression to a hope that some great and regal potentate, interested in Ireland, may receive the insignia of the Illustrious Order of St. Patrick from the hands of "Ulster," even though the sword or scimitar, the perquisite of the chivalrous duty, might for a time be consigned to the vaults of the College of Surgeons.

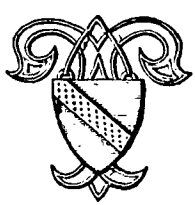
Rival Pretensions.

"Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long."

Shakespere.

A HISTORY of the feuds of great Houses would fill volumes. Questions of chieftainship, quarrels of rival clans, cases of disputed rights, and contentions for precedence are fertile sources of curious incidents and curious information. A few instances will not fatigue the reader, and will illustrate to some extent the manners of the times.

Scrope and Grosvenor.



TOWARDS the close of the fourteenth century there arose a memorable controversy between the two great houses of Scrope of Yorkshire, and Grosvenor of Cheshire. The point in dispute—the right to bear a certain coat of arms—was one of much importance in those mediæval times, and the litigation lasted nearly for five years, from the 17th of August, 1385, to the 27th of May, 1390.

The Court before which it was tried was the High Court of Chivalry, and the judges were those dignified officers of State, the Lord High Constable Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., and the Earl Marshal, Thomas de Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham. Kings, Warriors, Mitred Abbots, Bishops, Statesmen and Poets appear on the scene. Four hundred witnesses, not one of lesser degree than "a gentleman having knowledge of arms," are called on to give evidence, and men that we love to read of, such as John of Gaunt, Geoffrey Chaucer, Owen Glendower, and Hotspur, are, as it were, realized, and seem to speak to us with their own lips.

The question before the Court was simply the right to bear the particular coat of arms, "*Az. a bend or.*"

One can easily imagine how picturesquely Sir Walter Scott would have described the circumstances of the trial, with what life-like animation, in rivalry of Froissart, he would have reproduced the whole judicial drama, and how graphically he would have placed before us the actors in it. But even the unadorned narrative has in itself so much to interest, such freshness of detail, and reflects so clearly the men and manners of a far distant age, that we peruse it, like the report of some curious contemporary investigation.

To preface the trial, it may be well to introduce the litigants:—

The PLAINTIFF was SIR RICHARD LE SCROPE of Bolton, one of the most illustrious characters of his time,

whether regarded as soldier, statesman, or judge. The friend and comrade of the Black Prince, he gained fame at Cressy and Najarra, and in almost every great battle fought by his gallant leader. He enjoyed the especial regard of John of Gaunt, and was the favourite of the Sovereigns under whom he served. He filled the office of Lord High Treasurer, *temp.* Edward III., and was twice Lord Chancellor under Richard II. He had a summons to Parliament as a baron, and his eldest son, Sir William le Scrope, was made Earl of Wilts, and King of the Isle of Man, and held such broad lands and potent sway that Shakespere says—

"The Earl of Wilts hath the realm in farm."

Such was the great noble against whom the DEFENDANT, SIR ROBERT GROSVENOR, a Cheshire knight, boldly entered the lists, to do battle for the coat of arms, which he and his ancestors had borne on their banners in many a tented field. Sir Robert was the chief of a family then little known out of its own county, but he was of knightly descent, and could show a pedigree coeval with the Norman Conquest.

It was, as I have already stated, on the 17th of August, 1385, that the controversy began. On that day proclamation was made throughout the English army, then in Scotland, requiring all persons who had any question to submit to the cognizance of the Lord High Constable, to appear at Newcastle-on-Tyne, within three days from the date thereof. Conse-

quently, on the 20th of August, when the Court of the High Constable sat in that town (the Lord FitzWalter acting as lieutenant for the Constable), Sir Richard le Scrope alleged that Sir Robert Grosvenor, then and there personally present, had borne the Scrope arms, contrary to law. Sir Robert Grosvenor rejoined that the Coat of Arms he carried was his own proper bearing, and that he was ready to defend his right. There were several preliminary hearings to adjust details; but at length the trial was opened in due form, at the Whitehall, in Westminster, on the 24th of November.

The Lord High Constable presided in person, and the Earl Marshal was represented by his lieutenant, Sir John de Multon. Divers learned counsel, and many great lords were present, and the two litigants appeared in person. Immediately after the Constable had taken his seat, Sir Richard le Scrope asserted orally what he had affirmed at Newcastle, that the coat AZURE A BEND OR, did of right, and by the usage of arms, belong to him; and Sir Robert Grosvenor maintained, with equal earnestness, that these were his Arms, and that he was prepared to uphold his title thereto. Many adjournments followed. At length, on the 16th of May, 1386, the Constable sitting in Court with divers assessors, and Sir John de Multon acting again for the Earl Marshal, it was ordered peremptorily that there should be adduced by the contending parties, on the 26th of January following, proof derived from muniments, chronicles, tombs,

paintings, glass windows, vestments, &c., and by the evidence of abbots, priors and others of Holy Church, and also by the testimony of lords, knights and esquires of honour, and of gentlemen "having knowledge of arms." The judges at the same time appointed commissioners to examine witnesses in the various counties in England, and directed them to make their returns by the day appointed. The princes and earls were to answer "on their knightly honour," those of lesser rank "on their oath." The interrogatories put to the deponents on the side of Scrope were to this effect: "Do the arms 'Azure with a bend or' belong, or ought they of right to belong, to Sir Richard Scrope? Have you heard, or can you from your own knowledge state, that the ancestors of Sir Richard have used the said arms; and by what title or authority? Can you name the first ancestor of the plaintiff who bore the coat? And, finally, are you of kin or blood of Sir Richard?"

In obedience to the Court's direction, the various commissioners entered upon the task assigned them; several of them examined the Abbeys of Nottley, Whitby, Abbotsbury, and various others; and three of the commissioners, Lord FitzWalter, Sir John Marmyon and Sir John Kentwode, sat in the Monastery of the Carmelite Friars at Plymouth, and there took the evidence of John of Gaunt. The deposition of that eminent personage will interest every one:

"John, by the grace of God, King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Lancaster, being prayed, and according to the law of Arms required, by the proctor of the

Richard le Scrope, to testify the truth between the said Sir Richard and Sir Robert Grosvenor in a controversy between them concerning the arms 'Azure, a bend, or,' do verily testify, that at the time when We were armed in battles and other journeys in divers countries, We have seen and known that the said Sir Richard hath borne his arms 'Azure, a bend or,' and that many of his name and lineage have borne the same arms on banner, pennon, and coat armour, and that We have heard from many noble and valiant men, since deceased, that the said arms were of right the arms of his ancestors and himself at the time of the Conquest and since. And, moreover, We say and testify, that at the last expedition in France of our most dread Lord and father, on whom God have mercy, a controversy arose concerning the said arms between Sir Richard le Scrope aforesaid, and one called Carminow of Cornwall, which Carminow challenged those arms of the said Sir Richard, the which dispute was referred to six knights, now as I think dead, who upon true evidence found the said Carminow to be descended of a lineage armed 'Azure a bend or' since the time of King Arthur; and they found that the said Sir Richard was descended of a right line of ancestry armed with the said arms, 'Azure a bend or,' since the time of King William the Conqueror; and so it was adjudged that they might both bear the arms entire. But We have not seen or heard that the said Sir Robert, or any of his name, bore the said arms before the last expedition in Scotland with our Lord the King."

Depositions of lords and knights, abbots, and priors followed, and then came one of the most remarkable witnesses of all, Geoffrey Chaucer, the Homer of English poetry:—

"What say you, Geoffrey Chaucer? does the coat, 'Azure a bend or,' belong of right to Sir Richard le Scrope?"

"Yes," replies Chaucer. "I saw him so armed in France, before the town of Retters; and I saw Sir Henry Scrope armed with the same arms, with a white label, and with banner; and I further depose that the said Sir Richard was armed in the entire arms during the whole expedition, until I myself was taken."

Being asked how he knew that the arms appertained to Sir Richard? he replied:—"That he had heard old knights and esquires say that they had had continual possession of the said arms; and that he had seen them displayed on banners, glass, paintings, and vestments, and commonly called the arms of Scrope." Being further pressed as to whether he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors? he said: "No; but that he was once in Friday Street, London, and walking through the street, he observed a new sign hanging out with these arms thereon, and inquired, 'What inn that was that had hung out these arms of Scrope?' and one answered him, saying, 'They are not hung out, sir, for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms; but they are painted and put there by a knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvenor;' and

that was the first time that he had ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors, or of any one bearing the name of Grosvenor."

To reproduce the testimony of the various other deponents for Scrope would be too lengthy and tedious. In addition to those already mentioned, there were examined Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, uncle of the king, Sir John Holand, afterwards Duke of Exeter, the king's half-brother, the Earls of Derby, Arundel, and Northumberland, the Lords Poynings, Basset, Clifford, Dacre, D'Arcy, Grey of Ruthven, and Scales, besides many abbots, knights, esquires, and gentlemen. The most prominent figure is that of Harry Percy, Hotspur, "the all-bepraised knight." But there is one deposition, too remarkable to be altogether omitted:—

"John Thirlewalle, of the age of fifty-four, armed thirty-two years and more, being asked whether the arms 'Azure a bend or,' belonged to Sir Richard Scrope? said, Certainly, and that he would well prove it by evidence; for the grandfather of the said Sir Richard, who was named William le Scrope, was made a knight at Falkirk, in Scotland, under the banner of the good King Edward with the Longshanks, as his (the deponent's) father told and showed him before his death; for his father was through old age bed-ridden, and could not walk for some time before his decease; and whilst he so lay, he heard some one say that people said that the father of Sir Richard was no gentleman, because he was the King's Justice; and his (deponent's)

father called his sons before him, of whom he the said John was the youngest of all his brethren, and said, 'My sons, I hear that some say that Sir Henry Scrope is no great gentleman because he is a man of the law; but I tell you certainly, that his father was made a knight at Falkirk in these arms, Azure a bend or, and that they are descended from great and noble gentlemen; and if any one say otherwise, do ye testify that I have said so of truth, upon faith and loyalty; and if I were young I would hold and maintain my saying to the death.' And his (the deponent's) father, when he died, was at the age of seven-score-and-five, and was, when he died, the oldest esquire of all the north, and had been armed during sixty-nine years, and has been dead forty-four years."

Sir Robert Grosvenor called Owen Glendower, whose residence on the Welsh borders must have made him well acquainted with Cheshire arms, and whose testimony went to prove that Grosvenor bore the arms from the time of the Conquest. There appeared besides for Grosvenor the Stanleys, the Breretons, the Davenports, the Leycesters, the Massys, the Mainwarings, the Domviles, the Leghs, the Traffords, the Holfords, the Vernons, and a phalanx of other northern squires, who, with the *esprit de corps* for which our country gentlemen are to this day famous, stood up boldly for their neighbour. Old Sir Ralph Vernon could of his own knowledge go back to a distant time, and he gave most important evidence. In length of years, the Countess of Desmond alone may be adduced as his rival. Styled in

Cheshire Collections "the old liver," he is stated to have survived to the age of one hundred and fifty, and, according to an entry of Augustine Vincent, preserved in Woodnoth's Collections, is described as "Sir Raufe Vernon, y^e^ olde, who lived seven score years and ten."

"On the part of Sir Robert Grosvenor," says Ormerod, "were examined nearly all the knights and gentlemen of Cheshire and Lancashire, with several of the abbots and other clergy, all of whom deposed to the usage of the arms by the Grosvenors, and to having seen them painted on windows, standards, and monuments in twenty-four churches, chapels and monasteries in Cheshire. The family charters and deeds, with seals appendant, exhibiting the same bearing, were produced before the Court; and it was stated, on the authority of chronicles and monastic records, that all the ancestors of Sir Robert Grosvenor had used the same coat from time immemorial, and more particularly that it was used by Gilbert le Grosvenor, at the Conquest; by Raufe le Grosvenor, at the battle of Lincoln; by Robert le Grosvenor, in the crusade under Richard I.; by Robert le Grosvenor, in the Scotch wars under Edward II.; by another Robert, at Cressy, and in other battles under Edward III.; and by the defendant, Sir Robert himself, as harbinger to Sir Thomas d'Audley, lieutenant to the Black Prince, and at Blank in Berry, at the capture of the Tower of Brose, at the siege of Rocksirion, in Poictou, in Guienne, at Viers, in Normandy, at the battle of Poictiers, at the battle of Najarra in Spain, in 1367, and, lastly, at the

battle of Limoges, in 1370, in the service of the Black Prince."

In point of fact, it appears from the various depositions of the famous men on either side, by the examination of tombs, by chronicles, by cathedral windows, and by the evidences of Holy Church, that the coat of arms in question had been borne by both families time out of mind, and that their pedigrees were coeval with the Conquest. It is amusing to observe how Scrope's witnesses ignore the existence of Sir Robert Grosvenor and his family, while some of Grosvenor's deponents, in retaliation, pretended that they had never heard of Sir Richard Scrope! However, Sir Thomas Percy, K.G. (afterwards Earl of Worcester), brother of the Earl of Northumberland, admits that he was aware Sir Robert Grosvenor was a gentleman of high degree; and Sir William Brereton, another Scrope witness, but a Cheshire kinsman of Grosvenor, refused, point blank, to answer any question, and had a fine of twenty pounds imposed on him.

The evidence on both sides having been closed, the Lord High Constable gave judgment on the 12th of May, 1389. He acknowledged that on the part of Sir Robert Grosvenor the strongest presumptive evidence had been adduced in support of his defence; but conceiving that Sir Richard Scrope had more fully and sufficiently proved his claim, and that Sir Robert had not, in any respect, disproved the evidence of the said Sir Richard, the Court awarded, pronounced, and declared that the entire, pure arms, "Azure a bend or," apper-

tained to the plaintiff, Sir Richard le Scrope; and the same arms, "within a plain bordure argent," should be assigned to Sir Robert Grosvenor. The Court also condemned the defendant in the costs of the suit.

Sir Robert, scorning to accept the arms with "a difference," at once refused to submit to the award, and in three days after appealed direct to the King. The appeal was heard, and the King's judgment given, in the great chamber of Parliament, within the royal palace at Westminster. There were present with his Highness the Dukes of Guyenne and Gloucester, his uncles; the Bishop of London, the Lords John Roos, Raufe Nevill, and John Lovell; John Devereux, Steward of the Household; Thomas Percy, Vice Chamberlain; Henry Percy, his son; Matthew de Gourney, Hugh Zoouch, Bryan de Stapleton, Richard Adrebury, and William de Faryndon, knights, and others. The royal decree bore date 27th of May, 1390, and was to the effect that the arms, Azure a bend or, should remain, in their simplicity, wholly to Sir Richard Scrope and his heirs, and that Sir Robert Grosvenor should have no part thereof.

Thus defeated, Sir Robert gave up the "*bend*," and took in its place a "*garb*," retaining, however, his colours, *azure* and *gold*.

It is obvious that the Cheshire knight was not powerful enough to withstand the influence and character of the great warrior-statesman, his opponent. The judges were not only Scrope's companions in arms, but also his personal friends; and the leaning of the Court was from the beginning altogether in his favour.

To the impartial observer, justice would have been more fairly dealt out by one of two courses—either to have confirmed the right of both families to the arms, as had been done when Carminow challenged Scrope, or else to have assigned an heraldic difference to each. One result, however, has come to the Grosvenors from this celebrated controversy, the conclusive evidence of the antiquity and nobility of their race. In the pleadings, the defendant is always styled "NOBILIS VIR, ROBERTUS GROSVENOR, MILES;" and at the trial two hundred witnesses of note declared, that Grosvenor was then, in the fourteenth century, "A NAME OF ANCIENT FAME."

Many will consider the long litigation between Scrope and Grosvenor, for nothing but a coat of arms, an indication of the simplicity of our ancestors, and will smile at the importance given to it by such men as John of Gaunt, Geoffrey Chaucer, Sir Richard Scrope and Hotspur; and, with the self-complacency characteristic of the present generation, they will contrast the fourteenth with the nineteenth century, congratulating themselves on the superior intelligence and practical good sense which would now render a controversy at law on what they consider a point of such trifling importance impossible.

Let us pause, however, for a moment.

At the beginning of the present century, a folly took possession of the public mind, which caused contention between lords and gentlemen of as high degree as

Scrope and Grosvenor. To the Tulip-mania and the China-mania, and other similar infatuations, succeeded the Biblio-mania. Noblemen from St. James's, squires from the north and squires from the south—from Yorkshire as well as Devon—nabobs from the East, and millionaires from the city were wont to assemble, week after week, at the auction rooms of Mr. Evans, to compete for scarce editions of books. Intrinsic merit was never taken into account; and a book really worth five shillings was often, on account of its rarity, purchased for as many hundred pounds. It then probably took its place on a library shelf in some old county seat, and was never afterwards opened. Biblio-mania had its historian, too, the amusing Dr. Dibdin, who, describing with all the zest and enthusiasm of a Froissart or a Holinshed the battles fought in the book-auction rooms, exclaims, "Those were indeed deeds of valour and feats of book-heroism."

Is it not fair to presume that the heraldic and chivalrous emblems of our predecessors, which were to serve as cognizances for all time to come, and to be associated with great men and great deeds, were, to say the least of them, as reasonable *casus belli* as those rare old editions of works not required or intended to be read?

The Decamerone of Boccaccio.

ONE of the leaders of the bibliomaniacs was John, third Duke of Roxburghe, K.G., who devoted long

years and great wealth to the acquisition of books and pamphlets. The celebrated collection known as "the Roxburghe ballads," now in the British Museum, was formerly his. After his death, the magnificent library he had brought together during forty years came to the hammer. Nothing in the annals of book auctions was ever equal to the excitement caused by the publication of the catalogue. All bibliomaniac England was roused, and crowds from far and near filled the Duke's house, in St. James's Square, where the sale took place, in May, 1812. Forty-two successive days (Sundays only excepted) the auction lasted. "Book heroism" was manfully displayed. Competition was at its height, and bidding rose to a fabulous amount. "The shouts of the victors and the groans of the vanquished stunned and appalled you as you entered." Many rare specimens of printing, an early Shakespere, a few Caxtons, and De Wordes, wonderful editions of books on theology, poetry, philosophy and the drama, were fought for with spirit and recklessness, but at last, what Dibdin calls "the Waterloo" among Book Battles commenced when BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERONE, printed at Venice in 1471, was put up. The book had been bought by the Duke of Roxburghe for one hundred guineas, and was considered the only faultless copy of the edition in existence. The price it realised at the sale of 1812 was the highest ever given for a book.

"I have a perfect recollection," says Dibdin, "of this notorious volume, while in the library of the late Duke. It had a faded yellow morocco binding, and

was a sound rather than a fine copy. The expectations formed, of the probable price for which it would be sold were excessive; yet not so excessive as the price itself turned out to be. The marked champions were pretty well known beforehand to be the Earl Spencer, the Marquis of Blandford (afterwards the Duke of Marlborough), and the Duke of Devonshire. Such a rencontre, such a 'shock of fight,' naturally begot uncommon curiosity. My friends, Sir Egerton Bridges, Mr. Lang, and Mr. G. H. Freeling, did me the kindness to breakfast with me on the morning of the sale—and, upon the conclusion of the repast, Sir Egerton's carriage conveyed us from Kensington to St. James's Square.

"'The morning lowered,
And heavily with clouds came on the day,
Big with the fate of . . . and of . . .'

"In fact the rain fell in torrents, as we lighted from the carriage, and rushed with a sort of impetuosity to gain seats to view the contest. The room was crowded to excess, and a sudden darkness which came across gave rather an additional interest to the scene. At length the moment of the sale arrived. Evans prefaced the putting up of the article by an appropriate oration, in which he expatiated upon its excessive rarity, and concluded by informing the company of the regret, and even 'anguish of heart,' expressed by Mr. Van Praet [librarian to the Emperor Napoleon], that such a treasure was not to be found in the imperial collection at Paris. Silence followed the address of Mr. Evans.

On his right hand, leaning against the wall, stood Earl Spencer: a little lower down, and standing at right angles with his lordship, appeared the Marquis of Blandford. Lord Althorp stood a little backward to the right of his father, Earl Spencer. Such was 'the ground taken up' by the adverse hosts. The honour of firing the first shot was due to a gentleman of Shropshire, unused to this species of warfare, and who seemed to recoil from the reverberation of the report himself had made! 'One hundred guineas!' he exclaimed. Again a pause ensued; but anon the biddings rose rapidly to five hundred guineas. Hitherto, however, it was evident that the firing was but masked and desultory. At length all random shots ceased; and the champions before named stood gallantly up to each other, resolving not to flinch from a trial of their respective strengths.

"'*A thousand guineas*' were bid by Earl Spencer—to which the marquis added '*ten*.' You might have heard a pin drop. All eyes were turned, all breathing well nigh stopped, every sword was put home within its scabbard, and not a piece of steel was seen to move or glitter, except that which each of these champions brandished in his valorous hand. See, see! they parry, they lunge, they leet: yet their strength is undiminished, and no thought of yielding is entertained by either. *Two thousand guineas* are offered by the marquis. Then it was that Earl Spencer, as a prudent general, began to think of a useless effusion of blood and expenditure of ammunition, seeing that his adver-

sary was as resolute and 'fresh' as at the onset. For a quarter of a minute he paused; when my Lord Althorp advanced one step forward, as if to supply his father with another spear for the purpose of renewing the contest. His countenance was marked by a fixed determination to gain the prize, if prudence, in its most commanding form, and with a frown of unusual intensity of expression, had not made him desist. The father and son for a few seconds converse apart, and the biddings are resumed. '*Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds,*' said Lord Spencer. The spectators were now absolutely electrified. The Marquis quietly added his '*ten,*' . . . and there is an *end of the contest.* Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell, made a due pause; and, indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be 'charmed or suspended' in the mid air. However, at length dropped the hammer. . . . The spectators," continues Mr. Dibdin in his text, "stood aghast! and the sound of Mr. Evans's prostrate sceptre of dominion reached, and resounded from, the utmost shores of Italy. The echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and of St. Mark. Boccacio himself startled from his slumber of some five hundred years; and Mr. Van Praet rushed, but rushed in vain, amidst his royal book-treasures at Paris, to see if a copy of the said *Valdarfer Boccaccio* could there be found! The price electrified the bystanders and astounded the public! The marquis's triumph was marked by a plaudit of hands; and presently after he

offered his hand to Lord Spencer, saying, 'We are good friends still.' His lordship replied, 'Perfectly; indeed, I am obliged to you.' 'So am I to you,' said the marquis; 'so the obligation is mutual.' He declared that it was his intention to have gone as far as five thousand pounds. The noble marquis had previously possessed a copy of the same edition, wanting five leaves; 'for which five leaves,' Lord Spencer remarked, 'he might be said to have given two thousand six hundred pounds.'

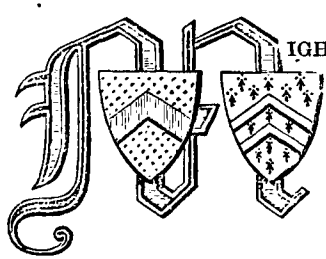
"What boots it to recount minutely the various achievements which marked the conclusion of the *Roxburghe contest*, or to describe, in the manner of Sterne, the melancholy devastations which followed that deathless day? The battle languished towards its termination (rather, we suspect, from a failure of ammunition than of valour or spirit on the part of the combatants); but, notwithstanding, there were oftentimes a disposition manifested to resume the glories of the earlier part of the day, and to show that the spirit of bibliomania was not made of poor and perishable stuff. Illustrious be the names of the book heroes who both conquered and fell during the tremendous conflict just described! And let it be said, that John, Duke of Roxburghe, both deserved well of his country and the book cause."

It may be added that, the next evening, sixteen members of the leading Bibliophilists dined together at the St. Albans Tavern to celebrate the event. Lord Spencer, the defeated competitor, filled the chair, and

Dr. Dibdin acted as croupier. At this dinner was originated "the Roxburghe Club."

I confess to a want of the enthusiasm of Dr. Dibdin, and I must descend from the elevation of his style of narrative, to tell in few words the subsequent history of the book. In 1819 the Marquis of Blandford had himself to sell his collections, and the wondrous volume for which he had competed so energetically, and which he had won so proudly a few years before, at a cost of two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds, was sold to Messrs. Longman and Co. for nine hundred and eighteen pounds, and transferred by them, at that price, to the Marquis's former competitor, the Earl Spencer. It now forms one of the curiosities among the treasures at Althorp.

Stafford and Bagot.



IGHTY were the Staffords in the olden time. Their figures stand out in our early annals like those of the Nevills, the Beauchamps, and the Percys, and are seen prominent in those historical pictures the old chroniclers so delighted in. At the Conquest they were feudal barons with one hundred and thirty-one lordships; earls and dukes under the Plantagenets; knights of the Garter every generation; and in all the wars of a warlike age, ever in the van. Their story is tragical. Edmund, fifth Earl of Stafford, fell at the battle of

Shrewsbury; Humphrey, his son, the sixth Earl created Duke of Buckingham, died for the Red Rose, at Northampton; the second Duke of Buckingham, his son, was beheaded at Salisbury by Richard III.; and his son again, the third and last Stafford Duke of Buckingham, suffered a similar fate in 1521. Alluding to Wolsey's share in the Duke's death, the Emperor Charles V. exclaimed, "a butcher's dog has killed the finest Buck in England."

Brilliant, no doubt, was the Stafford pedigree. Nevertheless it is a matter of historic fact that the Staffords, after the reign of Henry III., were really in the male line scions of the house of Bagot. MILICENT DE STAFFORD, a great heiress, having married a Staffordshire gentleman named HERVEY BAGOT, and having given to her son the famous name she inherited.

Her descendant, in many, many years after, Edward Lord Stafford, attempted, either in ignorance or pride, to repudiate his Bagot ancestry. A controversy thereupon arose between him and Mr. Bagot of Blithfield, in which the Staffordshire squire had evidently the best of the quarrel.

The letters that passed between them are curious and characteristic. The indignant Lord thus writes to Mr. Bagot:—

"The High Shereef of this shyre lately told me that you pretend my name to be Bagot, and not Stafford, which untrew speeches you have said unto dyvers others, although som dronken ignorant herawld, by you corrupted therein, has soothed your lying, I do

therefor answer you that I do better know the descents and matches of my own lyneage than any creature can informe me; for in all my records, pedigrees and armes, from the first Lord Stafford, that was possessed of this castle afore the Conquest, bearing the very same coate I now do, *the feeld Gould, a Chevron Gules*, I cannot find that any Stafford married with a Bagot, or they with him. I have faire recorde to prove that the Lords of my hows were never without heirs male to succeed one after another, and therefor your pretens in alledginge that Bagot married an ancester's wief of mine (as peradventure she married her servant), yet will I prove that neither she, nor no wydow of my hows did take a second husband before they were grandmothers by the children of their first husband; and therefor the lady of my hows was too old to have issue by yours. Beside this, we have been nyne descents Barons and Earls of Stafford, before any Bagot was known in this shire; for Busse, Bagot, and Green were but raised by King Richard II. And to prove that you were no better than vassals to my hows, my Stafford Knot remeyneth still in your parlour, as a hundred of my poor tenants have in sundry shires of England, and have ever held your land of my hows, untill the ateynder of the Duke, my grandfather. Surely I will not exchange my name of Stafford for the name of a 'BAGGE OF OATES,' for that is your name, BAGOTE. Therefore you do me as great wrong in this surmyse as you did with your writing to the Privy-Counsaile to have countenanced that shamefast Higons

to charge me with treason, whereof God and my trawthe delyvered me. Your neighbore I must be,

"EDWARD STAFFORD."

Bagot, nothing daunted by "my lord's" wrath, but firm in the truth, replies like a well-born gentleman, and a well-read genealogist:—

"RIGHT HONORABLE,—I perceave by your letters, delivered to me by your chaplain, Mr. Cope, on Monday last, your Lordship is greatly discontented with some my speeches used to Mr. Stanford, in pretending your honor's surname to be Bagot: I do confess I spake them; and not offending your lordship (as I hope you will not), with trothe I do avowe it. Not upon any 'Dronken Herehaught's report by me corrupted to soothe my lieing,' but by good records and evidence under ancient seales, the four hundred years past. And if it may please you to send any sufficient man, as Mr. Sheriff, or Mr. Samson Eardswick, Gentillmen of good knowledge and experience in these ac'cons, I will shewe them sufficient matter to confirme that I have spoken; being very sorry to heare your Lordship to contemne and deface the name of Bagot with so bad tirmes and hastie speeches as you do: more dishonourable to yourself than any blemishe or reproche to me: and therefore if your Lordship take it in such disdaine, that I touch you either in credit or honour, you may (if you please) by ordinary proces, bring me before the Rt. Hon. the Earl Marshal of England, Chief Judge in these causes, when I will

prove it, or take the discredit, with such further punishment as his honour shall inflict upon me.

"Thus humbly desireing acceptance of this my answer in good part, till a further triall be had herein, I do comyt your Lordship to the protection of Allmighty, this first of March, 1589.

"Your Lordship's at Commandment,

"If you please,

"RICHARD BAGOT."

I cannot discover a trace of a trial having been had. There is no record of any such trial before the Earl Marshal's Court in the Books of the Heralds' College, nor is there a reference to it in the indexes of the various Collections there. Certain it is that the stout squire of Blithfield held to his own. He appears, indeed, to have been well versed in the heraldry of his house, for he resumed the coat "ermine two chevronels azure," which was the real Bagot bearing before the alliance with Stafford. He died in 1596, and lies buried at Blithfield, where also reposes his son, Walter Bagot, on whose monumental inscription the descent complained of so bitterly by Lord Stafford is thus boldly asserted: "This family of the Bagotts have continued in this county ever since the Conquest, from whence the Bagots sometimes Earls of Stafford and Dukes of Buckingham were lineally descended."

What would Lord Stafford have felt or said, if he had lived to read of the great Earls of Stafford and Dukes of Buckingham being simply Bagots, and nothing more than scions of the house of Blithfield!

Half a century later, the relative positions of Stafford and Bagot were reversed. The great-grandson of the proud peer who had rejected all connection with the Staffordshire gentleman, died unmarried in 1637, when his barony, denuded of all estate, devolved upon a kinsman, so poor and obscure, that he was denied by the King the inheritance of the peerage. At the very same time, Richard Bagot's grandson, Sir Hervey Bagot, raised to the degree of Baronet, was seated in honour and affluence at his ancient manor house of Blithfield, and stood foremost amongst the loyal county gentlemen who fought for King Charles.

The Clan Chattan.

"Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites."
Virgil.

THE early annals of Scotland are made up of family disputes. The chieftainship of a clan was highly prized, and its inheritance led to many animosities. One of the most memorable is the contest of the Mackintoshes and Macphersons for the dignity of "Captain of the Clan Chattan," a contest commencing at the death, *temp.* Alexander III., of DOUGAL PHAOL, the recognized chieftain, and lasting ever since! Dougal's only child was a daughter, Eva, who became wife of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and, as *heir of line*, inherited no small share of the clan Chattan territory. Dougal's cousin, and undoubted *male* representative was Kenneth Macpherson of Cluny. The Mackintoshes acquired, through Eva, the Lochaber estate, and the in-

habitants of that district followed the chief of Mackintosh as their superior, who was consequently called by many Captain of the Clan Chattan. The rest of the clan, adhering to Kenneth, retired to Badenoch, where they settled, and were designated as the clan Macpherson; their chiefs always holding to the title of "Captain of the Clan Chattan." In the beginning of the reign of Robert II. an event occurred which the Macphersons adduce in proof of the early recognition of their claim. There happened at that time a sanguinary conflict between them and the clan Quhele at Invernahaven in Badenoch. The King and the Duke of Albany sent the Earls of Crawford and of Murray (then two of the greatest men in the kingdom) to try to settle their differences, and, if possible, to effect a reconciliation, but all to no purpose. It was at last proposed that each clan should choose thirty of their own number to fight in the North Inch of Perth, with their broad swords only. The combat was cheerfully agreed to by both parties. They met accordingly on the day appointed, the king and an incredible number of the nobility and gentry being spectators. Prompted by old malice and inveterate hatred, they fought with inexpressible resolution and fury. Twenty-nine of the clan Quhele were killed on the spot; the one who remained unhurt made his escape by swimming over the river Tay, and it is said, was put to death by his own clan when he came home, for not choosing to die in the field of honour with his companions, rather than save his life by flight.

Of the clan Chattan nineteen were killed in the field, and the other eleven so much wounded that none of them were able to pursue their single antagonist who fled. This happened on the Monday before the feast of St. Michael, *anno* 1396; and the victory was adjudged in favour of the clan Chattan.

I must here observe, that the family of Cluny contend that the thirty combatants of the clan Chattan were all Macphersons; "because," say they, "their antagonists, the clan Kay, were followers of the Cumings of Badenoch, and envied the Macphersons the possession of their lands, which was the cause of their constant feuds."

The Mackintoshes also allege, that these thirty were of their party of the clan Chattan, and all Mackintoshes.

Sir Walter Scott has thrown the charm of romance over this turbulent episode in the history of the clan Chattan. One of the most stirring chapters of the "Fair Maid of Perth" is descriptive of the combat of the two clans; and Sir Walter, in the Abbotsford edition of the "Waverley Novels," appends a note, in which, calling Cluny Macpherson "chief of his clan," he mentions that Cluny has in his possession an ancient trophy of the battle, honoured under the name of the "Federan Dhu," and handed down from the very time. "The two pipers" (says Scott), "who during the conflict had done their utmost to keep up the spirits of their brethren, saw the dispute well nigh terminated for want of men to support it. They threw down

their instruments, rushed desperately upon each other with their daggers, and each being more intent on despatching his opponent than on defending himself, the piper of clan Quhele was almost instantly slain, and he of clan Chattan mortally wounded. The last, nevertheless, again grasped his instrument, and the pibroch of the clan yet poured its expiring notes over the clan Chattan, while the dying minstrel had breath to inspire it."

Many have been the efforts made during the last two or three hundred years by each chieftain to gain a decision in his favour. In 1672, Duncan Macpherson of Cluny succeeded in getting the Lyon Office to matriculate his arms as "Laird of Clunie Macpherson, and the only and true representative of the ancient and honorable family of the clan Chattan." But no sooner did Mackintosh of Mackintosh hear of the circumstance, than he determined to do battle, as of old. He applied, without a moment's delay, to the Privy Council, and raised a process to have it determined which of the two, he or Macpherson, had a better right to the armorial bearings of the clan Chattan. A protracted enquiry followed, and evidence was submitted on both sides. At length the Lords of the Council issued an order that the two chiefs should give security for peaceable behaviour, thus deciding that each was independent.

"This process," says Logan, "excited great interest in the North, and Cluny, on his return to Edinburgh, received the hearty congratulations of many friends;

Keith, Earl Marischal, and others, entertaining him by the way, and freely accepting him as their chief." In this present century, the question remains in dispute. Between twenty and thirty years since, when I was preparing one of the editions of "The Landed Gentry," a gentleman called on me on the part of the then Mackintosh of Mackintosh, to warn me that if I assigned the chieftainship of "the clan Chattan" to Cluny Macpherson, he would be necessitated to prosecute me for libel. "I beg, sir, to inform you," said my visitor, "that the Mackintosh wad na surrender his richts tae ony man born, mickle less to Cluny Macpherson. Dinna trow it, sir, for the Mackintosh is as shure head o' clan Chattan as yer head, sir, is pairt o' yer ain body'—an the head mauna be pairted frae the stump, sir. A clan wi' an unlawfu' head wad be a livin' corpse, a perfect anomawly in natur. The Mackintosh canna pairt wi' his ain, and he winna pairt wid! He'll defend it, sir, an' uphauld it, sir, wi'—wi'—wi' the claymore o' the law an' the durk o' justice."

Not long after, I had a visit from the agent or friend of Macpherson of Cluny, who was less poetical, but equally firm in his declaration. He asserted that the claim of Mackintosh as chief o' clan Chattan was "a muckle haver." "By my shooth [truth], sir," he proceeded, "Clunies's claim to Mackintosh's is like a pund o' solid lead weighted against a pund o' feathers. He comes in place o' a' his forbins, sir, and as shure as he is Cluny, and Mackintosh is no clan Chattan, he is our lawfu' chief—that, ye see, is sartain. Tak cair, sir, for

an' ye gie the honour tae the Mackintosh, Cluny will at the coorts pursue ye like a will o' wisp."

In the horns of the dilemma, not wishing to afford in my person an opportunity for the claimants to try in a court of law a question which in ancient times was referred to the adjudication of the sword, and not being desirous to encounter the claymore o' the law, or to be pursued as a will o' wisp, I adopted a safe course, and assigned the honour to neither.

"Touch not the cat but" (*i.e.* without) "the glove," is the motto of the clan, and in this instance was significant.

O'Conor.

"Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension." *Moore.*

ABOUT fourteen or fifteen years ago, a curious controversy arose between two Irish families as to the insertion or omission of a second letter N in their surname; the O'Conor Don omitted it, and O'Conor, of Miltown, Co. Roscommon, adopting the same mode of spelling, thought proper to omit it too. This gave umbrage to members of the senior line—that of O'Conor Don—and a discussion was carried on in the local newspapers which, from its great length, and the subject matter of the dispute, acquired the name of the N-less (*endless*) correspondence.

The quarrel increased in acrimony, until at last it was determined that the point in dispute should be referred to the arbitration of Ulster King-of-Arms. On examining the cases of the disputants, I saw at once

that it was not the direct damage to the orthography of the name, not the omission or insertion of the unfortunate letter in dispute, that was really at issue, but the INDIRECT CLAIM which the use of the one N gave to the Miltown family of identity with that of the O'Conor Don. Mr. Arthur O'Conor, uncle of O'Conor Don, threw down the gauntlet; Mr. Roderick O'Conor, of Miltown, at once accepted the challenge. When the question was remitted to me, and the disputants submitted their proofs, I was able at once to show that the name was either O'Conor or O'Connor, as the holder might elect to use it; and this was established by the production of old wills and pedigree-registrations, which bore the signatures variously written one way or the other. So angry with each other were the contending parties, that I deemed it advisable to receive them in separate apartments. I deemed it prudent to take example from the meeting of the rival chiefs of Desmond and Ormonde, who agreed on one occasion to shake hands, but took the precaution of doing so through an aperture of an oak door, each fearing to be poniarded by the other. At length the pleadings were reduced to the exact issue which the disputants had really at heart from the beginning, but at first were unwilling to admit—viz., *Were the two families of the same origin?* A decision was thereupon easily given. Old family settlements made by the senior line of all—that of Clonalis—were discovered, clearly establishing that the two families had a common ancestor, and that the two lines might, as they pleased, use one or two N's.

A few words as to the pedigree and title of O'Conor Don. At a remote period his ancestors were Kings of Connaught, and in the twelfth century became Sovereigns of all Ireland. Tordhellach O'Conor, who ascended the throne in 1136, reigned twenty years, and died in 1156, leaving two sons, RODERICK, the last monarch of Ireland, and CATHAL Croibh-dearg, or Cathal of the red hand. Roderick's history is well known. In 1175 his chancellor, Lawrence O'Toole, signed the Treaty of Windsor with King Henry II. of England, wherein Roderick resigned the supreme monarchy, but reserved to himself Connaught as an independent kingdom. The Treaty may be seen in Rymer's "Fœdera." From Roderick's brother Cathal descends, in a direct line, the O'Conor Don.

The singular title of "DON," so constantly used by the successive chiefs of the house, is variously explained. The true derivation is, I think, from the word *dun* (*don*), or the *dark*, a sobriquet given to Tirlagh O'Conor, living *temp.* Richard II. Some have supposed that it was merely an abbreviation of "*Dominus*," while others carry up its adoption to the time of the invasion of Ireland under Prince Don, the son of Milesius! Certain it is that for centuries it has been the invariable designation of the head of the O'Conors of Roscommon, as the Red O'Conor was that of another line. Of the princely heritage that formerly belonged to this royal house, a small tract alone remains. Spoliation and persecution—the result of loyalty to the King, and devotion to the ancient faith—gave the final

blow to the power of the illustrious house. Major Owen O'Conor, of Belanagare, Governor of Athlone for James II., was taken prisoner by William III., and confined in the castle of Chester, where he died in 1692; and his nephew and eventual heir, Denis O'Conor, of Belanagare, was involved in the troubles and misfortunes which seemed at that time the common inheritance of all who professed the Catholic religion. Suits were instituted for the sequestration of his paternal estates, and he was happy to preserve a portion by the sacrifice of the rest. Though thus left but a small fragment of the once broad domains of his forefathers—domains which were guaranteed by several solemn and indisputable treaties—he was still the supporter of all whose virtues or distresses had a claim upon his bounty. The traditions of the country attest his benevolence and hospitality, and the effusions of the bards record the virtues of his character. At Belanagare it was that Carolan composed the most impassioned of his melodies, and felt the true poetic inspiration. "I think," said the Bard on one occasion, "that when I am among the O'Conors, the Harp has the old sound in it."

Denis O'Conor's son and successor, CHARLES O'CONOR, of Belanagare, a learned antiquary, early devoted his attention to elucidating the history of his country, and unfolding the long-neglected records of her people; and collected, with indefatigable research and labour, the most valuable information regarding the annals and antiquities of Ireland. He also took a prominent place

amongst those who first struggled for Catholic emancipation. Of his grandsons, the eldest, OWEN O'CONOR, of Belanagare, succeeded to the title of Don, as head of the family, at the decease of his kinsman; Alexander O'Conor Don, of Clonalis, in 1820; and the second, Charles O'Conor, D.D., Chaplain at Stowe, was the erudite author of "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores," "Columbanus's Letters," &c.

Herbert and Jones.

IT is no easy matter to follow the intricacies of a Welsh Pedigree. The absence of surnames up to a comparatively recent date, and their tardy adoption under different appellations by members of one and the same family, is obviously the real cause of the difficulty. A genealogy in Wales is more easily traced by arms than by surname.

A very striking instance occurs in the descendants of WILLIAM AP JENKIN, Lord of Gwarindee, in the time of Edward III. His four sons all founded families, which although springing from a common ancestor, each bore a different surname. The eldest, John, was ancestor of the PROGERS, of Werndee; the second, David, of the MORGANS, of Arxton; the third, Howell, of the distinguished house of JONES (now *Herbert*) of Llanarth; and the fourth, Thomas, of the Powells, of Perthyr, as well as of the chivalrous line of Herbert of Raglan, ennobled under the titles of Pembroke and Powys. There is also very frequently another *vexata*

quæstio among the various lines of a Welsh family. It is as to the right of seniority or chiefship.

This rivalry existed for centuries between the descendants of William Ap Jenkyn, of Gwarindee,—the Progers, of Werndee, and the Powells, of Perthyr. On one occasion Mr. Proger, after dining with a friend at Monmouth, proposed to return to Werndee in the evening, but his companion suggested that the evening looked very threatening, and was likely to come on to rain.

"Never mind," replied Mr. Proger, "though the hour be late, we have moonlight, and, if it chance to rain, my cousin Powell's House of Perthyr is not far off our road, and he will be only too glad to receive us."

They accordingly mounted their horses and started for home. The apprehensions of a wet night, however, were soon verified: heavy rain came on, and they were necessitated to turn their horses' heads to the hospitable mansion of Perthyr. When they reached the house, the family had all retired to rest. Mr. Proger, however, knocked so loudly at the door, that Mr. Powell himself called from the window: "In the name of wonder what means all the noise? Who is there?"

"It is only I, your cousin Proger, of Werndee, who am come to ask refuge from the inclemency of the weather, and am certain you will give me and my friend a welcome."

"What, is it you, Cousin Proger? You and your friend shall be admitted at once, but,"—hesitating for a moment, he added—"I claim one condition, and that

is that you will allow and promise never hereafter to dispute that I am the head of the family."

"No," indignantly replied Mr. Proger, "I will never do that. Let it rain swords and daggers, I will ride this night to Werndee. I will not lower the dignity of my family."

Seizing his bridle, he was just about leaving, when Powell cried out:

"Stop a moment, Cousin Proger. Have you not confessed that the first Earl of Pembroke of the name of Herbert was the youngest son of Perthyr, and will you set yourself above the Earls of Pembroke?"

"The Earl of Pembroke," replied Proger, "is a peer of the realm, and to him I must consequently give place, but, though he be a peer, he is of the youngest branch of my family, being descended from the fourth son of Werndee, who settled at Perthyr, and was your ancestor; whereas I am sprung from the eldest son. Even Cousin Jones of Llanarth, who is of an older branch than you, never denies that I am head of the family."

"Why, then," finally retorted Powell, not a little incensed, "there is nothing more to say. Good-night, Cousin Proger, and a pleasant ride to you."

"Stop a moment, Mr. Powell," said Mr. Proger's fellow traveller, "you see how it pours. Do let me in at least, I promise I shall raise no discussion as to the relative merits of our families," but the old Welsh squire was inexorable.

Coxe, the county historian of Monmouthshire, tells another story of Mr. Powell's pride of ancestry.

A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrid, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighbouring houses, and among others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?" "That, sir, is Werndee, a very ancient house, for *out of it came* the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line; the Lords Herbert of Cherbury; the Herberts of Coldbrook, Rumney, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Arxton; the Earl of Huntingdon; the Joneses of Treowen and Llanarth; and all the Powells. And of this house, also, by the female line, came the Dukes of Beaufort." "And pray, sir, who lives there now?" "I do, sir." "Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice; *come out* of it yourself, or 't will tumble and crush you."

Centuries after, in our time, another controversy arose between two branches of this same family—the Joneses of Llanarth and the Joneses of Clytha. In 1848 Mr. Jones, of Llanarth, one of the lineal descendants of William-ap-Jenkyn-ap-Herbert, Lord of Gwarindee, of whom I have just spoken, as proud of his pedigree as was his kinsman, the Squire of Perthyr, felt that the cognomen of Jones was ill-suited to designate the distinction of his house, and applied for the Royal permission to change it for the surname of Herbert. The application, though opposed by the Heralds' College, was eventually granted by the Crown. In thirteen years after, Mr. Herbert of Llanarth's uncle, Mr. Jones of Clytha, had a similar desire to change

"Jones" for "Herbert," and requested that his son and heir-apparent, Mr. William Reginald Jones, who had been appointed to the Monmouthshire Militia, should be gazetted under the name of Herbert. The Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Lord Llanover, declined, however, to do so. The question was subsequently brought under the notice of the House of Commons, and a very curious and interesting debate ensued. Various were the phases through which the controversy passed. Though baffled oft, the Clytha family stuck to their point. In November, 1862, a letter, signed "William Herbert," and dated from Clytha, was forwarded to the Lord Chancellor, requesting that the necessary alteration, consequent on his change of surname, should be made in the Commission of the Peace. To this the Lord Chancellor replied by expressing his regret that he could not, consistently with what he deemed his duty, comply with the application; but, within three weeks after, a new Commission of Sewers for the county of Monmouth, with the names of the Commissioners included, received the sanction of Her Majesty, and was issued by the joint authority of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justices. In the list of Commissioners, thus royally confirmed, the name of the proprietor of Clytha was inserted as "William Herbert," and the Lord Chancellor informed Lord Llanover, in reply to a remonstrance from his Lordship, that he had no power to alter it. And, moreover, on the 9th February, 1863, the Chancellor, yielding to the precedent thus created, declared that he could not

permit the same gentleman to be called by two different names in two Commissions from the Crown, and directed accordingly that the proprietor of Clytha should be inserted in the Commission of the Peace for the county of Monmouth as "William Herbert, of Clytha, Esq." Finally, at the Levee, held on the 25th February, 1863, Mr. "Reginald Herbert, of Clytha," was presented. Thus was finally set at rest this strange family controversy.

Another debate in the House of Commons on the subject occurred 7th March, 1863, in the course of which the Solicitor-General (Sir Roundell Palmer) asserted that there was no positive law on the subject of changes of name. "The fact was," said the learned gentleman, "that surnames grew up mostly as nicknames. It was a matter of usage and reputation from the beginning; the name clung to a man, and the law permitted him to shuffle it off if he could. There was no law forbidding a man to change his name; but there was also no law which compelled his neighbour to acknowledge him under the name he might assume. It was the boast of Owen Glendower—

> "'I can call spirits from the vasty deep;'

when Hotspur rejoined—

> "'Why so can I, or so can any man;
> But will they come when you do call for them?'

It was exactly the same with names. Everybody was at liberty, if he pleased, to change his surname, but no

one else was obliged to recognise the change unless he pleased. When, however, by usage a man had acquired a name by reputation, then persons in public authority were bound to acknowledge the new surname. There was no law on the subject; but when there appeared to be nothing arbitrary or improper, and when there was no encroachment on the feelings and rights of others, then it was courteous to accede to the wish of a person who might desire to change his name. There was, however, no principle of law that any person occupying an official position was bound to recognise a capricious or arbitrary assumption of names by persons who had no right to them, either by descent or by the inheritance of property."

I have no doubt but that Sir Roundell Palmer was correct in a lawyer's point of view. It has, however, always struck me that, though there is no actual penalty incurred by a person assuming any name his fancy dictates, and putting up a fresh mark of identity—an *alias* to his cognomen—nothing seems to me more unjustifiable or inconvenient than the assumption, *mero motu*, by one man of another man's surname. Many family names are honourable in themselves. Surely, the descendant of a line of ancestry, illustrious in history, has an undeniable inheritance in the name he bears, associated as it has been with the achievements of his own immediate predecessors. Howard, Neville, De Vere, Seymour, Percy, sound on the ear not as appellations only: the very greatness of England is in their echo. With

the transfer of such names, a dignity may be said to pass. True, a man may take what appellation he pleases, and, in the absurdity of his caprice, he may choose to usurp one of the most glorious surnames of England, but, even if he do, he does not take with it its antecedents. Where dignity is to be given, it is the Crown alone, as the exclusive fountain of honour, that can be the donor. The royal grant of a surname does not act as the mere publication of a person's own assumption, but it transfers to one man the actual family name of another. For instance, when the Royal Licence was granted to the Earl of Wilton to take the ancient and honoured name of his maternal ancestors, it gave him that name with all its historical antecedents. It was not the abstract name of Egerton, formed of the seven letters, EGERTON, that he obtained, but he was given the family name of Egerton, such as had been used by the Egertons of Egerton, time out of mind.

The legal bearing of the question of change of name was most ably discussed by Mr. Serjeant Burke, in a lecture delivered by him in 1866, at a meeting of "the Society for Promoting the Amendment of the Law." The learned Serjeant advocated the Royal Licence as the simple and obvious means of meeting the difficulty, and recommended the enactment of a Statute declaring all assumption of names, except by such royal authority, to be illegal, and extending and more clearly defining the powers of the Royal Licence.

Nothing indeed is simpler than the form of procedure

necessary to obtain a Royal Licence. Once an applicant can shew sufficient cause (and it is absurd to encourage change of name without sufficient cause) the Queen's Warrant issues as a matter of course.

I shall close this chapter, in which I have touched on a few of the rivalries and dissensions of great houses, with an amusing story of a Scottish quarrel, told me by my friend Alexander Sinclair, whose fund of Scotch anecdote is inexhaustible:—

"Sir John Schaw, of Greenock, a Whig, lost a hawk, supposed to have been shot by Bruce of Clackmannan, a Jacobite. In Sir John's absence, Lady Greenock sent to Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on Mr. Bruce's signing a very strongly-worded apology. His reply was:—

'For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Schaw, of Greenock:—

'MADAM,—I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your Ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Schaw, and your Ladyship.

'I am, Madam,

'Your Ladyship's devoted servant to command,

'CLACKMANNAN.'"

The Aberdeen Romance.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone;
Alone on a wide, wide sea."
Coleridge.

NOTHING, as we all know, is more common than the ambitious efforts of adventurers to ascend into more elevated social regions, than those in which they originally moved. The cases are rare, indeed, in which the inheritors of rank and wealth think proper to abandon, or conceal the distinctions derived from an illustrious ancestry; to mingle with the humble sons of toil; and to fulfil in the most literal manner the primeval decree, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." Yet such cases have now and then occurred, and of these not the least remarkable is that of George Gordon, sixth Earl of Aberdeen in the peerage of Scotland, and third Viscount Gordon in the peerage of the United Kingdom. The lineage of the Earls of Aberdeen is ancient and distinguished. They descend from a common ancestor with the Dukes of Gordon; the Earls

preserving throughout an unbroken male descent; the Dukes deriving from the heir female of the senior line, Elizabeth Gordon. The Gordons, from their high position in Scotland, were necessarily an historic race, their various members being mixed up with the public transactions of that kingdom. One of their progenitors, James Gordon, of Methlic and Haddo, was among the associators in 1567 for the defence of the young Prince James. He, however, soon afterwards saw reason to transfer his support to Queen Mary, to whose interests he ever after steadfastly adhered. He joined his relative, the Earl of Huntly, who was then Her Majesty's lieutenant in the north, and his loyal zeal was rewarded by the Queen with charters of valuable lands and baronies. A descendant of this James, Sir John Gordon, of Haddo, was in 1630 second in command to the Marquis of Huntly, over the forces raised against the Covenanters. In 1642 he was created a Baronet by King Charles the First, in recompense for his gallant defence of the royal cause at the Battle of Turriff.

The readers of Waverley will recollect the facetious exclamation of Fergus MacIvor, with reference to the melodious voice of his landlady, Mrs. Flockhart: "Oh, Baron, if you heard her fine counter-tenor admonishing Kate and Matty in the morning, you, who understand music, would tremble at the idea of hearing her shriek in the psalmody of Haddo's Hole."

I have no doubt that many an admirer of Scott's exquisite novel has been puzzled to know what was meant by "Haddo's Hole," or what connexion a place

so designated could have had with psalmody. Here is the explanation: In 1643 Sir John Gordon, of Haddo, defended the house of Kellie against the Covenanters, and being obliged to capitulate, was imprisoned in one of the kirks of Edinburgh, which, from the circumstance of his being incarcerated therein, was thenceforth popularly called *Haddo's Hole.* Sir John had no mercy to expect from the Covenanters; he was tried, condemned, and executed at the Cross of Edinburgh in 1644. His estates were forfeited, and remained under sequestration until the fortunes of the family revived at the restoration of King Charles the Second.

The earldom of Aberdeen was conferred by that monarch in 1682, on Sir George Gordon, of Haddo, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. His descendant, George, the sixth Earl, was born on the 10th December, 1841. He succeeded his father on the 22nd March, 1864, and he had not long been rendered independent of paternal control, when he determined to gratify a passion for a seafaring life, which had taken hold of his mind from early boyhood. When scarcely past childhood, he used to go out in the herring-boats at Boddom, and remain with the fishermen all night.

In January, 1866, he sailed from Liverpool in a large sailing vessel called the *Pomona,* bound to St. John's, New Brunswick. His intention was, in the first place, to visit his uncle, the Hon. Arthur Gordon, who at that period was Governor of New Brunswick. The *Pomona* was detained three weeks in the Mersey, and the

ocean passage occupied forty-five days. One would suppose that a landsman would have got quite enough of the *Pomona*, and of the sea, from a voyage so protracted. On the contrary, Lord Aberdeen's passion for a sailor's life was, if possible, increased, and he determined to qualify himself by a regular professional education, to discharge the duties of a seaman. He, however, did not at once assume his *incognito* on arriving in America. The month of April, 1866, he passed with his uncle in New Brunswick. At the end of that month he was staying at an hotel in Boston, the Revere house, in his own name. At the same period there were two persons in that hotel to whom his lordship was known, namely, the Earl of Gosford, and Mr. Peterkin. It seems to have been about the 22nd May, 1866, that he dropped his title, and adopted the name of "George H. Osborne," under which designation the hotel book records his residence at the above date.

In the month of June, his lordship, whom henceforth I must call "George Osborne," embarked in a vessel bound for Palmas, in the Canaries. Of this part of Osborne's career we have the following account from a sailor named William Randolph Hawkins, a native of Virginia, who served along with him on the voyage:

"I sailed from Boston," says Hawkins, "in the month of June [1866] in the brig *R. Wylie*. Captain Crosscup was master. We had two mates. A person of the name of George Osborne joined the ship as a seaman. We went first to Palmas, Grand Canary Island. The first land we had seen was Teneriffe. We

sailed along near it, and saw the Peak. Osborne and I were in the same watch. We became very intimate. I had myself enjoyed a good education, and I soon found he was much my superior in that; but we took to each other. When Osborne joined the ship, he was not dressed like a sailor, and I was surprised to find he had shipped as one. His hands were tender, and they soon got blistered. Mine were then in a similar state, and we joked about it. But he was always active, willing, and energetic, and took a fair share of all the work. He made himself most popular with officers and crew . . . . He told me Osborne was an assumed name, and that his real name was Gordon; but he said I must not mention it on board the ship."

The resolute determination of Osborne to rough it, to which Hawkins bears testimony, appears later on from the statement of a sea-faring man, a fisherman, named Sewell Small, who served as fellow-sailor with Osborne on board the schooner *Arthur Burton*, in 1867. At Vera Cruz they were engaged for three or four weeks discharging their cargo of corn. "I observed," says Small, "that Osborne, in helping to discharge, did not appear to work like a man who had been used to it; his hands seemed soft, and his legs seemed to totter when carrying the sacks of corn; *he never gave in*, but he said to me he could not expect to carry as long as one of us fellows could."

At the time to which my narrative has now arrived, the Mexican War was going on. Vera Cruz was being bombarded. The city was accessible by water, but not

by land. Osborne and Small used to go ashore together nearly every day. During the bombardment they were twice in the city. Osborne, on one of those visits, was standing close to a house which was struck with a cannon ball, within five or six feet of where he stood. Curiosity detained him in the town, and he immediately placed his head in the hole the ball had made, and remained in that position till the cannonading ceased. This he did on the law of probabilities. "I thought it unlikely," he says, in a letter to his mother, "that another shot would come just to that same spot; but while I was there seven people were killed in the same square."

In the course of the year, Osborne made a trip in a schooner, "either," says Small, "to Philadelphia or Baltimore." The vessel, while lying in port, took fire; and all on board "would have been burned up, if it had not been for another vessel that gave the alarm."

In the various adventures of Osborne's career, there is frequently manifested a strong disposition to fraternize with everyone who seemed to him really deserving of affection. One instance of this disposition is given by Small, who says—

"He and I went together to that ship, to see if we could get a chance to go in her together, because George liked the captain and the schooner very much. But she only wanted one man to make up her crew, *and we would not separate.* We remained in Boston a week or two, looking for a ship that could take us both."

Osborne's character is clearly revealed by the testi-

mony of the different witnesses who were cited in the subsequent judicial inquiry, to which I shall by-and-by have to refer. He was eccentric; but his sole eccentricity consisted in his irrepressible passion for a nautical life, and his voluntary association on the most familiar terms with men in the humblest ranks. It strikes one as grotesquely curious to find a Scotch earl of large estates, great social influence, and illustrious lineage, demanding and receiving from the teacher in a riding school in America a certificate of character such as the following:—

"BOSTON, 4th Feb., 1867.

"To whom it may concern:

"This is to certify that Mr. George H. Osborne has lived in my house the past four months, and I can most cheerfully recommend him as a young man of good habits and kind disposition.

"F. E. PEARSON.

"158, Tyler Street."

Of good habits and kind disposition our eccentric hero undoubtedly was. During the period of his residence with Mr. Pearson he had been assiduously studying navigation at the Boston Nautical College, where he obtained from the college authorities an attestation that he possessed the requisite skill and judgment for a first officer of any ship in the merchant service.

It is rather amusing, although, regard being had to his incognito, not at all wonderful, to hear Mr. Sewell Small, who was promoted to the situation of mate on

board the schooner *Zeyla*, speaking of the disguised Scottish peer in a patronizing tone:—

"I became mate when Howes became Captain. The mate divides the watches with the captain. As mate, it was my duty to select one man to be in my watch, and I selected George for this purpose. I knew I could chat freely with him, though I was an officer. He would not take advantage of it as many men would."

No. Lord Aberdeen was humble, "shy and modest," as one of the witnesses says; and would not take advantage of the intimacy he had previously enjoyed with Mr. Small to use any unbecoming familiarity with that gentleman, now that he had soared aloft to the exalted position of mate.

Osborne's manners, his friendly disposition, his readiness to oblige, attracted all with whom he came in contact. He possessed many accomplishments, which he had carefully cultivated. Among his humble associates was an American carpenter named Green, who says—

"He drew beautifully. He was an excellent seaman and navigator. He was very fond of reading and of music. He used to play very often on a piano in my house. He was very good to children. My wife had a little sister who was often in the house, and George used to take a great deal of notice of her, and often buy her little presents. She was four or five years old. . . . I remember George had a revolver on board the *Walton*, and I have often seen him at sea

throw a corked bottle overboard, and break it with a shot from his revolver. He was a first-rate shot both with pistol and rifle. I have seen him snuff a candle with a pistol bullet at five or six yards. He told me that he had a friend who used to hold an envelope in his hand at ten or twelve paces off, and George would hit the stamp in the corner of the envelope."

His disposition to oblige, as also his handiness in trivial matters, were displayed in his making a clothes-bag for Captain Wilbur, of the ship *W. Mallory*. A much more important exercise of his multifarious abilities was required on board the *Pomona*. Four men fell from aloft. One had his thigh broken, simple fracture; another his collar bone; another three or four ribs. "We had no materials," says George Osborne, in a letter to his mother, "but I made splints out of a board, and his leg is now joined and quite straight, and as long as the other one."

He had shown in early youth a turn for mechanics, and frequently worked with the carpenter on his father's estate. Perhaps it was from thus mixing with tradesmen and fishermen that he formed the wish to associate on terms of equality with the labouring classes, in order to understand their habits and opinions. During his sailor career he prescribed to himself the most rigid economy. He was anxious not only to live on his wages as a seaman, but to save money from the slender means thus furnished. He lodged in a bank small sums, collectively amounting to fifty dollars. But on one occasion he deviated so far from his econo-

mical rules as to draw two cheques upon his bankers in Scotland for a hundred pounds each, which cheques were cashed in New York. This was on the 11th February, 1867; and so keenly did he reproach himself with this single deviation from the plan of self-support he had laid down, that in a letter to his mother, dated the 7th of the following March, he says, "I have never had any self-respect since I found means to get that money in New York. I have never had any pleasure in life since. I despise myself for my foolish weakness. I shall never again hold up my head."

Before I pass from the incidents illustrative of Osborne's personal character, I must mention two traits, both most honourable to his memory. One is his profound sense of religion. The other is the enduring tenderness of his family affection. With regard to the first of these traits, it is recorded that his morality was irreproachable, and that he was accustomed to use any influence he acquired among the sailors to fix their attention on religious subjects. He writes to his mother, with reference to his term on board the *Pomona*, "We used to read aloud on Sundays the Bible and bits out of a Roman Catholic prayer-book. The captain never had service or anything. He was a Welshman."

Osborne's daily perusal of the New Testament is frequently mentioned by the various companions of his American adventures. He was, I believe, a Presbyterian. When in America he chiefly attended the Congregational churches. It is probable that his

Sunday selection, when at sea, of bits from a Catholic prayer-book, was caused by the fact that there was no other prayer-book to be found on board.

There was a song of which he was remarkably fond. It was found among his papers, and his preference for it indicates the contemplative and devotional tone of his mind. I give the verses, which he adapted to music:—

THE RAINY DAY.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary;
And the day is dark and dreary.

"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
And the hopes of youth fall thick on the blast;
And the days are dark and dreary;
And the days are dark and dreary.

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining!
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common lot of all;
Some rain into each life must fall—
Some days must be dark and dreary;
Some days must be dark and dreary."

The following verses, of which the subject is very superior to the execution, were also found in Osborne's handwriting:—

"Alas! those chimes so sweetly stealing,
Gently dulcet, gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice revealing
To the dying, Death is near.

"Still he slumbers how serenely,
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh, that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest;
Oh, that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest.

"Yes, yes, those chimes so softly swelling,
As from some holy sphere, as from some holy sphere;
Sound like hymns of spirits telling
To the dying, Peace is here.

"Come! abide with us in heaven,
Here no grief can reach thy breast;
Come! approving angels wait thee,
In the mansions of the blest;
Come! approving angels wait thee
In the mansions of the blest."

Osborne's love for his family was as strong as his religious impressions were profound. It comes beautifully out in his letters to his mother. I give a few extracts. The first is from a letter, dated New York, 12th August, 1867:—

"My Dearest Mamma,—I hope you are keeping well. I am now with a very good man. 'It is good for me to be here; he is the same I went to Galveston with, but I must leave him to-day. I hope you will get this letter, and that it will cheer your heart; it tells you of my undiminished love, though I have not heard of or from you for more than a year."

On the 1st December, 1868, he writes to Lady Aberbeen:—"I must come and see you soon, though it is so long since I have heard that a sort of vague dread fills my mind, and I seem to feel rather to go on in

doubt than to learn what would kill me or drive me to worse—I mean, were I to return and not find you. How many times has this thought come to me in the dark and cheerless night watches; but I have to drive it from me as too dreadful to think of. I wonder where you are now, and what you are doing. I know you are doing something good, and a blessing to all around you."

To his brother, the Hon. James Gordon, Osborne writes from Houston, Texas, March 15, 1867:—"I have never seen an approach to a double of you or of mamma. I know there cannot be her double in the world. She has not an equal. . . . . My best love to dear mamma; I think of her only; she is always in my thoughts."

It was by no means his purpose to be permanently absent from Scotland. He was, however, induced to prolong his nautical career, from finding that his health, which had been delicate in Great Britain, was much improved by change of climate. His letters to Lady Aberdeen were frequent, and they often contain graphic and amusing descriptions of the scenes and persons he encountered on his travels.

From Palmas he writes, 25th July, 1866:—"This is a splendid place on the coast of Africa. It is pretty hot during the summer, and, I believe, temperate in winter; the natives speak Spanish, and are the most obliging, civil, hardworking, and honest people I ever saw. . . . I saw the most magnificent spectacle in passing far-famed Teneriffe at sunset; the bold, rugged,

volcanic rocks, lighted here and there by the setting sun, with a glorious golden background of sky; high up a veil of fleecy clouds; and all aglow, far above this, the famed Peak of Teneriffe. It was a grand sight, and one that called up in my mind solemn thoughts and good resolves; and especially vivid and pleasing reminiscences of dear papa."

Of the natives of the Port of Spain, Trinidad, he writes:—

"The natives are very independent, and apparently extremely intelligent and well-educated. The laws appear to be excellent, and well and promptly enforced."

In the same epistle he says:—

"I will say this for England, that the more I see of other countries, the more convinced do I become that England is the most stupid, pig-headed, stick-in-the-mud of them all."

Sir Roundell Palmer, in the subsequent judicial proceedings, read some passages from this epistle, but omitted the last extract I have given, saying, "I am afraid he (Osborne) uses some very uncomplimentary expressions as to some of the ways of *his own country*, which I need not read." The great lawyer forgot that Scotland, not England, was the country of Osborne; so that, whatever judgment may be formed of the uncomplimentary expressions in question, they at least betrayed no lack of patriotism, or of filial respect for the *natale solum* of the writer.

Osborne liked the North Americans, their institu-

tions, and their arrangements for public convenience. Here is his description of the American Sound boats:—

"How far ahead of any English boats they are! They average from 1,600 to over 2,000 tons register, or larger than a P. and O. steamer; they can go twenty-two to twenty-four miles an hour. The saloon is the whole length of the boat, probably larger than any ballroom you ever saw, and certainly much more gorgeously and elegantly fitted and decorated. The roof of the saloon, which is about twenty feet high, is arched, moulded something like that of a cathedral, and supported by massive Corinthian pillars. It is lighted by numerous bronze chandeliers, burning nothing but gas. All the state-rooms, of which there are about a hundred, are also lighted by gas. The saloon has lots of arm-chairs and lounges scattered about, and is carpeted with the softest and most beautiful productions of Brussels."

He complains that no Englishman had ever written an impartial book about America; English writers all repeating the same lying stories of the American people. He regrets that he had not kept a journal, which would have enabled him to write a good book on the subject. He thus recurs to his complaint against the British censors of America, in a letter to his brother James, dated March 15, 1867:—

"You ought certainly to come to America for a short period, just to see what a noble country it is, and what lies are told by so-called travellers about it. One of the commonest is that Yankees are always asking

strangers questions. Now this is a lie—they don't; they never speak to a stranger unless introduced. I have travelled all over New England, and never been asked a question as to where I was going, or why."

His favourable judgment was not extended to the Texans—at least to those in the vicinage of Houston, whom he pronounced to be the most villanous, cut-throat-looking heathens he ever beheld!

In Osborne's nature there seems to have been a strong democratic element, which was everywhere interwoven with his adventurous disposition. He tells his brother James that he despises people who think they have seen the world because they have made a trip in a Cunard boat. He says that the limited experience derivable from such a trip cannot make them either wiser or better. "No, let them get behind the scenes, and then their eyes will be opened. Then they will make good resolutions for the future; then they will begin a little to know themselves; then they will understand what makes a man and a brother."

I shall now give three extracts as samples of Osborne's descriptive powers, and as proofs that in embracing the profession of a sailor, he encountered, in common with his chosen confrères, perils from which the mere *dilettante* adventurer would have recoiled with horror. From New York, 12th August, 1867, he writes as follows to Lady Aberdeen:—

"I have just arrived here from Mexico. As I told you in my letter from Vera Cruz, I thought I was in

for more than I expected. And so it turned out, for I have been all this time on a barren coast, with nothing interesting except the wrecks of other vessels, which had ventured on this inhospitable and dangerous coast, and paid dearly for their rashness. We, too, got ashore, and were a whole night and part of a day bumping on a sand-bank. We toiled all night laying out the kedge and hauling it home, and at last we undertook to lay out the bower anchor, but it was a ticklish job, for the ponderous anchor sunk our boat so low in the water, that every swell washed into her, and threatened to swamp her. We succeeded at last, however, and glad we were to get safe back to the vessel, for the sea was full of sharks. We remained on this howling coast, where sand-flies, horse-flies, and mosquitos abound, and where at night can be heard the savage roar of the tigers and wild animals which inhabit the impervious tropical jungle which lines the coast, and comes quite down to the beach."

To Lady Aberdeen, 10th February, 1868:—

"When I wrote last I promised you a longer letter, but unfortunately my journal, from which I meant to cull materials for a letter, was totally destroyed during a very severe gale of wind, which we experienced in the Gulf Stream on New Year's Eve and three following days. But for this misfortune, I could have told you of a very wonderful and brilliant meteor which I observed on a certain night about 4 A.M.; of seeing two corposantes, or St. Elmo's fires, accompanied by the

heaviest rain and the darkest darkness ever known to me, and this on the very day of the great St. Thomas Earthquake, which you probably have not yet heard of; of my going out on the main boom to cast off the reef earing, and of the boom tackle getting adrift; of the general consternation; the old man kept shouting to me to hold on—very needless advice under the circumstances. Our boom was seventy-six feet long. Imagine *that* swinging back and forth, and bringing up short by the sheets at every roll, and you can guess what a jerk it gave me at every swing."

This imminent peril Osborne escaped; but his ocean life soon exposed him to another. On the first December, 1868, he describes the event in a letter to Lady Aberdeen:

"Not many weeks ago I thought my last hour was come. I was in a small vessel, deep loaded, and very leaky. A furious gale came on, right on shore. The water gained on us—we could not keep her free. As morning dawned, the gale increased, if possible, in violence. To windward there was nothing but rain and wind, and the ever-rising white-capped billows. To leeward was the low quicksand, with roaring breakers, on to which we were slowly but surely drifting. We carried an awful press of sail, but the poor water-logged schooner lay over on her beam ends, and made two miles to leeward for every one ahead. We were toiling at the pumps, and throwing overboard

our deck-load; but already there was five foot of water in the hold, and nothing could have saved us but a miracle, or a change of wind. At 10 A.M. God in his mercy sent a sudden change of wind all in a moment right off the shore, with perfect floods of rain, which beat down the sea, and in half an hour the wind moderated. After toiling seventeen hours, we got a suck on the pumps, and took heart of grace, and eat a little food. Next day we made the harbour of New York, where I now am. To-morrow we start for a coast famed for its tales of piracy, wrecking, and murder—the coast of Florida. But those times are passed, and now it is only dangerous on account of its numerous shoals and sunken rocks. Give my love to all dear ones, and believe in the never-dying love of your affectionate son,

"GEORGE."

We have heretofore followed Osborne's adventures with the interest not only derived from the events themselves, but from the admirable personal qualities of the man. He was pious, strictly moral, brave, active, energetic, accomplished, intelligent, affectionate. His capacity for the naval profession was described by one of the witnesses, in these words:—"He was a first-rate navigator, and no calculation ever puzzled him." In several of his letters the intention to return home is intimated. Alas! Providence had otherwise decreed. In the course of his maritime wanderings, he engaged himself as mate on board the *Hera*, which vessel only

numbered a crew of eight persons beside the captain. The *Hera* sailed from Boston to Melbourne on the 21st January, 1870. When the vessel, on her way to Melbourne, had reached latitude 40° 10′, and longitude 58° 14′, Lord Aberdeen was washed overboard in a state of weather which rendered it impossible to rescue him. The sad event is thus described by Captain Kent, who commanded the *Hera*:—

"We sailed on the 21st of January. We had very bad weather indeed. On the morning of the 27th of January I was alarmed in my cabin with the cry of 'a man overboard!' It was about the time of changing the watch. The second mate had the watch from twelve to four, and Osborne from four to eight. About the time Osborne's watch began, I was alarmed in the way I have said. I rushed on deck, and I found the man overboard was Osborne. Everything that my experience could suggest as possible was done to save him. Ropes and planks were thrown to him. The boat was cleared away, but it was impossible to launch it in time to do any good. She is a very heavy boat. If it had been in time to launch her, I doubt if she could have lived or cleared the vessel. The waves were very high. When I saw it was too late, I knew it was my duty not to launch the boat. The danger of losing all her crew would have been very great. I saw Osborne struggling in the water. I am quite sure he must have been drowned. He cannot have been picked up. We wore ship, and laid-too till daylight, but we saw nothing of Osborne. We did see one of

the planks which had been thrown out to him. There were no vessels in sight. When I came first on deck after the alarm, I heard Osborne cry out from the water; but the cries soon ceased, and before it was possible to lower the boat. The water was very cold, and even a good swimmer must have perished very soon."

The second mate of the *Hera*, William Scott, adds the following particulars of the mournful catastrophe:

"We were lowering the mainsail. Osborne and I were side by side, hauling on the same rope. I was between him and the sea. The ship gave a heavy roll, and the down-haul got slack; then, with another roll the down-haul got taut. Osborne and I were both caught in the bight of the down-haul. The first shock came on him, because he was nearer the sail than I. I had time to lay myself down, and the rope passed over me, while Osborne was dragged across me, and into the sea. I saw him fall into the sea, but I could do nothing to prevent it. It was the work of a second. I saw him come to the surface. It was not a dark night. I threw him a rope as soon as I possibly could . . . . . I heard what I believed to be Osborne's last cry before the boat was ready: We never heard or saw him again."

So perished one of the most excellent men who ever graced the peerage of Scotland or any other country. I need not say that as time wore on, and no tidings reached Lord Aberdeen's family of his whereabouts, their anxiety became painfully intense. In the summer

of 1869 some months had passed without any letter from the wanderer, and his mother's anxiety had deepened into agonizing fear. The Reverend William Alexander, a Presbyterian clergyman, who had been Lord Aberdeen's tutor, was spending his summer vacation with the Countess, at Haddo, the family seat. He volunteered to go to America to look for his *ci-devant* pupil, adopting as the clue of his search the statements of the places he had visited, which he had made in letters to his mother. These letters had been numerous up to April, 1869. The Countess furnished Mr. Alexander with extracts from all which were likely to assist him in the search. The extracts informed the rev. gentleman of the places which the late Lord had visited, and also that he had spent much of his time at sea, and the very latest letter mentioned that he occupied a responsible position, but left it in doubt whether it was on land or at sea. The letters afforded no information about the name which the Earl had assumed in America. The reader will see that the scantiness of Mr. Alexander's information rendered his enterprise exceedingly difficult. But to work he went, with an intelligent head, and a heart full of ardent friendship for the Aberdeen family.

He sailed for New York on the 20th November, 1870, and on arriving in that city he started for Molino, in Florida, from which the late Earl's last letter was dated. There the inquirer failed to find any certain traces of the Earl. Five months were spent without any good result. But one of the letters

of which Mr. Alexander had extracts, mentioned that his lordship, early in 1867, had sailed from New York to Galveston, Texas, with "a good Boston captain." The letter also said that the good Boston captain was a Baptist and a teetotaller. After much anxious inquiry, and a vast deal of travelling, Mr. Alexander discovered at a place in Connecticut a captain who had made the voyage at the time specified, and who was a Baptist and a teetotaller. The name of the teetotal captain was John Wilbur, and the name of the ship was the *W. Mallory*. Here was a promising clue. Mr. Alexander had an interview with Captain Wilbur, to whom he showed a photograph of the late earl. "Oh," exclaimed Wilbur, "that's the likeness of a young man named George H. Osborne, who came with me from New York to Galveston in the spring of 1867."

An important step had now been gained in the work of tracing out Lord Aberdeen's fate; and the indefatigable Mr. Alexander pursued the inquiry from point to point, availing himself with great acuteness of every successive indication of the earl's footsteps, until he ascertained the fact of his death. Possessed of this knowledge, the reverend gentleman sailed from New York to Liverpool, in order to communicate with the Countess. The following month he returned to America, accompanied by the agent of the late earl's younger brother, John Campbell Gordon, who now succeeded to the family estates and honours, as seventh Earl of Aberdeen in the peerage of Scotland,

and fourth Viscount Gordon in the peerage of the United Kingdom. This nobleman's agent united his efforts with those of Mr. Alexander, to procure the evidence necessary to establish—

Firstly, the identity of George H. Osborne with George, sixth Earl of Aberdeen; and—

Secondly, the death, unmarried, of the person thus identified.

These points being rendered capable of proof, the legal steps to secure to the new earl the succession to the Scotch estates and honours commenced with the—

"Petition of Service by the Right Honourable John Campbell Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, as nearest and lawful Heir Male of Tailzie and Provision in special and in general of the deceased George Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, his Brother, to the Lands and Barony of Haddo, &c. 1871.

"Unto the Hon. the Sheriff of Chancery."

The case was fully heard before the Sheriff of Chancery, according to the ordinary course of Scotch law for such a claim. A commission was issued to take the evidence of witnesses in America and elsewhere out of Scotland in proof of the alleged facts. The identity of George Osborne with Lord Aberdeen was established by three distinct sources of evidence; namely, by photographs, by handwriting, and by a comparison of the various occurrences of Osborne's career during the years 1866—1870, with those which Lord Aberdeen's letters recorded as having happened to himself. Corroborative proofs were furnished by

articles traced to Osborne's possession, or found amongst his effects after his death.

The Scotch decision was as follows:

"INTERLOCUTOR and NOTE by the Hon. the Sheriff of Chancery, in Petition of Service by the Right Honourable John Campbell Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, as nearest and lawful Heir Male of tailzie and provision in special and in general to his late Brother, the Right Honourable George Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen, in the Lands and Barony of Haddo, and others:

"3rd July, 1871.—The Sheriff having heard party's agents, and considered the proof, productions, and whole process, Finds the facts stated in the petition proved, serves and decerns in terms of the prayer thereof, but always with and under the conditions, provisions, and prohibitory, irritant and resolutive clauses therein referred to.

"JOHN M'LAREN."

To this judgment the Sheriff added a long, able, and exhaustive note, entering with great minuteness into the various proofs which established the allegations, and by consequence the rights, of the petitioner.

So far the petitioner's Scottish rights and honours were established. But the Scotch court was incompetent to adjudicate on his claim to the Viscounty of Gordon in the peerage of the United Kingdom; and on the seat in the House of Lords which that peerage conferred. It became necessary to bring these latter claims before the House of Lords; and the leading counsel employed for that purpose by the

claimant was Sir Roundell Palmer. Of course the proofs required in the claim to the Viscounty, were precisely the same as those which had been accepted as conclusive by the court in Scotland. But a question arose concerning the admissibility of the proceedings under the Scotch commission as evidence before the House of Lords. Much of the evidence obtained under that commission had now become totally inaccessible; the witnesses being seafaring men, scattered over the world, nobody could tell in what quarters. On this point Sir Roundell Palmer argued before the House of Lords in the following manner; the question being whether their lordships should issue a fresh commission of their own to examine the persons who had already been examined by the Scotch commission.

"Now," said Sir Roundell, "what would be the effect of issuing such a commission? The persons who have been examined before the commission issued by the Sheriff in Scotland are principally seafaring men. They are men who are wandering all over the world, and therefore it is very unlikely indeed that any one commission would reach them. You must hunt for them in various parts of the world, and probably you would not be able to find them. And if you found them, what would be the result? I take it for granted that your Lordships would not authorise the Attorney-General to send any one to represent him for the purpose of cross-examining those witnesses. Then you would have, before the commission, the same *ex parte* evidence as has already been received

under the commission issued in Scotland; and I think it is not probable that you would obtain any additional evidence; because, in fact, all the sources of evidence seem to be entirely exhausted with regard to the question before us."

This reasoning was accepted by the House as conclusive in favour of the admissibility of such evidence as had been taken abroad by the Scotch commission, and of which the witnesses were now out of reach. But the House, I may say, as a matter of course, decided on examining all witnesses whose attendance was procurable. The final result was a decision by the House that the petitioner, John Campbell Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen in the peerage of Scotland, had made out his claim to the title, honour, and dignity of Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

While the melancholy fate of the sixth earl must excite the sympathetic sorrow of the reader, it is some consolation that the honours of his ancient and truly noble line did not expire with him, but survive in the person of his successor—to be transmitted, I trust, to a late posterity, inheriting the virtues, along with the blood of their honoured predecessors.

Ladies of the Order of the Garter.

"Place aux Dames."

THE grim warriors of the middle ages had a romantic estimate of woman, and were animated with a spirit of chivalrous devotion to female excellence that went far to mitigate the ferocity, and soften the harshness of the times. "The doctrines of chivalry," says Scott, "had established, in theory at least, a system in which Beauty was the governing and remunerating divinity—Valour her slave, who caught his courage from her eyes, and gave his life for her lightest service."

In the times to which Sir Walter refers, the laurel that the Queen of the Tournament presented to the victor was as strong an incentive to martial achievement as the thanks of Parliament, the public grants, and the Peerage coronets of the matter-of-fact days in which we live. The first obligation of "gentilesse" was to manifest to woman, on every occasion and in every possible manner, tenderness, duty, kindness, and protection. But the age of chivalry

is gone, and with it have passed away many worthy observances of old England.

Not long since, the following letter, which I received from a friend of congenial tastes, reminded me of one of those observances which, though long neglected, might still be advantageously revived.

Two or three years ago my friend was engaged in literary pursuits at the Bodleian Library, and on one occasion, wearied with work, sought a change by visiting some of the historical scenes of which there are so many around Oxford:

"Let me tell you," says my correspondent, "of a trip I have made to Stanton Harcourt, the ancient seat of the Harcourt family, about six miles west of Oxford. It was theirs for more than six hundred years, but they reside no longer in it, and the Manor House has been taken down. The ancient kitchen, however, still stands —a great square building below, octagonal above, like the baptistry of Salisbury Cathedral, or (to descend in comparison) like some great glass melting manufactory. The gardens remain, and in them an ancient garden house, where Pope composed his translation of the fifth book of Homer, as recorded by himself by a diamond on the window glass; for the poet was a great friend of Lord Chancellor Harcourt's, and repaid his kindness in the epitaph on his only son, Simon Harcourt (who died in 1720), to be read on his monument in the adjoining church:—

"'Who ne'er knew joy but friendship might divide,
Or gave his father grief, but when he died.'

It is this church that recalled you so strongly to my recollection, not for its architecture, though pronounced very fine, but for the assemblage of well preserved monuments of the Harcourts. They are of various dates, the earliest the most pleasing, for some of the later ones represent peers lying on altar tombs, their robes, their coronets, and their eyes painted. They produce a painful effect. All the repose—which is the great charm of statuary—is gone. 'After life's fitful fever they (do not) sleep well,' but seem still to look back to life. But amongst the very early ones is a Lady's tomb, so strange and unparalleled, that I cannot forbear calling your attention to it. Lady Harcourt, whose effigy it is, is represented with the Garter of the celebrated Order of Knighthood on her arm, carved in stone. Did you ever hear of this? or can you give any account of it?"

The answer to this enquiry is simple, but before giving it, I may add, that the tomb of the Countess of Suffolk, the daughter of Sir Thomas Chaucer, and the grand-daughter of Chaucer the poet, is still to be seen in good preservation at Ewelme Church, in the same county as Stanton Harcourt, with the lady's left arm encircled with the Garter.

In point of fact, when the Order of the Garter was instituted,* woman's influence was in the ascendant,

* The exact date of the foundation of the Order of the Garter has long been in doubt, but Mr. William Longman, in his "Life and Times of Edward III.," a work of remarkable ability, research, and accuracy, is of opinion that it must have been about

and one of the very first objects of the Royal Founder was to associate ladies with an illustrious community, which Selden says, "exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame all chivalrous Orders in the world."

Those were the days of

"Truth, honour, freedom, and courtesy,"

and faithless and dishonoured was he who ventured then to deny Woman's rights. In those brave times the Queen and the wives and widows of the knights received permission by royal sanction, and with universal approval, to wear the Habit of the Order of the Garter on the feast days of St. George, and robes were annually given out to them from the royal wardrobe, of the same material and colour as the surcoats of the knights, and embroidered like them, with numerous small garters encircled with the motto: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Each lady of the order wore on her left arm a Garter, similar to that of a knight, and was considered a member of the order, and was styled, "Lady of the Society of the Garter." Sir Harris Nicolas states that "though nothing is now known of the form or manner of the reception of the Ladies, the description applied to them in records leaves no doubt of their having been regularly admitted into the fraternity."

The mere lists of lady members of the Order of the Garter are full of interest. The first we have is of the

---

the year 1347. He adds amusing details of the extravagance of dress at the tournaments of the time, and of the gorgeous display of the ladies who attended them.

time of Richard II. It comprises "the King's Mother," JOAN PLANTAGENET, "the Fair Maid of Kent," the widow of the Hero of Chivalry—the Black Prince—and the King's half sisters, the Duchess of Brittany, and the Lady Courtenay, "the fairest lady in all England," as Froissart styles her; it includes, also, the Queen of Spain (and in her case the husband was not a knight of the order), and the ill-used Countess of Oxford, the Lady Philippa de Coucy (grand-daughter of Edward III.), whom her husband, De Vere, repudiated for no other reason than his own wish to marry a Portuguese girl called "Lancerona." The last Ladies in the catalogue are the two daughters of the Duke of Lancaster, Philippa, wife of John, King of Portugal, and Catherine, wife of Henry, Prince of Asturias.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various female members of the Order of the Garter. Among many others—royal, noble, and gentle—occur the Countesses of Buckingham, Pembroke, Salisbury, Oxford, Huntingdon, Kent, Derby, Westmorland, Arundel, Warwick, Suffolk, and Richmond; the Ladies Mohun, Le Despencer, De Vere, Poynings, Swynford, Fitzwalter, De Roos, Coucy, Waterton, Burnell, and Harcourt. This last named lady was the "Lady Harcourt" whose effigy in the church of Stanton Harcourt excited my correspondent's curiosity. Her father was Sir John Byron, of Clayton, and her husband, Sir Robert Harcourt, elected a Knight of the Garter in 1461.

I may remark, *en passant*, that besides the monumental effigy, there is at Nuneham Courtenay, the

present seat of the Harcourts, a painting of Lady Harcourt, with the Garter on her left arm. The last Lady-Knight of the Garter was Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII.

But a change now comes over the scene. We have no longer the devotion to woman of King and Knight. A worthless sovereign is on the throne, and woman's rights are forgotten. The ungallant Henry VIII. disallows female association with the chivalry of St. George, and the Order's brilliancy is dimmed. Two ineffectual attempts were afterwards at long intervals made to repair Henry's evil deed. In 1638 it was proposed in a chapter of the Garter, "that the Ladies of the Knights Companions might have the privilege of wearing a Garter about their arms, and an upper robe at festival times, according to ancient usage."

The King (Charles I.), on being informed of the proceeding of the Chapter, commanded that the Queen should be acquainted therewith, and her pleasure known, and the affair left to "the ladies' particular suit." But nothing more was done, owing to the civil war.

Once again, in the reign of George I., about the year 1724, the re-admission of ladies to the Order was eloquently advocated. In an address to the Earl of Pembroke, Anstis urged their claim: "In a nation so tender of the rights and privileges of the fair sex, and where beauty seems to have fixed her empire, it is really surprising that any custom in their favour should be disused, while no reasonable pretence has been assigned, or, in my humble opinion, can be assigned, for this dis-

continuance of it. The Order of the Garter was a political institution. It is not easy to conjecture by what maxims of polity that Prince governed himself, who first relinquished a right exercised by his predecessors, of giving so honourable a distinction to ladies of superior quality or merit, since such ladies, if they do not preside, must at least be allowed to have always a very powerful influence in society. The consorts and relicts of the Knights Companions especially seem to have a more peculiar claim to any relative honours of the Order, which the sovereign shall think fit to confer; but it may, with all submission, be more proper to enquire whether so valuable a privilege of the sovereign might not upon wise and good reasons be resumed, than how the exercise of it came to be originally discontinued. One of the most heroic actions by which the Patron of this Order is said to have signalized himself, was in the defence of a young lady, no less distinguished by her personal accomplishments than her high birth. I am under no obligations to verify all the circumstances of that story; however, I may inoffensively say the moral of it may be extended to show that it is very consistent with the institution of an Order nominated from St. George, that all the advantages at any time belonging to the other sex, should be inviolably preserved to them, and that it will be unaccountable, if among so great a number of heroes, several champions should not be found to assert and espouse their cause. In all probability, they would not at this time have wanted any advocate, if the rebel-

lious war had not prevented the revival and the re-establishment of this custom by Charles I., a Prince, who, as the noble historian characterizes him, 'kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly.'"

These remarks of Anstis made some impression, and in 1731, a report was widely spread that the Queen Caroline, Consort of George II., entertained an idea of conferring degrees and stars of honour on ladies of quality. However, nothing came of it. Woman's restoration to the Order of St. George remains to be accomplished.

In truth, if there be one thing needed to add lustre to our knightly institutions—the Garter, St. Patrick, and the Thistle—it is the revival of that chivalric association of ladies with them for which the early records of the Garter offer so graceful a precedent. It has always struck me that the churlish regulation of modern heraldry, which precludes a knight from bearing his wife's arms *within* the ribbon or collar of his order, is an anomaly. The wife of a knight shares the precedence, title, and dignity of her husband. Why then should she be debarred participation in the heraldic bearings, and the beautiful Garter that encircles them? This exclusion is not of ancient date. The old Stall Plates of the Knights afford proof of the contrary, and give several instances of Husband's and Wife's arms impaled *within* the Garter.

In the monument at Stanton Harcourt there is not only the Garter tied round Lady Harcourt's left arm, but at the head of the tomb appear the bearings of her

husband impaling *within* a Garter the lady's own arms.

What time could be more appropriate for the revival of the old usage than the present? The return of ladies to our national chivalry would be emblematic of a Royal Lady's rule, and their decoration would impart brilliancy to the English Court.

Her Majesty, in granting to the widows of the gallant men who fall in their country's service, the style and precedence of the dignity and rank that their husbands had fairly merited, and would have got had they lived, has already prepared the way for the restoration I venture to suggest. My proposal is that each of the Wives and Widows of the Knights of the various Chivalrous Orders of this Empire should be accorded the privilege of wearing an ARMLET of velvet, coloured as the ribbon, and embroidered with the motto, of the Order of her husband.

I cannot conceive how any valid objection could be raised, or why an observance so highly appreciated in the chivalric times of England, should not find favour in the days of QUEEN VICTORIA. To every dissentient might be applied the time-honoured legend:

"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

The Midwife's Curse:

AN EPISODE OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

"Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages,
Of strange times in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by astrologers, soothsayers."

Hudibras.

THE links which connect the various historical periods of "the world's long tale," and those which join the various chapters of a nation's career, are in reality much better defined than at first sight would appear. A member of a long-lived family dies, say at the ripe age of ninety, in the present year of Grace, 1872. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that his great-grandfather fought at Naseby, thus bringing within the compass of four "poor lives," the majority of our most moving national events since the Conquest. I know a man who has spoken to Nelson; some contemporaries of Nelson must have known Newton; and it would not be extraordinary to be told that some who outlived the great philosopher had seen Charles I. And at this

rate, some ten lives would take us to Edward the Confessor.

These reflections bring forth still more curious conclusions when a vital chain of this kind survives the extinction of a nation, carrying with it its own distinctive features wherewith to leaven the manners and customs of a new people.

Many such instances occurred on the frontiers of the vast Roman dominion, when, overborne by its unwieldy magnitude, it collapsed, and lost at once force, form, and cohesion. The multiform evidences of his civilization, turn of thought, and luxuries remained in Britain centuries after the last Roman legionary had bidden adieu to its white cliffs, and with variations caused by the peculiar genius of its aborigines and immigrants, the same state of things existed in Neustria—the Normandy of to-day. The Roman himself had, indeed departed, but his monuments, his baths, his articles of luxury, and his religion remained as an initial element in the lives of his successors. Long after Rollo had over-run the area of his future dukedom, long after he and his hardy followers had taken upon them the vows of the cross and its obligations, there existed in the land a family, or rather a sept, directly descended from the Roman settlers, who clung pertinaciously to the creed and religious observances of their mighty ancestors.

Persuasion and force were alike impotent to cause these Franco-Romans to abandon the sensuous and poetical worship of the Capitol. Public opinion existed,

and very forcibly and roughly existed, even at this period, in consequence of which, these stubborn devotees to Jupiter and Minerva were gradually, but inevitably, forced from cities and towns, and were driven to seek quiet and toleration as far as possible from the haunts of busy men. To the *pagi*, or villages, then, retired these mythological fanatics, where they continued to carry on their pious rites, without incurring intolerable discomfort or interference.

Thus they earned from their retired mode of life the name of Pagans—a term at first applied rather to their rusticity than to their lack of Christianity. A pagan, *paysan*, or peasant, was understood to mean a countryman whose manners and habits were archaic, and upon whom the sun of modern faith had not arisen. The *Festæ Paganaliæ* existed in full force down to a late period in the mediæval history of Normandy, and consisted, for the most part, of distorted versions of the worship of Hermes and Pan. The offshoots of these mythological practices may even now be traced in the buffooneries of a modern fair.

It would almost appear that these descendants of the ancient Romans held themselves to be a peculiar people, and were as exclusive in their alliance as in their forms of worship, for they kept themselves rigidly distinct both from the aboriginal Gauls, and from the Norse conquerors of the province. When the time came that these social barriers should be overthrown, the number of these paynims had become so small, and they were so inter-allied, that they formed nothing

more extensive than a large family. The steadfast and earnest character of this people was shown by the enthusiasm and vigour with which it took up the service and defence of the Cross, and the energy and skill which characterized its warlike prowess in the wake of the Dukes of Normandy, and the Norman Kings of England.

It is a noteworthy fact that this family, after its adhesion to the religion and customs of its compatriots, in common with but one or two other houses of antique *noblesse* in the province of Normandy, never used the prefix *de* to their patronymic, other than territorially.

Hugh Payen was one of the immortal founders of the Order of the Temple. Payen de Montmuse was the Lieutenant of Richard Cœur de Lion in his eastern campaign, and proved himself by his strategy and prowess, a fit *locum-tenens* of the Lion-Hearted monarch. Thibaut Payen, afterwards Count of Gisors, was appointed in 1117, by the mutual consent of Louis VII. of France, and Henry I. of England, the custodian of that town, then the key to Normandy, in the interests of both the conflicting parties, as confessedly the most distinguished and trustworthy knight in either army. Members of this house continued to do good service in their aboriginal province, where it has living representatives to this day. The field of Hastings did not, it is averred, lack a member of the Payens among that crowd of adventurous youth which were to give to England a new lease of national life.

Other scions of the family wandered into Spain,

Portugal, and Italy, where they speedily made themselves names and fortunes in the lands of their adoption. Each country in which they settled gave a local flavour to their names. In Normandy they were and are known as Payen; Italy called them Pagana; Spain and Portugal had it as Payana; while England's simple transposition turned Payen into Payne. America was not too far for their errant disposition, for we find the right-hand man of Lord Fairfax, was one William Payne, Esquire, whose descendants formed the head of those old Anglo-American cavaliers, whose Virginian glories were extinguished in the radical fire of the Republic.

Some six centuries and a half ago, a member of the elder branch of Payen is stated to have settled in that insular portion of the Duchy of Normandy, yclept Jersey, as Valvasor of the King, and Jurat of the Royal Court of the island. His posterity increased and multiplied, and among them shared some of the best fiefs in that miniature paradise. They occupied every possible municipal and ecclesiastical position of trust in the island, and after the defection of Normandy from the crown of England, they preserved, with some other half dozen aristocratic families of Jersey, the purest relic of Norman blood to be found either in the kingdom or the duchy.

When Charles I. quarrelled with his subjects, he had no stancher supporters than Jerseymen. They bled for him in purse and in person. They were the last of his adherents to haul down the Royal Standard, which

they did from the storm-torn keep of Elizabeth Castle, and they proclaimed his son king, with royal honours, the moment they heard that the head of Charles Stuart had fallen at Whitehall.

The merrie monarch twice sought an asylum in Jersey, and his first love, Mademoiselle La Cloche, was a local *belle,* the mother of the famous Père Jacques La Cloche, who was subsequently deputed by the Holy Father to fortify, by all the rites of the Church, his royal parent a few hours before his death.

Abraham Payn, and his brother Stephen, who subsequently wrote his name, *more Britannico,* Payne, were far too prominently known as ardent Royalists, not to bend before the blast of persecution which set in when the Republicans, under Michael Lempriere, had obtained a temporary supremacy in the island. They eventually migrated to Devonshire, and thence to the West Indian Islands, where they became rich and powerful, obtaining a peerage and two baronetcies. They evinced to the full by their conservative tendencies and martial aspirations their anxiety to carry out that greatest of moral axioms, viz.: to fear God and to honour the King. Ralph Payne, the first and last Lord Lavington, was the witty and debonnaire companion of George IV., and almost one of the last of those fastidious and eccentric men who gave lustre to the fantastic order of "exquisites."

Returning, however, to the period of the Great Rebellion, we shall tardily find the *raison d'être* of the title of this historico-domestic sketch. The Stephen

Payne mentioned above, became a colonel of horse in the army of Charles I., and was one of the foremost of those brave, but unfortunate men, who strove to uphold the tottering fortunes of the Stuarts. When all was, for the time, lost, he bethought him of his native island, where his young master could not but find a hearty welcome. After considerable opposition on the part of some of the royal advisers, Prince Charles finally made up his mind to visit Jersey, with a modest retinue. The adventures of Charles and of his brother, the Duke of York, albeit simple and quiet enough in their way, are told with refreshing simplicity and with enthusiastic loyalty by Maître Chevalier, a local churchwarden, in the quaintest possible French, who, possibly on account of his modest ecclesiastical office, constituted himself the local royal historiographer.

The princes instigated grand reviews of the Island forces; held levees; conferred titles; paid state visits to the more eminent of the islanders; gave various articles of clothing and equipment to their hosts, as souvenirs; and hugely astonished the simple natives with a brilliance of attire and a grace of deportment until then entirely new to them.

Colonel Payne acted generally as *cicerone* and Amphitryon to these distinguished strangers; while Chancellor Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, occupied his forced leisure by writing, in his barrack-like apartment in Elizabeth Castle, the famous "History of the Rebellion." Here the Prince remained until the many intrigues with which the Stuart fortunes were unhap-

pily clouded, caused him to leave Jersey for Paris. He took with him his devoted servitor and friend, the Colonel, who made such an impression upon Louis XIV. that the Grand Monarque, in his most superb manner, created Stephen Payne a Baron of France and a Knight of St. Michael. The Prince did not return to Jersey until after the death of his father; and then, at the earnest advice of Cardinal Mazarin.

The young Duke of York, about this period, was anything but the gloomy and nervous man that history has painted him. He lacked, no doubt, the dry humour, the happy repartee, and the amorous tendencies of his elder brother; but his nature was much more easily understood, if not more quickly appreciated. Local contemporary writers amply prove that James was quite a sharer with Charles in the popular *furore* with which the royal guests were received and entertained by the *bons Jersiais*.

The Duke was passionately attached to the Colonel, who had, not long before, wooed and won a fair wife almost amid the smoke and thunder of the battles of the Rebellion. Mistress Payne, or "Madame la Coronelle," as she was quaintly termed in Jersey, was about to present her husband with a first-born, at the time when the Duke of York was on the point of leaving for France; and his Royal Highness had especially desired to become godfather to the child, if it should prove a boy. Wishes being parents-in-ordinary to thoughts, the Colonel made up his mind that the child was to be a son.

Alas, for the vanity of human wishes! the long-looked-for *donum Dei* proved to be a girl! Daughters, as a rule, are no unwelcome additions to a fond family circle, and the Jersey people are proverbially happy in their domesticities. In this case, however, it would have been provoking to the most lymphatic to have thus missed an honour which, in those days of Court favour and patronage, meant far more than it would do now. Objurgation had evidently obtained in the British army before the Flanders' campaign; and in this accomplishment the cavalry, if we accept as true the axiom of "swearing like a trooper," were specially eminent. In this mortification to his pride, Colonel Payne gave the fullest play to his power of anathematization; and formally devoted, in succession, his hapless wife, his infant daughter, himself and his belongings, and finally the entire world—to the infernal deities.

Douce Vardon was an old and faithful retainer of the Payne family, in an island where a strict feudalism leads to the most ardent and continuous affection between all the members of a household, irrespective of rank and position. She listened to the Colonel's torrent of denunciation with grief and terror, for two special reasons. Firstly, because the *Jersiais* are, probably from their Norman ancestors, possessed of the most deeply religious and superstitious sentiments to be found, perhaps, in any other nationality; and, secondly, because her warmly affectionate heart bled for the hapless wife and infant, both of whom were

included in the penalties of the senseless wrath of the husband and father. In those days, there were no professional doctors in Jersey, and all the mysteries of the healing art were carried out by females. Therefore, Douce Vardon was physician-in-ordinary, after her simple fashion, to the household she and her ancestors had served for some three centuries: she held, in consequence, a position which has no parallel in nineteenth-century servitude, and what she said was listened to both by her chiefs and fellow-servitors with respect and attention.

She retired to rest, after the exciting scene of the day, with a heavy heart, and with that strong sense of foreboding which the gift—real or supposed—of prophecy gives to its possessor. One of the most ancient as well as the most curious of feudal customs, termed the "*Clameur de Haro*," has outlived nine centuries of changes; and despite royal commissioners and stipendiary magistrates, is in full force in Jersey in this very year 1872. It was only the other day that a *vrai Jersiais*, a landholder and a magistrate, raised the *clameur* against a railway company, whose navvies threatened to desecrate the sacred soil of the island with their new-fangled notions. Hence, Ro or Rollo has ever been looked upon as a patron saint, and as one whose very name is to be mentioned with awe and reverence. When Douce Vardon had at length fallen to slumber, it was with a sentiment of heart-felt sorrow, unmixed, however, with surprise or alarm, that she saw the shade of Normandy's first Duke appear,

and commission her to announce to her master that, as a token of Heaven's displeasure at the impious wrath of Stephen Payne upon the birth of a daughter, the innocent child would die in infancy; and further, *that neither he, nor any one descended from him, would ever again be blessed with a daughter's love.* The duty—sacred to poor *Commère* Douce—was both difficult and distasteful for this faithful old woman to perform; and it was only when the friends and relations of the family were assembled in full conclave, at the christening of "La Malvenue," as the child was sorrowfully called, that the old midwife summoned courage enough to deliver the message from beyond the tomb.

As the respectful and humble retainer of the house, she felt, indeed, that she lacked courage for her momentous announcement; but as an ambassador of the supernatural, her voice and manner unconsciously assumed a tragic force and dignity which fully impressed her hearers with the solemnity and reality of her mission. The cloud of foreboding and sense of misfortune that overshadowed the family were deepened not long after by the death of the infant, whose involuntary coming had been the cause of the Payne curse; and it was not until some generations afterwards that this occurrence was mentioned except in whispers and in times of sorrow.

That heaven is merciful, Stephen Payne experienced in his own person; for his wife subsequently presented him with a son who was sponsored by the Duke of

York by proxy: but Stephen died somewhat a disappointed man, as the volatile Charles II. omitted him, by some strange oversight, from among that host of hungry retainers who shared the monarch's good fortune at the Restoration.

Six generations of the descendants of Colonel Stephen Payne have come and gone since the period of this "ower true tale," *but they never yet have had a daughter born to them.* So strongly is the immutability of this decree felt, even now, by the family, that a scion of it, still under his first *lustrum*, was actually named six months before his birth! To the reader, however, shall be left the point whether the veritable incidents of this narration are to be accounted for by an hypothesis less romantic than the "midwife's curse;" or whether, leaving elucidation aside as impossible, one must simply add it as another incident to the many which have preceded it, in proving that, indeed, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

The Forester's Daughter.

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless treasures, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray."

Mrs. Hemans.

WHEN it was objected to Madame du Deffand, that man's sorrow came to him through woman's instrumentality, she asked in reply, "If woman brought grief to man, has she not devoted her whole existence to him, that she may repair the wrong?" She has. Poverty and shame have not separated her from him. In his sickness, she is his ministering angel. She has tracked his footsteps to the battle-field. She has shared with him the dungeon. She has stood by his gibbet. Leal-hearted and loving, she has demonstrated that no place is too squalid, no situation too painful, if

only she can show herself to be the helpmeet for him that her and his Creator designed her to be.

I have had lately narrated to me a tale of the affections, of so touching a character, that I shall give it some record in these pages. The friend from whose lips I write it down, was personally acquainted with a chief actor in it, and had submitted to him documentary evidence of the matter on which the story is hinged. He assures me of the authenticity of its minutest details, and sums up all by saying, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

Among the old Celtic families of the South of Ireland, that yet flourish as gentry, is that of R——, once a "nation," or independent sept, and using then the accustomed tribal prefix of "O'," *i.e.*, "Ui," or *nepotes*. From remotest records, its members have exhibited certain leading characteristics. Seldom, if ever, appears the name in the lists of great warriors; but the native annalists have numerous records of their piety as ecclesiastics, of their skill as lecches, of their eminence as poets, of their faithfulness as historians. In short, averse from war, they constantly devoted themselves to the refined accomplishments and gentle avocations that can be only followed in peace. Nor have they lost their reward. Attainder and confiscation seldom crossed their path. Cromwell's iron rule stripped them of their property; but, on the restoration of the monarchy, they established their non-participation in the dark deeds of 1641, and obtained

decrees of their "innocence," with right of recovery of estates—which deeds were enrolled in Dublin, 11 June, 1663.

A century ago, and my story opens. The family tree, that had bravely battled with the storms of ages, had put forth at this time numerous healthy branches. Of these, some had lifted themselves aloft in eminence; some were extending themselves in mediocre uniformity; and some were drooping lowly to the earth. Different houses, in various degrees of cousinship, were to be found in the two shires of Cork and Waterford. The heads of these in some instances occupied good country seats, and filled all offices to which Catholics were then eligible; and in others were located in the towns, where they employed themselves in trade and commerce. A free unaffected intercourse subsisted between them all. The lines marking out the several grades of the community were less sharply drawn then than now; and the *mode* of society was not so artificial in those days as in the nineteenth century.

In the midst of a charming district, intersected by that fairest stream, the Southern Blackwater, in an old Hall, surrounded by pleasant woods, dwelt the family of whom I have to speak. Their head had been for many years a widower; but never had he desired to replace the wife of his youth. She had left him an only son, and three girls—all of whom were approaching maturity. After his children, the most cherished member of Mr. R.'s household was his cousin and chaplain, good "Father John," as he was universally

called, who, besides his spiritual duties, was tutor of the young heir, and the sole physician, as well as lawyer, of the simple-minded peasantry of the district. Like other ecclesiastics of his day, this gentleman had been educated abroad. He had studied at Douay, and graduated at Salamanca. His learning was extensive. He had seen much of the world; and he spoke several continental languages with ease and fluency. If Father John had a weakness, it was to be found in his devoted attachment to his pupil. Childless necessarily himself, he poured out upon young Maurice R. the full tide of his affection; and, when years swiftly came and went, and the boy grew into the youth, and the youth ripened into the man, personal regard was heightened by feelings of family pride. In the tall stalwart figure, in the firm elastic tread, in the bright happy temperament, in the clear ringing voice were presages of good—evidences of non-degeneracy in the old race—and high hopes for the future, when his own place would know him no more, and his cousin too would be laid with his fathers.

The young man attained his majority, and his natal day had accustomed celebration by those most interested in it. For a fortnight there was open house. Hospitalities, always profuse, grew into almost unlimited dimensions. On the day itself, there was given a ball for the local gentry; while, evening after evening, a huge barn was opened for the amusements of the tenantry. The first dance in the barn was honoured by the presence of young Maurice, who took for his

partner the forester's daughter, fair Aileen Kennedy. A month before, by the unanimous choice of her comates, Aileen had been crowned Queen of the May; and who so fitting on this joyous occasion to share in the merry ring, even with "the young master" himself, as Aileen? If she were envied by some of her sex, she was rejoiced in by more, who felt as she was honoured that they were honoured themselves. The dance was done; and Maurice led his rustic partner to a seat, placing himself by her side. New strange feelings possessed him. Half dizzy with the mazes he had trode, he was thrilled with pleasurable sensations such as he had never until now experienced. Beauty was beaming upon him. He felt himself spell-bound by its influence. Disparity of rank was seemingly annihilated; and, had he world upon world in his gift, he would have placed them at Aileen's feet, if only he could gain her affection. He rose to leave, that the dancers might have unconstrained liberty and enjoyment for the evening; but the pressure of his hand in parting, and the glance of his earnest eyes, told his secret to Aileen; and the child of nature only too truly reciprocated his feelings.

Little sleep had Aileen that night, and even less slumber visited young Maurice's couch, and, with wearied eyelids and fevered brow, he greeted the coming of daylight, to quit his perturbed chamber. The morning's breezy freshness soothed his brow, as, quitting the Hall, he crossed some meadows dripping in the night-dew, and sought the river's side for a solitary

stroll. He had now time for sobered thought. The garish lights of the evening were extinguished. Its occurrences resembled the scenes of a melodrama, and the part he had taken in them was ignoble. Naught said or done was wrong; but it was all unworthy of him. A peasant girl! What at any time could she be to him? A wife? It was impossible. His mistress? He felt insulted by the thought. He was depressed and humiliated. It was an illusion, that would vanish in the daylight; but all the while stood by his side a Phantom, with eyes of unfathomable tenderness —with waving ringlets, that bound him in silken fetters—with clinging touch, that forbade his disenthralment. Whither he went, the Presence followed him, and where'er he gazed, it filled his vision. The youth could no longer cheat himself. He was madly, wildly in love.

Laugh as we may at the little god, it is the universal law to bow before his sovereignty. "Whoever you be," wrote the epigrammatist on his statue, "behold your Master! Either he is, or he was, or he is yet to be." And so with young Maurice, before whom woman had first burst in her loveliness, he could see in the universe but one shape, could hear but one voice. Aileen, he felt, had become to him all, and in all.

In boyhood's troubles, in his youth's few perplexities, Father John had always been to his young pupil guide, counsellor, and friend. Maurice fancied, or found, in his own father something of sternness that repelled his confidence, while his gentle preceptor had opened to

him a heart that beat sympathetically with his own. To him, to his kind teacher, he would make his confession; he would ask his direction; he would commit to him his perplexity. That Aileen should be his wife was his desire. Would the good priest listen to his pleading for her? Would he seal their irrevocable vows? Might they hear from his lips the matrimonial blessing?

* * * * * * *

In the quaint, quiet room, endeared to him by gentle memories of his childhood's teaching, and consecrated by the higher emotions of religious impressions—for it served as Father John's private oratory—young Maurice artlessly confessed his attachment for Aileen. It was the same old story—as old as the creation—as beautiful to-day as then, for, in all its freshness, it is just now fascinating some son and daughter of Adam's race, and as enduring as man's existence, for the world to its end will witness the marrying and giving in marriage. It was the same old story of love, and truth, and devotedness; and, with kindling eye, the youth avowed his passion. With Aileen he desired to live, and for Aileen he was ready to die.

I need not enlarge on Father John's astonishment at this intelligence. Amazement for some time enchained him in silence. He was growing into age, and was becoming feeble. Tears traced their way down his furrowed cheek. Sobbing shook him with almost convulsive energy. A piteous cry brought his young

kinsman to his side, that he might support him, and; as Maurice drew near, he clasped him to his heart, wildly saying, "My child! my child!" And then, by every argument that reason could suggest, by every appeal that affection could make, by every expostulation that sobriety could set forth, he besought young Maurice to remember his family and himself, and not to stoop to such an alliance. For himself, his line of conduct was plain. He could not promise them the Church's sanction, nor would he have aught to do with the matter.

They parted, grieved and disappointed with each other. For the first time Maurice deemed his teacher impassive and cold. Perhaps, had the old man possessed more tact, if not guile, had he entered more fully into the youth's feelings, and placed himself more in the lover's position, he might have prevailed. Had he laid less stress on pedigree, and admitted more largely the weakness of man in the presence of Beauty, he might have made an impression. Maurice went away hurt, angry, and resolute.

Father John spent the remainder of the day alone. Indisposition was pleaded, not without good reason, and he was in this way secured from interruption of his meditations. Some minds are more impressible than others, but strong affection can warp the sternest judgment, and cause the sturdiest purpose to vacillate. Shapes and forms of things seem to change, though, in truth, it is the beholder who is changed himself. Impossibilities become possibilities before him. Possibili-

ties grow into probabilities. Probabilities appear to be things ripe for accomplishment. At last the dreamer admits the desirability of what he had hitherto denied, and eventually finds himself an active instrument in accomplishing things he had repeatedly and in all sincerity declared to be chimerical.

Thus the aged ecclesiastic, who was unconsciously blinded by his affection for Maurice, began to look favourably upon the matter that so wholly absorbed him. It was marriage. This was right, though it might not be expedient. It would be the young man's safeguard. Maurice, confessedly, was sorely tempted. What folly it was, the priest now saw, to attempt to shake his purpose by cold reasonings. He would argue with him no longer; but he would plead with him tenderly, and endeavour to melt him by love. In this he might fail, and then—what then? He could not tell. Yet, if he looked within, the whisperings of his own heart could have given the old man a reply, and the response was no other than this—that, if Maurice persisted in his choice, he must be gratified. Opposition was vain; it might be even sinful.

* * * * * *

They were married. In the old private chapel of his family, before the altar hallowed by his first religious emotions, and with Father John as celebrant, Maurice took Aileen for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. No eye, save that of the All-Seeing, looked down upon the ceremony. So they wished, and the

priest consented that so it should be. An oath of secrecy for the lives of all three, and for the life of the last survivor, was at the same time taken. Ah! could they have foreseen what was to follow, the young couple would have shrunk from binding on their souls this latter obligation.

To a cottage-home, that he had furnished and prepared for her, Maurice conveyed his beauteous bride. His visits to her were lengthy and frequent. Ostensibly, his father's house was still his home, but his heart was no longer within its walls. Fishing and field-sports were excuses for absence, and Aileen's cottage, that had served in other days for a shooting-box, became almost wholly his residence. Its attraction for him could not escape observation. His father knew of it, but did not seem to notice it. His sisters had heard strange rumours, but were tongue-tied for delicacy.

Aileen's parents were heart-sore for their child's fall, as they deemed it, and were perplexed when they saw no upbraiding of her conscience. Her former companions mostly passed her in silence. Two or three, that had been her rivals in external charms, enjoyed a malicious triumph over her—pouting the lip, or exchanging significant looks in her presence. But she bore it tranquilly and with patience. She knew all was well in God's sight, and her bright home, graced with her husband's presence, almost seemed a paradise. If aught was needed to complete her bliss, she did not lack it long. A fair boy was in due time

pressed to her bosom, and the young wife's cup of happiness, already full, was now overflowing.

The first shadow that darkened her pathway was the death of Father John. Never robust, his constitution had been for a lengthened period giving way. Aileen was his sick-nurse, and people wondered that reproach or remonstrance with her at no time crossed his lips. He greeted her always with a smile; he gave her with his dying lips a blessing. Tranquilly the good old man passed away, while the multitudes that came trooping from every quarter to his funeral, testified to the way in which he had been beloved by his flock.

Five years of wedded life—each bright and sunny, like a summer's day—had swiftly sped, when a cloud, at first small as a man's hand, but speedily darkening and distending, appeared in Aileen's horizon. Her husband had been paying his customary visit to his own old home, and he returned to the cottage chafed and excited. He told her that words of anger had passed between himself and his father. The latter had complained of increased solitariness since Father John's decease; had reproached his son for his desertion of him, and had commanded him not to leave the family mansion without permission. Maurice had made hot replies; and a fearful altercation had ensued. And now he had left home—for ever, and, let the old man do as he liked, he should not see his face again.

Who was she that, with pale face and frightened look, fled to Maurice, that she might place her hand across his mouth, and stifle his imprecations on the author of his

being? Who, but Aileen? Then she knelt at his knee, and, with tears dripping their clasped hands, besought him, by every endearing epithet of her native tongue, to be gentle and calm, to cease from wrath, to discontinue such sinful expressions. She knew not then, though she learned it soon, that she was herself at the root of the matter, and that vile, degrading titles given to her by his father, had nearly incited Maurice to smite him down to the earth. She knew it not, and, in her guileless simplicity, she spoke to her husband of his filial duty. She even entreated him to come less frequently to the cottage, and to remain with her for briefer periods, in order that his father might receive from him companionship and comfort. Could she have foreseen how fatally for herself her prayer would be heard, she would perhaps have put it up with less passionate pleading.

* * * * * *

The father and son were reconciled; and, as Aileen desired, Maurice's sojournings in his olden home were lengthened; while his visits to herself grew proportionately fewer and farther between. She bore the change with a brave heart; though, like Mariana in the moated grange, she felt often "a-weary, a-weary," and, but for her child's sake, might have "wished" herself "dead." Her isolation was complete. If Maurice had given up aught for her, she had sacrificed everything to him. Her parents had now disowned her; her girlish friends had deserted her. Her public repu-

tation was gone. Times there were, when she asked herself—What was to be if Maurice changed—if he tired of her—if he left her? and her brain grew dizzy with the fearful speculation. He came to her but seldom, and seemed restless and unsettled when he did. He showed himself impatient with her, and imperious. He was discontented with the homely fare of the cottage. Even his little boy had fewer caresses, and was pushed aside as a torment by the irritable man. Maurice was unlike himself. He admitted it, in quieter moods, and he blamed his father. The old man had resumed his fault-findings, he said. He had told him that he was now between twenty-six and twenty-seven years of age—that it were time he settled in life—that he wished him to marry—that the family estate had heavy charges on it for his sisters—that a well-dowered wife would bring with her the means of clearing off these encumbrances—that he had in his mind such a partner for him—that it was only to ask and have; for the lady's friends had been sounded about the business, and the lady herself was prepared for his advances. And the reckless young man summed up with the miserable confession, "That he knew not what to do, for that there would be no peace for him, unless he consented to his father's arrangements."

. . . "*Knew not what to do?*" Had she heard the words aright? Was her husband the speaker? Where was she? What were they doing to her; or, what ailed her? She was sick. Her head swam; and she fell heavily to the ground.

When she awoke to consciousness, she was lying in bed; and through a half-opened lead-light window, came in trailing arms of honeysuckle, with which were intermingled some half-blown roses, diffusing pleasant odours around. The room was very quiet; and by the bed-side, in an elbow-chair, sate a grey-haired gentleman, who was regarding her, as she at once perceived, with compassionate looks. He rose from the chair, approached her, gazed earnestly into her face, asked her a few brief questions about herself, slightly touched her wrist for her pulse; and, with a satisfied look, slipped out of the room. There was then oblivion again, for she had dozed; and when she awoke, the old physician was gone, and in the chair sate her own husband. He looked haggard and care-worn. He was unshaven. His eyelids were swollen, as with weeping or night-watching. His clothes were confusedly put on. And then she guessed that she had been ill; and she had a broken consciousness that something dreadful had happened; and she felt as if a mountain of woe was pressing her down. But what was its nature, or whence it came, or how long it had lain upon her, she could not tell.

It could not be *that* sorrow—the terrible thing, that had made her to shudder and reel, and fall: for Maurice, her idol, had not gone away. He would not—he could not—leave her! And when he came, and knelt by her, and asked forgiveness; she, who was too weak to speak, could but draw his hand to her and kiss it. Then, she timidly looked up to his face, and saw that

he was ill and wretched, and in his unhappiness she forgot her own. She tried to whisper her joy to him; but the accents died on her lips. But she laid his hand upon her heart, and pressed it to that seat of the affection; and smiled sweetly, though sadly. And she motioned him to arise, and sit near her bed; and holding his hand in hers, and softly repeating to herself his name, she dropped asleep.

It had been a struggle—a weary and tedious struggle—between life and death with Aileen; but young life had prevailed, and the years of her pilgrimage were to be lengthened. Her fever was gone. It left her prostrate; and never before—not even when her baby was born—had she debility so extreme. But her dreams were pleasant, as she slumbered; and her heart grew lightsome. She wandered with Maurice through lovely woodlands, where wild flowers made their path odorous; or she stood with him on the margin of their bright river, and listened to the melodious voice of its many waters; or she sate near him, by the winter's fire, in their happy cottage, while their little boy delighted them with his childish gambols. Sleep descended, with healing dew, on her exhausted mind and body; and the half-withered flower began again to put on its lustre and freshness.

Vigour returned, at first slowly and fitfully—then steadily and with an almost sudden rapidity; and seldom, in her convalescence, did her husband quit her side. And, when she was allowed to go abroad, his arm awaited her; and the dreams of her sick-chamber

became realities, as through glen and brae she walked with Maurice. But summonses from his father, too long disregarded, became angry and impetuous in their tone. Maurice's longer absence from home could not be tolerated. His return was commanded. He must leave her for a while. But one week—that would soon roll over—should elapse, and Aileen should have him with her again, and for continuance.

With forebodings of evil, that she dared not scan for their terror, she consented to his departure. She watched him from the cottage-door, until a descent hid him from view; and then she climbed an eminence, from which she might have a glimpse of his lessening form. And, when she could not deceive herself longer, but confessed that the little speck in the distance had wholly disappeared, she turned her within doors to her child, and—placing him by her—she tried to realise her true position:—

Maurice was gone to his father's; and home influences, that had already shaken his attachment to her, would now in their fulness be brought upon him. . . . What were those words he said to her, the day she was taken sick? "*He knew not what to do.*" . . . But his love had revived, and the roughness of his manner to her had disappeared; and she thought she could trust him. . . . Yet again, would he not be guided by his father? A fine lady was promised him, with rank and rich relations: and what was Aileen but an unlearned country girl? She was not his equal. Would he not wish to take his true position, and

rightly represent his ancient family? . . . But, surely, their marriage gave him to her; and no one else could be his wife. . . . What would happen, if he denied it altogether? Father John was dead; and she had no witnesses to prove the marriage. . . . Was it a lawful and binding ceremony? Could she speak about it? Had she not taken an oath of inviolable secrecy? She must be silent—silent, even in her own vindication—silent unto the grave! . . .

Musing in this fashion, she wore away the day; and the shades of evening surprised her, still perplexing herself with dire self-questionings. She was in a labyrinth of doubt and dread; and the greater were her efforts to emerge from it, the farther she was drawn into its inextricable recesses.

The week was at last over, and the day of Maurice's arrival—wearily waited for—arrived. Aileen was astir early; and she dressed her boy in his best apparel, and made her little home assume a gala look; but her husband came not. The day passed into evening, and the evening into night, and the night changed to morning, and the watcher sate out the stars; but Maurice made no appearance. When mid-day again came, she could tarry no longer within doors. Gathering courage from her alarm, she crossed some fields to the steward's homestead, and there made enquiries. The news was astounding. The family had left the hall, and would be absent for a lengthened period. Mr. R.'s health was not good; and the steward under-

stood that he was proceeding to the south of France for that reason. The young master and the ladies had gone with him. He could not tell whether Mr. Maurice went willingly or unwillingly. He had left no messages for her. The old master had been talking very angrily about her. She would not be allowed to remain much longer at the cottage, he feared; but he had no instructions about her, and until they came, she could stay where she was. It was quite true that Mr. Maurice was about to marry. It would be, when the family came home from abroad. His father had pressed it on him, and he had promised to meet his wishes. He knew nothing himself about the lady—not even her name; but she was a particular friend of the young ladies at the great house. He pitied Aileen, he said, and would show her and the child any kindness in his power. But he could not do much.

* * * * *

Six months passed over; and then, the old seat of the R. family was a scene of brilliant rejoicing. The heir of the house brought home his blooming bride. On the lawn, in front of the mansion, the assembled tenantry enthusiastically welcomed the newly-married couple. Tables were spread in a vast pavilion. Viands were plentifully supplied. Toasts were proposed, and healths were drunk. Fireworks were sent up when the night grew dark; and an immense bonfire, kindled on the crest of a neighbouring mountain, gave it the *vrai semblant* of a volcano. In the neighbouring town, in a humble lodging, sate poor Aileen, that same

evening—with no company, save her child's. She was very pale, and worn almost to a shadow; but she was calm and collected, though conscious of what was going on at the Hall. Her child was left to her, and that was a mercy! His education, too, was to be provided for; and, when he was old enough to choose, whatever profession or business he liked was to be his. A monthly allowance, sufficient for their simple wants, was promised; and the sole accompanying condition was to the effect, that she was never to "molest" the young couple. "*Molest!*" She did not comprehend its meaning; and, when the word was explained to her, she drew herself up with native dignity, and, with flashing eyes, protested against the implied degradation.

And so she lived on, in uncomplaining solitude; for, with her, the bitterness of death was past. Her neighbours, won by her meek and modest demeanour, daily showed her all the little acts of kindness that poor folks are constantly doing for each other. Her boy's affection grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Too young at first to comprehend the nature of her trial, he learned of it from others as a circumstance casting a shadow on her name and on his own. The only effect of such knowledge was the settled resolution, that the son should, for his life-time, devote himself to redressing the wrongs inflicted by the father—that he would toil for the injured one—that he would try to have a home for her—that no changes of life should separate them. Circumstances shaped his choice of a profession; and he decided, in

due time, on studying medicine and surgery. Funds were not wanting for his proceeding to Edinburgh and Paris; and in both cities his diplomas were given him, with high commendation. He established himself in the town where had passed his childhood. He got into remunerative practice. He married, and became the father of a family. Never faltered he, from first to last, in filial duty. His youngest child could not obey him more implicitly, than did he endeavour to meet his mother's every wish and want.

Aileen lived on—to middle life—to hoar hairs—to three-score years and ten—to four-score years: nor did aught occur to disturb her life's calm and even tenour. She had, indeed, one day of great weeping. It was the day when tidings reached her of Maurice's death. She observed it as a day of fasting and prayer; and she spent it, and its successive anniversaries, in complete seclusion. A blight was ever upon him, and upon all that he did. He transmitted to a son an impaired fortune; and the extravagant courses of the youth completed the family's downfall. Estates, that had survived Cromwellian and Williamite confiscation, were brought to the hammer, and passed into the possession of strangers, under a recent Act of legislation.

Aileen witnessed all this, and, perhaps, in her little retirement, felt thankful that she was no lady of high degree. With advancing years, sight and hearing began to fail, while her other faculties were continued to her in fullest preservation. Several times, when her departure seemed to be at hand, she essayed to un-

burden her mind about a weighty matter to her son. She would call him to her, and tell him she had some announcement to make. But words would fail, and she could only say that she must speak to him afterwards about it. He learned to look upon it as the babbling of senility, and was confirmed in this impression when the matter resolved itself into this, That he would hear good tidings at her death; for that then, and not before, he would find an inestimable jewel suspended from her neck.

He had left her asleep one day, when he went about his professional avocations, and, on his return, he observed his common practice of going to her chamber to know how she had passed the intervening time. She was yet asleep, when, on tip-toe treading, he reached her side; but when he stooped over her, his trained ear could detect no breathing. Hastening to the window, he cast open the shutters, and, as the sunlight fell upon that placid face, he saw that it was the sleep that, in this world, knows no waking. Only dust and ashes were before him! Aileen's emancipated spirit had winged its way to a better land, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

In her right hand, as though she clasped it for him, was a small silk bag, and, as he released it from the stiffening pressure, he perceived that it hung from his mother's neck by a narrow riband. He took the little bag to the window, and, opening it, found within a small strip of faded parchment, bearing half a dozen

lines of Latin. How his heart beat quicker, as he deciphered the cramped characters, and took in their import! All was cleared up now. The jewel his mother had promised him was her marriage certificate, and the good tidings were no other than that he was the legitimate heir and representative of the ancient R—— family.

[The friend from whom I have derived the foregoing pathetic story, has supplied me with a leaf from his Diary, which I subjoin, as supplying some further information.]

"1861, July 17.—Doctor R—— called to day—a tall, portly gentleman of the old school, with somewhat Frenchified manners. When he was announced, I was at first surprised, because he does not attend us professionally, and my acquaintance with him is of a slight character. He was 'induced,' he was pleased to say, 'to wait upon me, because of my antiquarian and genealogical tastes.' His object was to tell me something about himself and his family, and to submit to my inspection a document that had recently, and in a romantic manner, come into his possession. It was a slip of vellum, about nine inches by three, carefully kept, but with the inscribed characters much faded. I could make out, however, that it was a marriage certificate, dated about the beginning of the present century. It was written in Latin, and testified that '*Johannes R——, presbyter licet indignus,*' had united in holy matrimony, according to the rites and cere-

monies of the Catholic Church, '*Mauritium R——, generosum, et Elenam, vulgo Aileen, Kennedy, virginem,*' and that he now granted this certificate, that the thing might be kept in perpetual commemoration. The parties, Doctor R—— assured me, were his parents. I had until now considered him to be the illegitimate son of the late Mr. R——, of ——, a property that the other day passed from its ancient owners, in the Encumbered Estates Court. This document establishes his legitimacy, and proves him to be rightful heir of large estates in the county of ——; but, so far as the property, it comes too late, and he must pursue his course as a medical practitioner."

Memories of the Vice Regal Court.

NEVER was there Court more brilliant than the Vice Regal Court of Ireland. The very mention of it evokes memories of the noblest and fairest of the land—of "Silken Thomas," Essex, Strafford, Ormonde, Chesterfield, Rutland, and Townshend; of "The Fair Geraldine," of whom Surrey sang; of Fanny Jenyns, Duchess of Tyrconnel, once "the loveliest coquette in the brilliant Whitehall of the Restoration;" of Miss Ambrose, the "Dangerous Papist;" and of the sisters Gunning, eventually "Countessed and Double-Duchessed," as Horace Walpole says.*

* In a letter to Sir Horace Mann, dated 15th June, 1751, Horace Walpole thus describes these famous Irish belles:—"The two Miss Gunnings, and a late extravagant dinner at White's, are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers (Newcastle and Pelham), and Lord Granville. These are two young Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the hand-

The old dames of the last generation used to love to gossip of the surpassing gaieties of Dublin in its halcyon days; of its streets so full of fashion and bustle; of its grand mansions, with Ireland's nobility resident in them; and of society sparkling and intellectual; but those recollections, lacking a chronicler, have well nigh faded away. Little of certainty can now be gleaned of the Court of Dublin in the time of Ormonde, and

somest women alive. I think there being two, so handsome and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence: for, singly, I have seen much handsomer women than either; however, they can't walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away."

Many years after, Horace Walpole, in a letter to Miss Berry, dated from Strawberry Hill, asserts that "The two beautiful sisters (Gunning) were going on the stage, when they were at once exalted almost as high as they could be, were Countessed and Double-Duchessed." And Cunningham, in his "Memoirs of George III.," repeats the statement. "It is remarkable," says Cunningham, "that the Duchess of Hamilton, and her sister, Lady Coventry, had been originally so poor, that they had thought of being actresses; and when they were presented to the Earl of Harrington, the Lord Lieutenant, at the Castle of Dublin, Mrs. Woffington, the actress, lent clothes to them."

This may be true; the improvidence of Irish country gentlemen at that time was proverbial, and the Gunnings seem to have been as extravagant as their neighbours. There is no doubt, however, that their father, John Gunning, Esq., of Castlecoote, in the county of Roscommon, and of Hemingford Grey, Huntingdonshire, was of ancient descent and high county position, and that their mother, the Hon. Bridget Bourke, was daughter of the Lord Bourke, of Mayo. Their presentation at Court was not long after that of Miss Ambrose. Lord Harrington was the successor of Lord Chesterfield in the Viceroyalty of Ireland.

what scanty information we possess concerning the courtly doings of a later period—even of the days of the two Stanhopes, Chesterfield and Harrington—is given in high-flown description, such as this:

"Nothing in the memory of the oldest courtier living," (I am quoting the words of Mr. Victor, who attended Court on the Birthnight, 30th October, 1748), "ever equalled the taste and splendour of the supper-room at the Castle on that occasion. The ball was in the new room designed by Lord Chesterfield, (now St. Patrick's Hall), which is allowed to be very magnificent. After the dancing was over, the company retired to a long gallery, where, as you passed slowly through, you stopped by the way at shops elegantly formed, where was cold eating and all sorts of wines and sweetmeats, and the whole most beautifully disposed by transparent paintings, through which a shade was cast like moonlight. Flutes and other soft instruments were playing all the while, but, like the candles, unseen. At each end of the long building were placed fountains of lavender-water constantly playing, that diffused a most grateful odour through this amazing fairy scene, which certainly surpassed everything of the kind in Spenser, as it proved not only a fine feast for the imagination, but, after the dream, for the senses also, by the excellent substantials at the sideboards."

Luckily there still remains among the records in the Tower of Dublin Castle, a curious manuscript, giving "the Forms of the Court of Dublin," and explaining the ceremonies of Vice Regal Receptions, State Balls,

and State Dinners, a long while ago. It appears to be about a hundred and fifty years old, and it describes graphically the exact inner life of Dublin Castle in the days of the early Georges. The reader cannot fail to smile at the combination of regal pomp with frugal homeliness, and at the singularity of some of the old-fashioned customs of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers.

Times are indeed changed. The Battleaxe Guards and the Candles so sparingly lighted are gone: The "Basset Table" for the "Lady Lieutenant" at Drawing Rooms is a thing of the past: the Toast of the "Glorious Memory," given by the Lord Lieutenant, on State occasions, and drunk to the accompaniment of "Lillibullero," has dropped away, and so has the custom, after a Vice Regal Banquet, of "the Women and Girls" being allowed to scramble "for the sweetmeats." All these customs are seriously chronicled, and authoritatively enjoined in this "Book of Forms," which was considered and handed down as the *lex loci*.

One or two hundred years since, as this quaint MS. proves, a Vice-Regal Levee was pretty much the same as a levee of the present day—only it was generally held on a Sunday; but DRAWING ROOMS and PRIVATE VICE REGAL BALLS were essentially different from those of the Duke of Abercorn or Earl Spencer, and were very characteristic of the times. The hour of the ladies assembling was somewhat earlier than now. "At half an hour after six o'clock," says the Vice Regal Record, "a few candles are to be lighted

up in the Presence Chamber, Privy Chamber and Drawing Room, the remainder of the candles to be lighted up when the grooms find the ladies coming.

"The Gentleman Usher to the Lady Lieutenant to be in waiting before seven of the clock, and to see that the Rooms be in proper order, and to take a list of the Ladies who are to be presented; which he is to show to the Lord and Lady Lieutenant, before they go into the Drawing Rooms. At eight o'clock the Lady Lieutenant goes into the Drawing Room, handed by her Gentleman Usher, her train supported by her Pages. When the ladies have been presented, her Gentleman Usher acquaints the Lord Lieutenant of it; who goes to the Drawing Room, attended by all his Family, (*i.e.*, Household,) and they draw up at each side of the Drawing Room door, and the Lord Lieutenant goes into the Drawing Room, and is presented to the Ladies. After which the Lady Lieutenant plays at Cards, and her Pages stand behind her chair until she retires. The Gentlemen in Waiting on the Lord Lieutenant are dismissed their attendance, except the aide-de-camp, who keeps near him during his continuance in the Rooms."

This was the Drawing Room etiquette when Chesterfield was Vice-Roy and Miss Ambrose the beauty of his Court; when Harrington represented George II., and the Gunnings reigned supreme.

Presentation was absolutely necessary: "it is very improper," says the MS., "that either ladies or gentlemen should dance before they have been presented,"

and the Drawing Room was then as now the "open sesame" to Vice Regal gaieties. The old MS. describes, with minute detail, the programme of the Private Balls, directing that on PRIVATE BALL NIGHTS "The Battleaxe Guard Room to be lighted up at six o'clock; the Antichamber and Dining Room as soon as any company come; and to have a few candles lighted in the Ball Room. The Company are all to go up the Great Stairs, through the Guard Room.

"At half an hour after six, two Battleaxes to be posted at the great door of the Guard Room, two at the door of the Antichamber, and two at the door of the Ball Room; those at the door of the Ball Room are not to admit any gentlemen into it, until the Lord and Lady Lieutenant have got within the Cross Benches; except Lords and Gentlemen of the Family (*i.e.* Household), who are to be admitted at all times.

"Before the Ball Room is opened for ladies, four Battleaxes are to be posted, with orders not to suffer any ladies to sit on the Red Benches, but such as shall be placed there by the Lady Lieutenant, Gentleman Usher, or Gentlemen at large.

"At a quarter after seven o'clock, all the candles to be lighted up in the Ball Room.

"The Gentlemen at large to attend and hand the ladies from the Battleaxe Guard Room into the Ball Room, and place them; taking care not to let any, but ladies of quality, sit on the Red Benches.

"At eight o'clock, the Lord Lieutenant (preceded by his Pages, two Gentlemen at large, Gentlemen of the

Bed Chamber, Gentleman Usher, Aide de Camp, and Captain of the Battleaxes) goes into the Ball Room, and is immediately followed by the Lady Lieutenant, who is handed by her Gentleman Usher, and her Train supported by her Pages. As soon as they enter the Room, the Ladies stand up, the music plays, and the Battleaxes, who were placed at the Red Benches, are to retire to the Cross Benches (two in the centre and one at each end), who are not to admit any gentlemen within them but those who are called in to dance, by the Gentleman Usher: And as soon as they have danced they are to retire without the Bar.

"When the Lord and Lady Lieutenant are seated (the Gentlemen in Waiting standing on each side their chairs), the Gentleman Usher begins the Ball with the first Lady of Quality, and takes out all the Ladies within the Cross Benches who choose to dance, except the young ladies who do not wear Lappets.

"When the French dances are over, and one Country Dance danced down by the first couple, the Lord Lieutenant rises and mixes with the company, and all the attendance from his family is over; and the Lady Lieutenant goes to the Great Dining Room and plays at cards. As soon as Country Dances begin, a side board is opened, and the Battleaxes at the Cross Benches carry them to the Passage into the Ball Room.

"N.B.—No ladies are to be presented to the Lord or Lady Lieutenant on Ball Nights, except in case of illness or marriage, when they had not an opportunity of being presented at a Drawing Room."

One can easily imagine the stately formality that opened these Vice Regal festivities. Quadrille and waltz were unknown. "The French dances" were the *Minuet de la Cour* and the *Cotillon*. Then followed the old national amusement, the *Country Dance* and, no doubt, the real enjoyment of the evening. It should be remarked that in these official programmes the wife of the Vice Roy is invariably described as "the Lady Lieutenant," and I find the same words used by the Duke of Richmond in public documents, when speaking of the Duchess, down to a very recent time.

Brilliant, gay and attractive, were the festive doings of the Court of Dublin; but there is always a dark side to every picture. The ordeal, an ill-fated Vice Roy was subjected to, when he dined at Trinity College, and was no doubt ready and anxious for his dinner, appears to have been severe and trying. Again I have recourse to my Vice Regal Guide, which seems to dwell with merciless precision on the Latin speeches and the English verse.

"The Lord Lieutenant goes in his chariot, with the Aide de Camp (the Pages on the Braces), the Horse-guard, a Battleaxe Guard, a Leading Coach with the Gentleman Usher, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Master of the Horse, and a Gentleman at large: two advance Troopers go before the Leading Coach.

"When the Lord Lieutenant enters the College, he is received by a subaltern officer, one sergeant, one corporal, one drummer, and thirty private men. As soon

as he alights, he is met by the Provost, Vice Provost, and Fellows at the door leading into the Hall. At the upper end of the Hall he is addressed in a LATIN SPEECH, by one of the Senior Fellows. From thence the Lord Lieutenant goes into the Chappel, from the Chappel to the Printing House, where he is addressed by a Lord's son, in a LATIN SPEECH, from the Printing House to the Laboratory, where he is addressed in ENGLISH VERSE by a Lord's son. From the Laboratory to the National Philosophy Room, where he is addressed in a LATIN ORATION by a young gentleman. From thence to the Library, where he is addressed in a LATIN ORATION by one of the Senior Fellows. After which he is shown into a Drawing Room by the Provost and Fellows, until dinner is served up; then he walks down, with all his attendants in Form, to the Hall, where he dines at the Fellows' Table.

"The Gentlemen attending dine at a Side Table, in the Hall, with some of the Fellows.

"The Pages attend on the Lord Lieutenant all the time of dinner.

"The Lord Lieutenant returns to the Castle in the same form."

One more extract from "The Book of Vice Regal Ceremonies" must suffice: it is the form of a Grand Banquet given by the Lord Lieutenant to the Lord Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, and Sheriffs of Dublin:

"The Lord Lieutenant generally invites the city to dine with him, soon after Twelfth Day, which is done by the Gentleman Usher who sends the Lord Lieute-

nant's Footmen with cards of invitation: The day they are to dine, the Lord Mayor, &c., meet at the Tholsel; at half an hour after three o'clock they come to the Castle: The City Mace and Sword are carried before them, as far as the Presence Chamber, where they are received by the Gentleman Usher, who conducts them into the Privy Chamber. Then the Gentleman Usher acquaints the Lord Lieutenant that the Lord Mayor, &c., are come, and he goes from his chamber, attended by the Aide-de-Camp and Gentleman Usher, into the Privy Chamber, to them.

"The Steward, Comptroller, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, Gentlemen at Large, and Pages, attend in the Presence Chamber, to be ready to go before the Lord Lieutenant to Dinner. When dinner is on the table, the Steward and Comptroller, with their white staves, acquaint the Lord Lieutenant of it, who proceeds to dinner with the Aide de Camp, Steward, and Comptroller, Gentleman Usher, Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, all the Gentlemen at Large, and the Pages. The Band Music plays in the room next the Dining room during the dinner. At dinner the Lord Lieutenant drinks the Company's health by calling to his right and left hand man. When the two courses are removed, and the dessert is set on the table, the Lord Lieutenant calls for servers of wine, he being first served by one of the Pages, and all the Company having their glasses filled, the Lord Lieutenant rises, as does all the Company, and drinks 'the King,' soon after 'the Prince of Wales, the Duke, and all the

Royal Family,' next 'the Glorious Memory of King William,' and afterwards 'the 1st of July 1690,' at which toasts the music plays 'Lillibullero.' Water is called for. Then the Lord Lieutenant drinks the following Bumper Toasts, 'Prosperity to the City of Dublin,' 'Prosperity to the Linen Manufactory of Ireland,' 'Prosperity to Ireland and the Trade thereof.'

"The Lord Lieutenant then rises, Grace is said, and he takes his leave of the Lord Mayor, &c., recommending them to the care of the Steward, Comptroller, and Gentleman Usher. As soon as the Lord Lieutenant is gone; the Lord Mayor, Recorder, &c., are conducted from the dining parlour, by the Steward, Comptroller, and Gentleman Usher, into THE CELLAR, where a table is placed with glasses. The Butler fills a large glass with wine, which he gives to the Lord Mayor, who puts a piece of gold into it, and drinks 'the Lord Lieutenant's Health,' and passes it to the Recorder, and so it goes round all the company, who all put a piece of gold into it. When that is over, they return to the Dining Room and take their seats, the Lord Mayor at the head of the table, the Comptroller and Gentleman Usher at the foot. The Steward gives the first toast, by calling to the Comptroller or Gentleman Usher: so the Steward calls for every one's toast, and the company pass the evening.

"N.B. The Steward, Comptroller, Gentleman Usher, and such Gentlemen of the Lord Lieutenant's Family, as are to stay, to entertain the Lord Mayor, are to be provided with something for dinner in the Steward's

appartment at two o'clock, all the other Gentlemen attending go to the Green Cloth, when dinner is over at the Lord Lieutenant's table. If the Lord Mayor, Recorder, Aldermen, Sheriffs, &c., are not sufficient to fill the table, the Lord Lieutenant invites as many gentlemen as will fill it, who are best acquainted with the citizens."

The curious custom referred to in the foregoing programme of the Lord Lieutenant directing his Steward and Comptroller to conduct his guests to the WINE CELLAR after six toasts were given, is an illustration of the convivial habits of bygone Irish society.

This custom was of very old standing, and can be traced as far back as the time of the great Duke of Ormonde. In "the Carte papers," at Oxford, there is an amusing reference to it: "Among the remains of old English and Irish hospitality, it was a custom in Parliament time for the members to go down into the Lord Lieutenant's Cellar, where each man, with a glass in his hand, tasted what hogsheads he pleased. Some being thus drinking in the cellar, and dwelling longer on the wine than usual, sent up to the Duke of Ormonde, asking him to order them chairs, but he returned for answer, "that he could not encourage any gentleman's drinking longer than he could stand."

Singular as this custom was, it is still more singular that its abolition should have emanated from those much-libelled gentlemen, the Lord Mayor and Corporators. On the 12th Feb., 1762, the Earl of Halifax, then

Lord Lieutenant, after he had given the sixth toast, recommended, as usual, the City to the care of the Steward and Comptroller, but the Lord Mayor begged His Excellency to allow them to be excused from going to the wine cellar. The Lord Lieutenant consented, and from that time forward the practice, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," has been given up.

Such were the forms of the Castle of Dublin during the reigns of the first Georges, when grace, wit and loveliness threw their charm over the Irish Court. The fame of Irish beauty was not only celebrated at St. James's, but it reached the courts of Versailles, Vienna, and Madrid. Beauty is, however, proverbially evanescent, and evanescent too its celebrity. Of all the belles who adorned the salons of Ormonde, Chesterfield, and Rutland, there is scarcely a memory left. There was no Grammont, or Pepys, or Horace Walpole to immortalize them, no gossiping pen to tell of the heroes and heroines of Dublin Castle, and to interest all the world in them.

But there is one remarkable exception: ELEANOR AMBROSE, "the Dangerous Papist," is still a popular personage: possibly her being of the old faith, and of an old Catholic race, made the people feel a peculiar pride in her courtly triumphs.*

* The great-grandfather of Miss Ambrose was JOHN AMBROSE, Esq., of the Castle of Anock Ambrose, co. Kerry. He married Honor, daughter of O'Connor Falie, and was father of WILLIAM AMBROSE, Esq., of Westruee Eves, otherwise Ambrose

Of exquisite face and form, of delicacy of feeling, and of captivating address, she occupied the throne of beauty at the brief and brilliant court of Lord Chesterfield. The daughter and co-heiress of a Catholic gentleman of good family, Miss Ambrose inherited a considerable fortune and was connected with the leading Catholic aristocracy. At that time, when the door to professional advancement was closed against members of the old faith, the cadets even of the chief Catholic houses had to fight the battle of life as best they could. Michael Ambrose, Miss Ambrose's father, a younger son of the old stock of Ambrose, of Ambrose Hall, took to commercial pursuits and gained wealth as a Brewer in Dublin, while his elder brother, William Ambrose, continued to reside at the family seat, Ambrose Hall.

Mr. Michael Ambrose died comparatively young, and his two daughters were left to the care of their mother,

---

Hall, co. Dublin. He married Clare, daughter of Robert Deey, Esq., of Ardee, and left two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, William Ambrose, Esq., of Ambrose Hall, whose will bears date Nov. 4, 1731, married Bridget, daughter of Sir Gerald Aylmer, Bart., and had a son, Admiral John Ambrose, and other issue. The second son was Michael Ambrose, of Dublin, Brewer, who married Eleanor, daughter of Richard Archbold, Esq., of Eadestown, and left two daughters, Clare, married to O'Neill Segrave, Esq., of Cabra; and Eleanor, "the dangerous Papist," married 1752, to Roger Palmer, Esq. Catherine, the elder sister of Michael Ambrose, married Richard O'Ferrall, Esq., of Ballinree, and was grandmother of Ambrose O'Ferrall, Esq., of Ballina, co. Kildare, and of Major General James O'Ferrall (Chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria), who assumed by royal licence in 1811, the surname and arms of Ambrose.

originally a Miss Archbold, of Eadestown, a Catholic lady of high connection. Miss Eleanor Ambrose, at the time Lord Chesterfield came to Ireland, was about five or six and twenty, in the full bloom of beauty and height of fashion. The courtier-Earl was instantly charmed, as much by her appearance as by the fascination of her manners.

Before he accepted the vice-royalty, he had been warned of the perils he was likely to encounter from the disturbed state of the country and the machinations of the Catholic party. But shortly after his arrival, he wrote home that Miss Ambrose was "the only dangerous Papist" he had met with. Thence originated the sobriquet that has ever since been identified with the lady. Many were the graceful speeches of Chesterfield to this matchless beauty of his court. There was a custom among the Court Ladies on the 1st July, to wear, in commemoration of the battle of the Boyne, orange lilies at the Castle. At one of the anniversaries Lord Chesterfield, observing that Miss Ambrose wore a like favour, addressed her in these extemporary lines—

"Say, lovely Traitress, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
When that same breast uncover'd shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose?"

There is, however, another version of this impromptu. Mr. O'Callaghan, in his "History of the Irish Brigades," relates that, early in the present century, his father, who resided in Upper Gloucester

Street, Dublin, had for neighbours two old maiden ladies, named Archbold. They were first cousins of Miss Ambrose, and by them Mr. O'Callaghan's mother was introduced to "the dangerous Papist," then far advanced in years. On the authority of these old ladies, Mr. O'Callaghan quotes Lord Chesterfield's lines thus:—

"Tell me, Ambrose, where's the jest
Of wearing orange on thy breast,
When, underneath, that bosom shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose."

Another of Chesterfield's compliments has been handed down. A delegation from Drogheda came to the Castle, to present to the Lord Lieutenant the freedom of their Corporation in a gold casket. Miss Ambrose, happening to be present, and admiring the exquisite workmanship of the offering, laughingly asked his Excellency to give it to her:—"Madam," replied Chesterfield, "you have too much of my freedom already."

Numerous suitors came to Miss Ambrose, noble as well as gentle: coronets were within her reach, and riches at her feet. But from her train of lovers, she at last selected a county Mayo gentleman of large fortune, Mr. Roger Palmer, of Castle Lacken, M.P. for Portarlington. The marriage took place in 1752, and was thus announced in one of the Dublin papers:—

"The celebrated Miss Ambrose, of this kingdom, has, to the much-envied happiness of *one* and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the temple

of Hymen. Her husband is Roger Palmer, Esq., of Castle Lacken, Co. Mayo, M.P."

The remaining portion of the life of "the dangerous Papist" has no peculiar or general interest. She adorned the circle in which she moved; was always admired for the graces of her person and mind; became Lady Palmer on her husband's elevation to a baronetcy in 1777; and died, universally esteemed, 10th February, 1818, at the advanced age of ninety-eight. Her long, very long life embraced the most eventful period of the world's history. It began when Queen Anne was only six years dead, and it lasted to the year before Queen Victoria was born. In her infancy, the Duke of Marlborough died; and in her old age, the Duke of Wellington was resting on the laurels of Waterloo. Sir Robert Walpole, Voltaire, Chatham, Burke, Fox, Grattan, Goldsmith, Johnson, Canning, Peel, and O'Connell were among her contemporaries. She was in her teens when Pope was writing his "Moral Essays," and she lived to know personally Byron and Moore. Chesterfield died nearly half a century before her, and she survived to see twenty-seven Viceroys after him, holding their state in the Castle of Dublin. The fair faces that had been eclipsed by her surpassing loveliness, the gallant beaux that had fluttered around her—all had long gone to their last home; and three generations of their descendants had passed through the Vice regal Drawing-rooms. In her extreme old age, Shiel paid her a visit, and has left so sparkling a description of "the dangerous Papist,"

in the last year of her life, that I cannot resist giving it, as a suitable conclusion to this passing notice of Ireland's most memorable Court beauty:—

"The admiration which Lord Chesterfield is known to have entertained for this lady induced me," says Shiel, "to seek an introduction to her. Although rich, she occupied a small lodging in Henry Street, where she lived, secluded and alone. Over the chimney-piece of the front drawing-room was suspended the picture of her Platonic idolator. It was a half-length portrait, and had, I believe, been given to her by the man of whose adoration she was virtuously vain. I was engaged looking at this picture, while I waited, on the day of my first introduction, for this pristine beauty of the Irish Court. While I gazed upon the picture of a man who united so many accomplishments of manner and of mind, and observed the fine intellectual smile which the painter had succeeded in stealing upon animated canvas, I fell into a somewhat imaginative train of thought, and asked myself what sort of woman 'the dangerous Papist' must have been, in whom the master of the Graces had found such enchanting peril. 'What a charm,' I said, 'must she have possessed, upon whose face and form those bright eyes reposed in illuminated sweetness—how soft and magical must have been the voice, on whose whispers those lips have hung so often—what gracefulness of mind, what an easy dignity of deportment, what elegance of movement, what sweet vivacity of expression, how much polished gaiety and bewitching sentiment, must have been

united!' I had formed to myself an ideal image of the young, the soft, the fresh, the beautiful, and tender girl who had fascinated the magician of so many spells! The picture was complete. The Castle, in its quondam lustre, rose before me; and I almost saw my Lord Chesterfield conducting Lady Palmer through the movements of a minuet, when the door was slowly opened, and in the midst of a volume of smoke, which, during my phantasmagoric imaginations, had not inappropriately filled the room, I beheld, in her own proper person, the being in whose ideal creation I had indulged in a sort of Pygmalian dream. The opening of the door produced a rush of air, which caused the smoke to spread out in huge wreaths about her, and a weird and withered form stood in the midst of the dispersing vapour. She fixed upon me a wild and sorceress eye, the expression of which was aided by her attitude, her black attire, her elongated neck, her marked and strongly moulded but emaciated features. She leaned with her long arm, and her withered hand of discoloured parchment, upon an ivory-headed cane, while she stretched forth her interrogating face, and with a smile, not free from ghastliness, inquired my name. I mentioned it; and her expression, as she had been informed that I was to visit her, immediately changed. After the ordinary formulas of civility, she placed herself in a huge chair, and entered at once into politics. She was a most vehement Catholic, and was just the sort of person that Sir Harcourt Lees would have ducked for a rebel and a witch. Lord Chesterfield and

the Catholic question were the only subjects in which she seemed to take any interest. Upon the wrongs done to her country, she spoke not only with energy, but with eloquence; and with every pinch of snuff, poured out a sentence of sedition. ''Sdeath, sir, it is not to be borne,' she used to exclaim, as she lifted her figure from the stoop of age, with her eyes flashing with fire, and struck her cane violently on the ground. Wishing to turn the conversation to more interesting matter, I told her I was not surprised at Lord Chesterfield having called her 'a dangerous Papist.' I had touched a chord which, though slackened, was not wholly unstrung. The patriot relapsed into the woman, and passing at once from her former look and attitude, she leaned back in her chair, and drawing her withered hands together, while her arms fell loosely and languidly before her, she looked up at the picture of Lord Chesterfield with a melancholy smile. 'Ah,' she said, ——but I have extended this note beyond all reasonable compass. I think it right to add, after so much mention of Lady Palmer, that although she was vain of the admiration of Lord Chesterfield, she took care never to lose his esteem, and that her reputation was without a blemish."

By a natural transition, I pass from Miss Ambrose and the Castle Drawing-rooms to the Castle itself.

THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN has been, from the time of the Invasion, the seat of the English Governors, and, it may be said, of the Government of Ireland, for here

dwelt not only the Governor, but here, from the earliest days, was the Great Hall, with the Law Courts, the State Prison, and the Store of arms, and, in later time, the Magazine of gunpowder, a source of constant apprehension to the Lord Deputy and the citizens. It was a blast of gunpowder in Queen Elizabeth's day that ruined this Hall in the Castle, and drove the Courts of Law to Carey's Hospital (afterwards purchased by Sir Arthur Chichester, and called Chichester House), and thence to some buildings attached to Christ Church, where they remained to the year 1796, when the present Four Courts were opened.

In the Castle sat also the few Parliaments, six only in number, held in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. Subsequently to the Restoration, Parliament was held at Chichester House (re-built in 1732), and here it sat till the Union.

In April, 1684, a fire broke out at the Castle, and so rapid was the conflagration, that it burned the bed Lord Arran had just time to fly from, and it was only by blowing down the gallery which communicated with the magazine, that a frightful explosion was prevented. "What damage your Grace and I have suffered by this accident," writes Lord Arran to his father, "I cannot yet learn, but I find the King has lost nothing except six barrels of powder, and the worst Castle in the worst situation in Christendom." On this occasion, there were projects for building a new residence elsewhere for the Lord Lieutenant, and a King's letter was actually drawn by Sir John Temple, for Ormonde's

signature for pulling down the Castle, and selling the site and materials. Arran, however, interfered, and was of opinion that if the walls were lowered to the height of thirty feet, it might be made a wholesome place to live in.

Until the suppression of Religious Houses, the Deputies had no official summer residence. Thenceforth, Kilmainham Abbey was used for that purpose, but was abandoned at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Sir William Fitzwilliam being the last that occupied it. It was afterwards only used as a store for the Deputy's grain. Sir Arthur Chichester asked liberty to repair it, but this was not granted, and he dates his letters from Rathfarnham, Leixlip, Howth, Merrion, and from other places, hired, or possibly lent, by the proprietors.

The Earl of Strafford excused his vast expenditure in building his great house at Gigginstown, near Naas, which was never finished, and still stands a striking monument of his interrupted career of ambition, by saying that he intended to make it fit to receive the King, on his visit to Ireland, his Majesty having no house in that kingdom suitable for his dwelling.

The King's Manor House of the Phœnix, which was built probably in the reign of Charles I., and stood in the Phœnix Park where the Magazine Fort now stands, was a poor residence, by Ormonde's account, and was deserted by him and his family for Chapelizod Manor House, purchased with its adjacent grounds

from Sir Maurice Eustace, the Lord Chancellor, in 1662, to enlarge the Park.

This continued to be the summer residence of the Lord-Lieutenants, until the present Vice Regal Lodge was purchased about 1780. The Lodge had been previously the official residence of the Ranger of the Park, and passed from Gen. Sir John Ligonier in 1751, to the Right Hon. Nathaniel Clements, father of the first Earl of Leitrim. By him the Ranger's Office was surrendered, and the Lodge given back to the Crown for the use of the Lord Lieutenant.

But to return to the gaieties of the Irish Court:

It was certainly under the Stuarts that the Castle of Dublin became the festive Hall in peace, rather than the stronghold in war, and began to assume something of the character and appearance of what it is at present. A writer of the time of James I. expresses his opinion that "if the Lord Deputy should withdraw himself but for two years together into any other part of the country, the greatest portion of the citizens of Dublin would be ready to beg;" so dependent were they on the Viceroy's residing amongst them, and on the expenditure consequent on the gathering together in the Metropolis of the Council of the Realm, the Captains, Pensioners, and other military officers, the lawyers and the gentry. "Houses, chambers, and lodgings," says the writer, "are dearer rented in Dublin than they be in London, and satins, silks, fine clothes, lace of gold. &c., are easily sold."

But it was Thomas, Lord Wentworth, afterwards the famous Earl of Strafford, who gave to the Castle the splendour of a Court. The records of Ulster King of Arms abound in Programmes of State Processions and State Ceremonials during his Viceroyalty. He found the Castle falling to ruin, and he restored it to a condition so befitting a Royal residence, that a traveller writes from Dublin at the time:

"Here is a most splendid Court kept at the Castle, and except that of the Viceroy of Naples, I have not seen the like in Christendom, and in one point of grandeur the Lord Deputy here goes beyond him, for he can confer honours, and dub knights what that Viceroy cannot, or any other I know of."

Of Strafford's successor, the great Duke of Ormonde, and of the Court he held, we catch a glimpse in the midst of the politics of a very excited period, the eve of what is called the "Popish Plot," in a publication of the 5th February, 1679, from which it appears that gaming was one of the Court's principal amusements. "The proclamation," the pamphlet tells us, "forbids Papists to have any houses in Dublin, yet this week Colonel Talbot and the Earl of Clancarty took houses; and most of the Irish gentry and nobility are come into the city, Lord Dungan, Clanrickarde, Purcell, Dimpsey, Luttrell, Netterville, with many more, with Sheldon and English Papists, notwithstanding the proclamation for going out of town, and not coming into the Castle, yet are they every night with the Duke and Arran at play until twelve, one, two, and

three o'clock in the morning, and then comes through the gates with their coaches, gives the word to the guard, and if stopped, they draw upon and hector them."

It may be observed that the Colonel Talbot here mentioned, was arrested the following year in the gallery of the Castle of Dublin, and from amidst the splendid company, was thrust into the adjacent prison. Ten years more, and the same Colonel Talbot, then Duke of Tyrconnel, was himself holding the Vice Regal Court in the Castle.

During the civil wars, Dublin Castle had to yield to the exigencies of the times. Instead of pageant and banquet, came battles and sieges. But the Court of the Restoration, with the cavaliers and beauties fresh from Versailles, extended its influence across the Channel. "The Castle" became once again, under Ormonde, the gayest of Courts, and such it has ever since remained.

Perplexities of Precedence.

"Stand upon the order of your going."

THE laws of precedence in this country are strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and the slightest deviation from them is never allowed. It is therefore much to be regretted that they are scarcely comprehensive enough. The despotic Code makes no provision for many who ought to be on the Roll. Place and Precedence are surely due to the Prime Minister, to Field-Marshals, and Admirals of the Fleet, to Naval and Military Officers, to Church Dignitaries, Deans and Archdeacons, to Queen's Counsel, and Barristers; and yet all these personages are altogether disregarded. In France —even in the palmy days of the old noblesse—the rank of a Field-Marshal was first of any—co-equal with that of Cardinal, and with us in former times the Prime Minister was generally the Lord High Treasurer,

ranking before all Dukes. Now, however, the office of Lord High Treasurer, being in commission, confers no precedence, and Mr. Gladstone, although First Lord Commissioner of H. M. Treasury, takes no rank as such. He is placed simply as a *Privy Councillor*.

Again, our English Scale of Precedence is most ungallantly exclusive of ladies. The wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury, or of the Archbishop of York, or, *à fortiori*, the wife of a Bishop, has to follow the wife or daughter of a City Alderman, if his worship happen to be a Knight. In point of fact, at the time when precedence was established, churchmen never married, and there was then no necessity for placing wives that did not exist; but now-a-days the case is altered, and the exclusion operates as a great injustice. Again, the wives of our grandest officials—the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, the Secretary of State, the Privy Councillors, the Chief Justices and Judges—have legally no position whatever, unless their husbands chance to possess personal dignity.

The Motto of the old régime in France was "place aux Dames." *Madame la Maréchale*, *Madame la Présidente*, and *Madame la Fermière-Générale*, were considered as dignified as their husbands.

The rank of Privy Councillor, as being higher than that of Chief Justice, creates a curious anomaly. It often happens that a Puisne Judge, who may be a member of the Privy Council of an early date, takes in consequence precedence of the Lord Chief Justice. Under this regulation, the present Recorder of Dublin—an old

Privy Councillor—goes before the Chief Justice of Ireland.

There is another and still more remarkable inconsistency in the authorized Roll of Precedence. It is the giving place to "the eldest son of the younger son of a Peer." This placing rests altogether on an Order of the Earl-Marshal, dated 18th March, 1615, and is opposed to the grand principle that precedence cannot be derived from one who does not himself hold a dignity. No place being assigned to the eldest son of the eldest son of a Peer, it follows by this rule, that the *eldest* son's eldest son would have to yield precedence to the *younger* son's eldest son.

The truth is, the times have outstripped the old Precedence Code. That which was applicable to the days of the Tudors and the Stuarts, is somewhat out of date in the reign of Queen Victoria. The remedy is at hand. The three Kings of Arms, *Garter*, *Lyon*, and *Ulster*, should be required to examine the Statutes, Ordinances, and Regulations of Precedence in this country, to consider the best means of rendering the law suitable to the exigencies of the present age, and to draw up conjointly such a report as might embody all points of interest, and place the whole bearings of the subject clearly before the Crown. A Royal Warrant, or, if need be, an Act of Parliament, might then be obtained, to settle authoritatively a very "vexata quæstio," and to remove all perplexities, inconsistencies, and anomalies from the Law of Precedence.

"I have known my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's dinner almost cold," says the *Spectator*, "before the company could adjust the ceremonials of precedence, and be prevailed upon to sit down to table." To guard against the possible recurrence of so great a calamity, to protect the privileged Orders in the advantages of their rank, and moreover to enable the guests of a future Sir Roger de Coverley to sit down before the dinner is quite cold, I purpose recalling some of the principles and axioms of Precedence—not with the intention of writing a treatise on the subject, and carrying back the reader to Roman or even Saxon precedents, but merely for the purpose of assisting those who "stand upon the order of their going."

There is a popular notion that the rules of Precedence are merely the regulations of Heralds and Chamberlains, framed according to their whimsical fancies of etiquette and court subserviency, but this is a fallacy. Many people are not aware that the Law of Precedence is as good a law as any other in Westminster Hall; is in reality a law established not only by Royal Decrees, but by Act of Parliament. In the thirty-first year of King Henry VIII., Parliament, by statutory enactment, took cognizance of Precedence. It then passed the "ACT FOR PLACING THE LORDS," which has since been considered the chief authority for the marshalling of dignities. This act was originated by the desire of the King, and it is declared, as a preliminary, that although it appertained

altogether to the Royal Prerogative to give such honour, reputation, and placing to his Councillors and others his subjects as should be seeming to the King's most excellent wisdom, the King was nevertheless pleased and contented for an order to be had and taken in his Most High Court of Parliament for the placing of the Great Officers and Lords. In addition to this Act of Parliament, the scale of precedence is sustained by royal ordinances and ancient usage. The least interference, unless made by Royal or Parliamentary authority, would be destructive of the right of some one entitled to rank on the scale.

The Law of Precedence, though thus confirmed temp. Henry VIII., dates from a far more distant era than the Act "for placing the Lords." Regulations concerning it were officially issued at various periods long antecedent. The first, in point of date, was "the Order of all Estates of Nobles and Gentry of England," framed in 1399, and the last officially issued before the Statute of Henry VIII., the *series ordinum* of the reign of Henry VII., which Coke considers of the highest authority. The Statute of Henry VIII. was in the nature of a declaratory Act, confirming the ancient and pre-existing Law of Precedence, and, in confirmation of this, it is a matter of historical fact that the advice of Garter King of Arms was taken before the Bill was brought in.

The next important decrees on Precedence were those of King JAMES I., dated 1612 and 1616. A dispute had arisen between Barons' and Viscounts'

younger sons, and the then newly created order of Baronets, as to which should take the higher place, and it was finally determined by the King himself in favour of the Peers' sons.

A leading principle of the Law of Precedence is that precedence emanates from father or husband, and cannot be derived from a female, unless in the case of a Peeress in her own right. The daughter and sole heiress of the first Duke of the kingdom (unless a Peeress in her own right), would confer no higher precedence on her son, than if she were the daughter of a simple bourgeois.

It is MEN'S rank that confers precedence and regulates State Ceremonials. At the Queen's Courts, where husbands and wives pass Her Majesty together, the precedence of the husbands is that which is regarded.

The WIVES and CHILDREN of GREAT OFFICERS OF STATE, and of all those who derive their places on the scale from Official rank, have no consequent precedence, nor have the wives and children of ARCHBISHOPS and BISHOPS.

A LADY having PRECEDENCE by BIRTH (for instance, the daughter of a Peer, Baronet, or Knight), retains her innate rank and precedence, although married to a Commoner; but if she be married to a Peer, her precedence is that of her husband.

WIDOWS of PEERS, BARONETS, and KNIGHTS, on marrying Commoners, continue by the courtesy of

society, though not by law, to retain their titles and precedence. A woman, who has acquired a dignity by marriage, loses that dignity and all the rights and privileges annexed to it, on contracting a second marriage with a Commoner. This doctrine was formerly doubted; but, in 1691, the House of Lords declared that if the Widow of a Peer be married to a Commoner, she shall not be allowed the privilege of Peerage, and, consequently, at a Coronation, or other state ceremonial, Widows of Peers, who have married Commoners, are not summoned to attend. This rule was followed at the Funeral of the Duke of Wellington. In society it is different, and the Widows of Peers, Baronets, and Knights, married to untitled gentlemen, generally adhere to the titles acquired by their first marriages, although the practice is not derived from actual right. But Widows of "Honourables," who subsequently marry Commoners (not sons of Peers), are not allowed, even by the courtesy of society, to retain the prefix of "Honourable" after such subsequent marriages. I use the word "Commoner" simply in the sense of an untitled gentleman.

A PEERESS in HER OWN RIGHT does not lose her rank and precedence by marriage or widowhood. If she be married to a Peer of higher degree than her own, she has her husband's precedence.

Lord Coke maintains that the Widow of a Duke, if married to a Peer of less rank than her first husband, is still entitled to the position of Duchess, because her

second husband is still of the Peerage. This assertion is, however, denied by other authorities, and most certainly, at the Coronation of George III., the Dowager Duchess of Leeds, then the wife of the Earl of Portmore, claimed to walk as a Duchess, but was refused.

DAUGHTERS of PEERS, BARONETS, and KNIGHTS, and of other persons of dignity, take rank next immediately after the wives of their eldest brothers.

A curious inconsistency arises from this regulation, coupled with that by which the daughter of a Duke or Marquess intermarrying with a peer of lower rank is required to adhere to the precedence of her husband. For instance, a Duke has three daughters: the eldest two marry Barons, and are consequently placed as Baronesses. The third chooses for husband a simple bourgeois, retains her own innate rank, and takes the precedence of a Marchioness, while her coronetted sisters must be satisfied with an inferior position. Lady Charlotte Egerton ranked, while her husband was *untitled*, next to Countesses, but the moment Mr. Egerton was elevated to the Peerage, she receded to the place of a Baroness.

DOWAGER PEERESSES and BARONETS' WIDOWS take precedence of the wives of the EXISTING PEERS and BARONETS of the same creations, from their being senior in the dignity; for instance, the Dowager Duchess of Richmond has precedence of the wife of the present Duke of Richmond.

PEERS, and PEERESSES take rank among themselves, thus:—I., of England; II., of Scotland; III., of Great Britain; IV., of Ireland; and V., of the United Kingdom and of Ireland, created since the Union, according to the dates of the respective patents.

The eldest son of a Duke, Marquess, or Earl, created *vitâ patris* a Baron by patent or summons, is entitled in society to his innate precedence: for instance, the Marquess of Kildare, although only a Baron among Peers, takes rank and place as a Duke's eldest son.

The BARONETS of England, the BARONETS of Ireland, the BARONETS of Scotland, the BARONETS of Great Britain, and the BARONETS of the United Kingdom, take rank among themselves according to the dates of their respective patents. The Act of Union of Great Britain and Ireland, which fixes the precedence of the different orders of the Peerage, enacts no other precedence, nor does it interfere with or disturb in the slightest degree any other forms of precedence that might then have been in force. It is silent as to English, Irish, or Scotch Baronets, and consequently, whatever precedence their original patents conferred, is not affected by that enactment. For instance, Sir Charles Coote inherits a Baronetcy of Ireland conferred in 1620, and has, by right, the precedence of that date. There is no law or statute to deprive him of it, or to make him give place to Sir Arundell Neave, whose great-grandfather, Richard Neave, was created a Baronet of Great Britain in 1795. Some argue that

as the Act of Union fixed the precedence of the Peers of the three Kingdoms, the precedence of the Baronets may be assumed by *analogy;* but surely no lawyer or herald would admit the power of "analogy," to destroy a right derived by patent from the Crown.

Neither the LIEUTENANT of a county, nor the HIGH SHERIFF is assigned any place on the Scale of Precedence, and consequently neither derives any *social* precedence from the office he holds. A particular place on the Scale of Precedence is an honour derived from the Crown or Parliament, or confirmed by authorized usage, and can no more be interfered with than the right to the dignity of the Peerage which a royal patent has conferred. A person, not a Peer, might as well be placed on the Roll of the Peerage, as a person not recognized by the authorized scale, on the Roll of Precedence. Between the two—the Lieutenant of a county and the High Sheriff—the higher local position appertains, I think, to the Lieutenant of a county.

The question of the precedence of the GREAT OFFICERS of State of IRELAND and SCOTLAND with reference to similar officers in England, is not provided for by the Acts of Union, and has never yet been definitely settled, unless, indeed, the placing of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland next to the Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, at the Coronation of King William IV., be deemed a royal settlement of the point. Selden is of opinion that "the lists that show practice and custom in matters of precedence, are seen in the published

assemblies of the States and other solemnities of Coronations, funerals, and the like."

It is very difficult to determine when precedence, in the descendants of DUKES, PRINCES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL, ends. Milles, in his *Catalogue of Honour* of the time of James I., a work of deep research, compiled from the MSS. of his uncle, the learned Robert Glover, Somerset Herald, at a period when the subject of precedence was much canvassed and considered, asserts that "Dukes descended of the Royal Blood," take place above Dukes not descended of the Royal Blood. How far Glover was borne out in this statement, I have not been able to discover, but I must confess my own opinion is very much in accordance with his. At the Court of France, under the old régime, the Royal Family and its descendants were always first. The point is this:—If the Duke of Edinburgh should marry and have descendants, what would be the status and designation of (for instance) the children of the younger sons of His Royal Highness's grandson?

There is another curious point connected with royalty. Sovereign Princes* were not under the neces-

* Lord Bacon, in one of his Essays, thus marshals SOVEREIGNS:—1. *Conditores Imperiorum*, the founders of Empires. 2. *Legislatores*, the Lawgivers. 3. *Propagatores*, or *Pugnatores Imperii*, those who extend their territories or resist invasion; and 5. *Patres patriæ*, those who reign justly and make good the times wherein they live. The first place should, most people will consider, be given these last.

sity, or required to assume surnames, and as a general rule, surnames do not attach to Sovereigns. For instance, the reigning house of SAXE COBURG, *atavis edita regibus*, has no surname. Consequently the late Prince Consort had none, and the Prince of Wales is also without one. When the adoption of surnames became general, the ancestors of that illustrious race of Saxe were Kings, and needed no other designation than the Christian name added to the royal title. But Plantagenet is different. Assumed antecedently to the inheritance of the English throne, the sobriquet originated a surname. Such it was considered by Dugdale, Segar, Brooke, and Nicolas, and as such it may be found on the Parliament Rolls.

HENRY VIII. was the first King of England who adopted the title of "MAJESTY." Before his reign, the sovereign was usually addressed "My Liege," and "Your Grace." The latter designation was originally conferred on Henry IV. "Excellent Grace" was given to Henry VI.; "Most high and mighty Prince," to Edward IV.; and "Highness," to Henry VII. "Highness," and sometimes "Grace," were at first used by Henry VIII., but later in his reign, "Majesty" became the Royal appellation. Francis I. addressed King Henry as "Your Majesty," at their interview, in 1520.

The present ARCHBISHOPS and BISHOPS of the DISESTABLISHED CHURCH OF IRELAND are, by a clause in the Act, allowed their former precedence, but newly-

made Protestant Prelates in Ireland will be henceforward in the same position as the Roman Catholic Prelates.

The proper place of the LORD MAYOR, when out of the precincts of his city, might fairly be that accorded to a Privy Councillor, not that he is a Privy Councillor, but because he bears, by Act of Parliament, the title of "Right Honourable," and should as such take the rank on the scale which is assigned to those entitled to that designation, in the same way as the prefix of *Honourable* is allowed to the Judges of the Superior Courts, in consequence of the place those learned personages hold on the Scale of Precedence.

FOREIGN TITLES of honour, conferred on British subjects, are not allowed to be borne in the British dominions without the permission of the Sovereign, granted under the Royal sign manual, and even when so borne, foreign titles do not confer precedence; but if a Duke, Marquis, or Count of France, Germany, Russia, Spain, or indeed of any foreign country, not a British subject, whose rank was REAL and ACKNOWLEDGED, were to come amongst us, the courtesy of this country would concede to him and his family, whatever titles, precedence, or designation they used at home.

The last position but one on the scale of precedence is assigned to "ESQUIRES;" but it is somewhat difficult to determine WHO IS AN ESQUIRE.

The highest degree of Esquire is that of "Esquire of the King's Body," and then that of "Esquires of the Knights of St. Patrick," and "Esquires of the Knights of the Bath." SONS of all the PEERS and LORDS OF PARLIAMENT are, in law, Esquires, and so are the heirs male of their bodies. FOREIGN NOBLEMEN; the SONS of BARONETS and the ELDEST SONS of KNIGHTS, the HERALDS, and all other persons who wear the collar of S. S.; Deputy Lieutenants, Justices of the Peace, and Mayors; Field Officers, and Captains in the Army; Admirals, Captains, and Commanders in the Royal Navy; Barristers-at-Law, and Attorneys in Colonies where the department of Counsel and Attorney are united, and PERSONS who are styled ESQUIRES in ROYAL PATENTS, COMMISSIONS or APPOINTMENTS, are all entitled to the rank and designation of ESQUIRE. The mere possession of land, however extensive, or of personal property, however large, does not confer a right to the title.

AMBASSADORS yield precedence only to members of the Royal Family of the Court to which they are accredited, and to the sons and brothers of Crowned Heads. FOREIGN MINISTERS have no real claim to precedence. The question was raised and settled at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, but of late years precedence has been granted to them in this country, after Dukes and before Marquesses.

Sir John Finett, Master of the Ceremonies to James I. and Charles I., described as "that knowing knight

and well-acomplished courtier," wrote a curious volume on the subject of diplomatic precedence. It was published in London, in 1656, and is entitled, "Some Choice Observations touching the reception and precedence, the treatment and audience, and the punctillios and contests, of forren ambassadors in England." The motto "Legati ligant mundum," appears on the title-page. A copy may be seen at the King's Library, British Museum. The list of the contents, especially of the disputes—"clashes," as Finett calls them—is quaint and amusing. The following extracts, taken here and there, explain the nature of the work:—

"1. Passages of Ambassadors about invitations to the Earl of Somerset's marriage.

"2. A clash betwixt the Savoy and Florence Ambassadors for precedence..

"3. The Spanish Ambassador excepting against the States for sitting with him in the King's presence.

"4. A clash between the Spanish and French Ambassadors.

"5. The Russian Ambassador's punctilio for precedence.

"6. Question betwixt the Imperial and Venetian Ambassadors concerning titles and visits.

"7. The French Ambassador gets ground of the Spanish.

"8. A clash betwixt the Spanish and French Ambassadors.

"9. Reason of the Venetian Ambassador for parity with crowned heads.

"10. The great clash betwixt the Persian Ambassador and Sir Robert Shirley.

"11. The French cashiered from Court.

"12. Question and punctilios between regal and ducal Ambassadors.

"13. The Lord Mayor refusing to give place to the King of Denmark's Ambassador.

"14. A clash betwixt the Ambassador of Savoy and the Duke of Buckingham, because he gave sanctuary to my Lady Purbeck.

"15. Inoojosa, the Spanish Ambassador, clasheth with Don Diego Hurtado, an Ambassador, also Extraordinary, from Spain.

"16. The Lord Mayor of London to give place to no other but the King."

The greatest "clash" betwixt the Ambassadors of Spain and France occurred, however, in 1661, when an Ambassador from Sweden was to arrive at the English Court. The etiquette at such a state reception was that the carriages of the other Ambassadors should be placed according to their national precedence. The French Ambassador, the Marquis d'Estrade, resolved on being next the Swede, and so did the Baron de Batteville, the Spanish Ambassador. King Charles II. issued a proclamation prohibiting any Englishman from interfering, and forbidding the use of fire-arms. The Ambassadors were left to fight it out. On the appointed day, vast crowds assembled on Tower Hill to witness the combat. The ambassadorial carriage

of Spain, protected by fifty men, armed with drawn swords, arrived at the landing-place five hours before the Swedish ambassador was expected, thus gaining an advantage over their opponents. The French were a little later, but they had a stronger guard, no less than a hundred soldiers on foot and fifty on horseback, armed, in defiance of the King's order, with pistols and carbines. The moment the Swedish ambassador landed, a desperate struggle ensued. The Spaniards formed across the road. The French fired a volley, and charged their opponents sword in hand, but the Spaniards repulsed them. The coachman of the French carriage was killed, whereupon the Spanish carriage drove off, next to the Swede, and the battle for precedency was so far lost and won. A vain attempt of the French, of whom an outlying detachment was posted on Tower Hill, to cut the traces of the Spanish carriage, was frustrated by their finding that the traces were of iron.

Pepys, "in all things curious," hastened to the French embassy to judge how the French bore their defeat. He found them chop-fallen. They all, in his words, "looked like dead men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads." But the matter was not allowed to rest here. Louis XIV. declared that he would wage war upon Spain if his precedence were not admitted in every court of Europe, and, after much diplomacy, gained the point, by causing the King of Spain to issue orders to all his ambassadors to abstain from any kind of rivalry with the Ambassadors of France.

The disputes between the Ambassadors of France and Spain for precedence were of long standing.

Sir Dudley Carleton in a letter to Winwood, in 1604, refers to the ill-will between them: On Twelfth-night the Queen had a Mask or Pageant in the Banqueting House, Whitehall. At the further end of the room a great Shell or Escallop was placed, containing four seats: on the lowest sat the Queen with my Lady Bedford; on the rest the Ladies Suffolk, Rich, Effingham, Walsingham, and others. Instead of Masks, the Queen and her ladies had their faces and arms painted black. "It became them," writes Sir Dudley, "nothing so well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly sight, then a troop of lean-cheeked Moors. The Spanish and Venetian ambassadors were both present, and sate by the King in state, at which Monsieur Beaumont quarrels so extremely, that he saith the whole court is Spanish. But by his favour, he should fall out with none but himself, for they were all indifferently invited to come as private men, to a private sport, which he refusing, the Spanish ambassador willingly accepted, and being there, seeing no cause to the contrary, he put off Don Texis, and took upon him El Senor Embasadour, wherein he outstript our little Monsieur. He was privately at the first Mask, and sate amongst his men disguised; at this he was taken out to dance, and footed it like a lusty old gallant with his country women. He took out the Queen, and forgot not to kiss her hand, though there was danger it would have left a mark on his lips."

But it was not with France alone that Spain contended for pre-eminence. So far back as the beginning of the fifteenth century there was a violent controversy between the Ambassadors of the Sovereigns of England and Arragon on the subject of pre-eminence and precedence. The question was first mooted at the Council of Pisa, and, the second time, at the Council General of Constance. The dispute was this:—

The Nations represented in the Council, previously to its twenty-second session, were four, ITALY, FRANCE, GERMANY, and ENGLAND; but in that session it was determined to make a *fifth*, by uniting Arragon, Castile, and Navarre into one nation, designated Spanish. This led to many complications and to violent discussions, but England finally prevailed upon the Council to give precedence to England. It is asserted that this decision was come to on the ground that the kingdom of Ireland was shown to be, by Albertus Magnus and Bartholomæus Glanvilla, one of the four most eminent ancient Christian churches, and that moreover, England had then possession of Ireland.

The disputed point was, however, a constant cause of controversy for centuries after. In 1600, the negotiations for peace between England and Spain proved abortive, simply on the ground of the relative precedence of the two kingdoms. Elizabeth maintained that from time long past, the kingdom of Castile and Arragon had yielded precedence to the kingdom of England, being as *one* nation greatly inferior in point of antiquity. Spain, on the contrary, claimed pre-

eminence, on account of superior extent of power. The English Queen, bent on peace, offered to accept *equality*, but the Spanish Monarch held to *superiority*. The consequence was a failure of the peace negotiations.

CORPORATE PRECEDENCE is undefined, and ofttimes leads to "clashes," doubts, and difficulties. The contest for precedence, which occurred in the years 1863 and 1864 between the cities of Dublin and Edinburgh, was a memorable passage of arms. It thus originated: On the 26th day of March, 1863, on the occasion of the presentation at Windsor Castle of the addresses of congratulation on the marriage of the Prince of Wales, Her Majesty, remembering that George IV. had granted to the Lord Mayor of Dublin the privilege of presenting an address to the Sovereign *on the throne*—a privilege not enjoyed by Edinburgh—gave pre-audience to Dublin. The Lord Provost lost no time in vehemently protesting. The very next day, a letter was forwarded by his Lordship to the Home Secretary, Sir George Grey, explaining that he had given way solely to prevent any unseemly discussion or unpleasantness at the Castle; but that he felt, and believed the people of Scotland would feel, most deeply disappointed with what had occurred. He went on to express his opinion that Scotland was entitled to precede Ireland in all questions in which precedence could be raised—that it was an integral part of Great Britain, and that its privileges in every respect, as an independent kingdom, were guaranteed by the Treaty of Union nearly a century before the Union with Ireland; that in all

State ceremonials that precedence had never been questioned; that the Peerage and other dignities of Scotland took rank next to those of England, and that in the State ceremonial at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, the Corporation of Edinburgh took precedence of the Corporation of Dublin.

As the Lord Provost conjectured, the susceptibilities of Scotland were deeply touched by this loss of position, by this depreciation, as it were, of their national prestige. The country was stirred to the centre by patriotic agitation. Public meetings were held, Scottish M.P.s were appealed to, and Government put under the most influential pressure. The Scottish motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," everywhere repeated, reached Whitehall. Garter King of Arms was at length referred to, and that heraldic authority supported the pretensions of Scotland. The result was that a few weeks after, when Addresses were presented at Marlborough House to the Prince and Princess of Wales, a change in the order of precedence was made, and Dublin received after Edinburgh. Thus, for the moment, the Irish capital was placed *third*. This event, hailed as a great triumph north of the Tweed, as a kind of civic Bannockburn, wounded Irish feeling to the quick. The citizens of Dublin, and the people of Ireland generally, were no less excited than the Scots had been, and they resolved on making every exertion to regain what they deemed their right — the second position for their city in the United Kingdom. Old memories came back upon them; the times were not

forgotten when Dublin—still the metropolis of a separate kingdom—was the seat of an independent Parliament, long after Edinburgh had become, as they deemed it, a provincial town; when Dublin more than rivalled London in the graces and hospitality of society, and when her streets and squares were crowded with a resident nobility. They were reminded that from the time of Henry II., Dublin had always been recognised as the second city in the English dominion, as the Corporation next in honour and precedence to the city of London. They bore in mind that the early Plantagenet sovereigns had conferred on its Chief Magistrates the rights and privileges of the Mayors of the city of London—the Sword of State, the Cap of Maintenance, and the Collar of S. S.; that the title of Lord was assigned by King Charles I. to the Chief Magistrate of Dublin in 1642, and that twenty-five years after, in 1667, when the Chief Magistrate of Edinburgh was granted the title of Lord Provost, King Charles II. gave at the same time to the Provost of Edinburgh the precedence "that was due to the Mayors of London and Dublin."

Public opinion became so strong in Ireland, that the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Carlisle, deemed it advisable to intervene. His Excellency directed Ulster King of Arms to investigate the claims of Dublin, and to prepare a report on the subject. Consequently on the 14th May, 1863, Ulster submitted the result of his researches to the Irish Government, and gave it as his opinion that the reasons put forward on behalf of

the city of Edinburgh were quite insufficient to establish any right of precedence over the city of Dublin, and that on the contrary Dublin was entitled to pre-audience on the grounds set forth in his report.

The storm raised in the two kingdoms was too violent to blow over. Garter and Lyon were one side, and Ulster on the other. Few are the precedents for such a contention—two of the countries of the United Kingdom arrayed one against the other, and the Kings of Arms doing battle as antagonists in the arena of heraldic debate. No mediæval tournament was more energetically or more honourably fought. Every weapon likely to do good service on either side was taken down from the armoury of heraldry; no chance was given by neglect or heedlessness, and every hitting pass was made. In the end, the Royal mandate stopped the contest, and victory was held suspended. At last, in 1864, this great precedence controversy was submitted to a committee of the Lords of the Council, with a view to the question being decided by the authority of Her Majesty in Council. It was rightly considered that the point at issue would be thus more becomingly settled than in the ante-chambers of Windsor or St. James's.

It was on Monday, February 22nd, 1864, that the Lords of the Council met at the Council Chamber, Whitehall, for the purpose of hearing this famous cause. It was a dark, gloomy, winter's day. The Hall, with lamps burning, presented the appearance of what

we may imagine the Court of Chivalry or the Star Chamber to have been. The Lord President, the Earl of Granville, sat as Chief Judge, and by him the other Lords of the Council, the Lords Kingsdown, Eversley, and Sydney, and the Rt. Hon. Robert Lowe, Vice-President of the Council of Education. There were also in attendance the Attorney General and the Solicitor General, Sir Roundell Palmer, and Sir R. P. Collier. Ranged at the Bar stood Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. Serjeant Burke, representing Dublin, and the Lord Advocate, Moncreiff, and Mr. Rolt, Q.C., representing Edinburgh. The two Civic Kings were likewise present. An amusing incident occurred at their meeting. The Lord Provost, Lawson, whose good feeling through the litigation was only equalled by his earnestness in the cause of the city of which he was chief Magistrate, expressed a wish that he and his opponent should evince their personal regard by interchanging the usual courtesies. A difficulty, however, arose as to which, with due regard to the question of Precedence then *sub lite*, should FIRST proffer his hand.

The elaborate reports and pleadings of the Kings of Arms were placed before the Lords on the Council Table, and at eleven o'clock, Sir Hugh Cairns opened the case for Dublin. His powerful and exhaustive address, which lasted more than two hours, put forth all the arguments tending to establish the superiority of the Irish Capital. The Lord Advocate, Moncreiff, replied with singular ingenuity and eloquence, and

fought gallantly for Edinburgh. At three o'clock, the Court broke up, and the judgment they had arrived at was announced a few days after. It was to the effect that neither city had established precedence one over the other, and that they were to be considered *ex æquo* —to be, as it were, bracketed together for second place. This decision, though it did not disturb the Northern Capital, virtually restored Dublin to the position she was contending for—THE SECOND PLACE among the cities of the United Kingdom.* True, it was, Edinburgh shared that honour with her, but Dublin was still second only to London.

It was also arranged that the right of pre-audience †

* The Corporation of Dublin met and gave expression to their satisfaction at the result. They ordered the speech of Sir Hugh Cairns to be printed as a record of the contest, and Edinburgh did the same with respect to the Lord Advocate's. In the next year, when Lord Provost Lawson was entertained by the Provost and Magistrates of the Burghs of Scotland, he referred to the "clang of war," of the precedence question.

"I venture to say," were his concluding words, "that whoever peruses the able and eloquent defence of Scotland and her rights, made by the Lord Advocate, before the Privy Council, will not only be convinced of the claims of Edinburgh to precedence; but will learn how much Scotland and Edinburgh has to boast of. Our Umpires, I suspect, were men of peace, and decided upon a drawn battle; but even that is better than losing our rights, or having our shield tarnished."

† This exercise of *alternate* precedence has a very old precedent: Humphrey, sixth Earl of Stafford, was, in consequence of his services, and his near alliance in blood to the royal family, created, 14 September, 1444, Duke of Buckingham, with precedence before all Dukes whatsoever, next those of the Blood Royal; but a great dispute regarding this matter imme-

should be alternate, and that as Edinburgh had been allowed it on the last State occasion, Dublin should have it the next.

I have endeavoured in the foregoing statement to be as impartial as possible, and I have studiously avoided entering on the details of the antagonistic arguments urged by Garter and Ulster. Those arguments can readily be referred to. They are given, at full length, in two Parliamentary Reports, ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, on the 16th of June and 24th July, 1863.

Years have elapsed since this memorable precedence battle was fought, and both cities seem to approve of the royal policy which gave victory to neither, but placed them co-equal, side by side, next to "famous London town," to typify in their harmony the well-knit union of the kingdom. A less judicious judgment might have turned international rivalry into international animosity.

diately arose between him and Henry Beauchamp, Duke of Warwick, which required a special Act of Parliament to adjust. This enactment gave to the rival Dukes precedence alternately, year about. The question was, however, finally set at rest by the death of the Duke of Warwick, without issue, in two years after.

Tom Steele.

Among the careers that merit to be characterised as "strange, but true," is assuredly that of Mr. Steele, whose notoriety as an Irish agitator, during the great Repeal Movement, inaugurated and led by O'Connell, is still fresh in the public recollection. I learn from a memoir of him in Mr. Daunt's work, entitled *Ireland and Her Agitators*,* that he first saw the light in 1788, at a place called Derrymore, in the county Clare; that he descended from an ancestor who emigrated from Somersetshire to Ireland in the reign of Charles the Second; that he was educated at the University of Cambridge, and that he succeeded to his family property in Clare by the death of an uncle, just at the time when the Spanish nation rebelled against the tyranny of Ferdinand the Seventh. One would suppose that a county Clare gentleman had no earthly concern with Spanish insurrectionary movements, and that he would have been better employed in managing his family inheritance, than in rushing to the aid of

* This interesting book, published by Longmans, London, and A. M. Sullivan, Dublin, is replete with personal anecdotes of Irish celebrities between 1798 and the present time.

foreign insurgents. But there was in Steele's character a wild enthusiasm that resistlessly impelled him to take an energetic part in any cause that enlisted his sympathies. He accordingly left his property to take care of itself, and joined a couple of Englishmen, whose zeal for Spanish liberty was as fervid as his own, in an expedition to the peninsula, where the Cortes evinced their appreciation of his services by giving him a commission in their army, He fought in several engagements against the French troops who had entered Spain as allies of King Ferdinand; and I have heard it stated that during the extraordinary adventures of his campaign, he, and the English volunteers by whom he was accompanied, contrived to obtain for a short time the possession of his Majesty's royal person. However this may be, the insurrectionary struggle was destined to fail, and we next find Steele a constant attendant at the Catholic Association established by O'Connell in Dublin, where he supported the moral force policy of his political chief with as much energy as he had displayed in the military service of the Cortes. He was quite in his element in the memorable Clare election in 1828. The efficacy of that extraordinary event—the return to Parliament of an unemancipated Catholic—in precipitating emancipation, impressed him with so deep a conviction of O'Connell's political infallibility, that his fidelity to O'Connell, already remarkable, was thenceforth exalted into something that resembled adoration.

I do not propose in this sketch to do more than

record a few of the peculiarities of Mr. Steele's eccentric character. It may well be supposed that his career was unfavourable to the interests of his private property. Whilst the Clare estate became more and more hopelessly encumbered, its improvident owner seemed to regard himself as specially called on to champion the cause of popular liberty in other lands as well as in Ireland. In 1839 he is in Brussels, offering to King Leopold the assistance of the musket and sword which had been previously employed in the service of the Spanish revolutionary force. Here is his characteristic letter to the Belgian monarch :—

TO HIS MAJESTY, LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

"SIRE,—Well knowing how profoundly the mind of the gracious Majesty of the Belgians is occupied at this momentous crisis in the royal cares for the independence of his people, the integrity of his territory, and the mighty and sanctified principle of general liberty involved in his present political relations with Europe, I should think myself guilty of criminal want of consideration, were I for any mere personal motive to obtrude a solicitation on your Majesty's attention, however ardently I might desire the high honour of being in your service.

"But I venture, Sire, to feel confident that when I give expression to the sympathies, the deep and solemn sympathies, for the Belgian nation, of seven millions of the people of my native country, Ireland, and of their mighty leader, O'Connell, who for nearly forty

years has been struggling by purely legal, peaceful, and constitutional efforts, to obtain for Ireland and England institutions, religious and civil, as free as those which are secured to the Belgians by their constitution, and the benign sway of your sacred Majesty, you will deign to grant me your attention for a few moments.

"So intense, Sire, is the sympathy of Ireland, and of Ireland's leader on this subject, that I am distinctly authorized by HIM whose voice is the voice of seven millions out of the eight of Ireland's people, to offer assurance that, if your Majesty should require it, within one month a legion of the youth of Ireland would be raised for your service, unless measures should be taken to prevent it by the government of our august Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, to whom the country of O'Connell is devoted with enthusiastic loyalty.

"In most humble testimony of my fealty to those principles of religious and civil freedom which so pre-eminently characterise the Belgian constitution, and cause it to be a model for other legislation, I respectfully solicit that your Majesty will condescend to permit that I may have the honour of serving during the crisis, not seeking for any commission, but carrying a musket and sword in defence of the sanctified rights of your Majesty and your people, in case of any aggression on Belgium by any hostile power. I have the honour to remain, Sire, with profound respect, your Majesty's most obedient and humble servant,

"THOMAS STEELE.

"Brussels, Rue Ducale, Feb. 15, 1839."

If King Leopold ever vouchsafed a reply to Mr. Steele's epistle, I imagine that the public were never made aware of it. Meanwhile, the indefatigable agitator, O'Connell, continued to address innumerable speeches to his impulsive and excitable countrymen, in many of which the principle was broadly propounded that political privileges should be accessible alike to all the Queen's subjects, without distinction of religious belief. Steele was of Protestant parentage, and professed to be a Protestant. By way, I presume, of giving emphasis in his own peculiar mode to the liberal sentiments enunciated by O'Connell, he addressed through the newspapers a letter to the Pope, whom he styled "Your Royal Majesty," acquainting the Pontiff that he, the writer, was a Protestant; that he would gladly proselytize his Holiness to Protestantism, if it were possible; but that as he conceived that the Pope's religious convictions were too firmly settled for conversion, he would not attempt to disturb them. He expressed the most intense respect for the Pope's "Royal Majesty," notwithstanding their difference of creed, and he hinted to his Holiness that the Catholic and Protestant religions were two sacred crystal rivers, both flowing from their source beneath the great throne in heaven. While Steele amused the public with this and many other equally characteristic effusions, the undoubted sincerity and earnestness of his national principles, his unswerving devotion to O'Connell's movements, and his high and well-merited reputation for personal bravery, secured for him a large amount

of popular regard and respect. When O'Connell had accepted an invitation from the Repealers of Belfast to a public banquet in that city, intimation was given him of imminent personal danger from Orange violence. As one of his measures of protection, he travelled with an armed bodyguard of tried and trusty friends, and he took good care to include Tom Steele among his armed protectors.

There was a gentleman in Clare who had spoken of O'Connell with such excessive disrespect, that Steele conceived the insult demanded the reparation of a duel. He would doubtless have delightedly taken the field himself against the man who had disparaged his leader, if he did not consider that the championship of O'Connell would more appropriately be committed to another person, whose name it is not necessary that I should mention. The person in question was in a distant part of another county—probably more than one hundred miles away from Ennis, the chief town of Clare. Steele, as usual, reckless of pecuniary considerations, ordered a chaise and horses for a journey to the distant region where Mr. —— was to be found. It was probably rather more than a two days' journey. Arrived at his destination, he ordered the postboys to face round their horses in the direction from which they had come, and sent in his name to Mr. ——. The hour was just after breakfast, and the gentleman for whom he inquired appeared at the hall-door in a morning deshabille—dressing-gown, foraging-cap, and slippers. "O, Tom! is that you? Glad to see you. Won't you come in?"

"Impossible," responded Steele; "I have not a moment to spare. Get into the carriage—I want to speak to you on a matter of the highest importance."

Mr. —— got into the carriage.

"Drive on!" cried Steele to the postboys; and away dashed the carriage on its return journey, despite the passionate remonstrance of its unwilling occupant.

"Why, Tom, what's the meaning of this? What on earth do you want with me?"

"I want you to shoot a carrion-hearted scoundrel who has dared to disparage the illustrious Liberator of his country;" and forthwith Steele detailed the offensive language which, in his opinion, demanded a sanguinary chastisement.

"Good heaven! don't you see how I'm dressed? All my clothes are at ——" (naming the place they had just left).

"Pooh! never mind, I can accommodate you from my wardrobe."

"But you are whisking me off without money—I have only a few shillings in my pocket."

"I can give you whatever you want," responded Tom; "it is imperatively necessary you should shoot that audacious miscreant."

The carriage speeded along until a turnpike-gate was encountered, at, or near, the end of the stage. The toll-keeper asked for the toll—Tom felt in his pockets—he had not enough to pay the demand, and turning to his companion, said: "My dear fellow, can you lend me half-a-crown?"

It was too ludicrous. Tom had neglected, with characteristic disregard of the sublunary considerations of finance, to calculate the expenses of his expedition, During the delay at the turnpike-gate, a priest approached the carriage, and recognising the well-known face of the "Head Pacificator of Ireland," presented for his perusal, after some appropriate compliments, a subscription paper containing a list of contributors to a chapel he was building. Steele expressed the warmest sympathy with the object of his reverence's application, and forthwith added his name to the list —"Thomas Steele, £10." The priest was of course most grateful for the liberal subscription of the great Protestant Agitator; and Tom no doubt complacently reflected on "the moral effect" of a Catholic donation from a Protestant donor. I believe that "the moral effect" was the sole result of the donation, and that the ten pounds never appeared in any more tangible form.

I am unable to say whether Mr. —— availed himself of the stoppage at the toll-gate to get out of the carriage and return to his quarters at ——. I am equally unable to tell how Steele contrived to pay the inevitable expenses of the road back to Ennis. He, however, reached that town, safe and sound; and as he had obtained the carriage and horses on credit, he immediately went to an old acquaintance, named O'B——, to borrow thirty guineas, in order to clear scores with the livery-keeper. O'B—— lent the money at once, and the borrower walked off with it.

But the lender began to feel some qualms as to whether a gentleman of Tom's financial eccentricities could be depended on to apply the money to the purpose for which it was required. Those qualms were not without cause.

Among the objects of Steele's admiration, Miss Ellen Tree, the accomplished actress, held a high place. With Tom, ever in extremes, admiration was idolatry. He is said to have once left London for York by the mail, having only the fare down to York in his possession, in order to witness the performance of Miss Tree at the York theatre. On the present occasion he had scarcely left the house of Mr. O'B—— with the borrowed thirty guineas in his pocket, when his eyes were attracted by gigantic play-bills posted on the walls of the town, announcing that Miss Tree was that night to appear in a favourite character at the Ennis playhouse. The livery keeper, the debt for chaise and horses—all, all, were forgotten. Steele's chivalrous nature was fired with a noble and enthusiastic resolution to pay proper homage to the theatrical enchantress; in other words, to make the visit with which she condescended to honour Ennis as profitable to the fascinating visitor as possible. Away he went to the box-office, and bought thirty guineas' worth of tickets for the play. The tickets were heaped on the table of his apartment, when Mr. O'B—— (the lender of the money) entered. A glance at the enormous pile of tickets showed O'B—— how his money had been employed. Some grumbling and growling on both sides

followed, when at last O'B—— took up one of the tickets, observing that the least he might have was the pleasure of seeing Miss Tree's performance.

"Purchase tickets for yourself if you want them!" exclaimed Tom, snatching the ticket out of his friend's hand, and sweeping it along with the heap on the table into the fire.

The above account is probably somewhat over-coloured, but it is in the main exceedingly characteristic of Tom Steele. He seemed utterly incapable of rationally estimating the value of money in his own case. Finance was with him a consideration wholly subordinate to the accomplishment of any object that seized on his fancy. In his mind there was no due proportion. He was as enthusiastic about the most trivial as the most important affairs. But he was intensely true and stanch to the political cause he espoused, and this quality of earnest sincerity, united with his unquestionable readiness to hazard his life at any moment in defence of his principles, or of his "mighty leader," justly earned for him the name by which friends and foes alike agreed to designate him—"Honest Tom Steele." In his private circle he was very popular; his eccentricities furnished matter of amusement, and his sterling worth was appreciated.

I may here mention that the title of "Head Pacificator of Ireland" was conferred upon him by O'Connell and the people of Ireland, in recognition of the efficiency with which he had induced great numbers of

Whiteboys, Terry Alts, and other illegal confederators, to surrender their arms to the government.

Poor Steele's end was very melancholy. He had witnessed with deep pain the decline of O'Connell's popularity towards the close of that extraordinary man's life. O'Connell's death in exile, at a time when famine scourged Ireland, was a blow from which Steele never recovered. His paternal estate, his beautiful and picturesque residence, had long since passed out of his possession. He was literally penniless. To those who knew his excitable temperament, it was far more a matter of horror and grief than of surprise, that he should have attempted suicide, by leaping from Waterloo Bridge into the Thames in May, 1848. His attempt was not fatal. He was rescued, and carried to Peele's Coffee House, in Fleet Street, where the proprietor of that establishment relieved his wants with a delicate generosity that will deserve to be chronicled. The *Standard* of the day records his death in a notice from which I extract the following passages:—

"With a broken spirit and a broken heart, and a broken fortune, he died almost deserted at an inn in London—a pauper, alas! but not a beggar. . . . When, in consequence of the late deplorable attempt, his destitution was made known, many who differed from his opinions hastened to his relief, and in a few days contributions were poured in which would soon have swelled into a fortune. There could have been no doubt about it. But Steele was not of Ireland's 'mendicant patriots.' His gratitude shed tears at the

offer which his noble nature would not permit him to accept. . . . . Poor fellow! what must have been his feelings when he found Lord Brougham, whom he so often denounced, hastening to his aid, and Colonel Perceval, chief among the Orangemen, watching by his death-bed? Fare thee well, noble, honest Tom Steele! A braver spirit, in a gentler heart, never left earth—let us humbly hope for that home where the weary find rest."

To this generous notice taken from a Conservative journal, it only remains for me to add that all that was mortal of Tom Steele now reposes in Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, near the grave of his leader, O'Connell.

Extinction of the Families of Illustrious Men.

THE extinction of great families forms the subject of another work of mine. The extinction of the descendants of our most illustrious men, of those who have been most conspicuous for extraordinary intellectual power, is equally remarkable, but not equally susceptible of explanation. Perhaps it may be true that "when a human race has given birth to its bright consummate flower, it seems commonly to be near its end."

There is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespere, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron or Moore; not one of Sir Philip Sydney, or, I believe, of Sir Walter Raleigh; not one of Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough, or Nelson; not one of Strafford, Ormonde, or Clarendon; not one of Addison, Swift or Johnson; not one of Bolingbroke, Walpole, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, or Canning; not one of Bacon, Locke, Newton or Davy; not one of Hume, Gibbon or Macaulay;

not one of Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Sir Thomas Lawrence; not one of David Garrick, John Kemble, or Edmund Kean.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, illustrious in letters and in arms, but more illustrious still for his benevolence and humanity, married the only child of Sir Francis Walsingham, and left one daughter, the Countess of Rutland, who died without issue.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH married the beautiful Elizabeth Throckmorton, Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, and had two sons, Walter and Carew. The elder was killed in early manhood in South America; the younger, Sir Carew Raleigh, Governor of Jersey, married a rich widow, Philippa, Lady Ashley, and left besides daughters, two sons, Sir Walter, of West Horsley, in Surrey, who had daughters only, and Carew, of London, whose descendants in the male line are either extinct, or so sunk in position, as to be untraceable.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, the naval hero of the reign of Elizabeth, married the daughter and heiress of Sir George Sydenham, but had no issue.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S last male descendant was Oliver Cromwell, an attorney, the son of a grocer on Snow Hill.

JOHN HAMPDEN'S descendants maintained to their extinction a better position than the Cromwells, but met, too, with great reverses. John Hampden, M.P., the Patriot's grandson, was fined £40,000 for his complicity in the "Rye House Plot," and was found guilty

of participation in Monmouth's rebellion. He received a pardon, but eventually put an end to himself in 1696. His son, Richard Hampden, M.P., lost £100,000 by the South Sea Bubble, and well nigh ruined his family. His half-brother, John Hampden, the last Lord of Great Hampden, and the last male descendant of John Hampden the patriot, died unmarried in 1754. He is described on his monument "as 23d Hereditary Lord of Great Hampden." What remained of the Hampden estates he bequeathed to his kinsman, the Hon. Robert Trevor, grandson of Ruth Lady Trevor, "daughter of John Hampden, slain in Chalgrave Field."

GEORGE MONK, Duke of Albemarle, K.G., the Restorer of the Monarchy, had an only son, Christopher, 2nd Duke of Albemarle, K.G., who died *sine prole.*

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S only son died in infancy, and his honours passed to his daughters. Charles Mordaunt, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH, had sons, but their male issue failed. LORD NELSON had no child.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD, married thrice: his sons both died without issue. JAMES, the great DUKE OF ORMONDE, had three sons, the Earls of Ossory, Arran, and Gowran; but his Grace's male descendants expired with his grandson, the 2nd Duke, at Avignon.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON, the Historian of "the Rebellion," died also in exile, at Rouen, but like Ormonde, though he had four sons, two of them

Earls, Clarendon and Rochester, his male line ended in his grandson.

ADDISON'S only daughter and heiress, Charlotte Addison, said to have been of weak intellect, died an old unmarried woman in 1797.

The story of *Stella and Vanessa* is well known. SWIFT died without issue. SAMUEL JOHNSON had no child.

BOLINGBROKE married twice, but died childless. His second wife, the Marchioness de Vilette, was niece to Madame de Maintenon.

HORACE WALPOLE was the last male descendant of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, the Minister, and he himself one of our celebrated men, died unmarried.

The hereditary genius of the families of PITT and FOX, pre-eminently brilliant, shone but for a brief period. WILLIAM PITT, the son of CHATHAM, never married, and the only brother to survive him, John, second Earl of Chatham, the unlucky general of the ill-starred Walcheren expedition, died in 1835, leaving no son to hand down the illustrious name he bore.

The rivalry of the houses of Chatham and Holland continued in the next generation between William Pitt and Charles James Fox. But the house of Holland lasted not much longer than that of Chatham. Charles James Fox, like William Pitt, left no descendant. The third Lord Holland, who displayed talents not unworthy of the reputation of his uncle, Charles James Fox, had an only son, the last Lord Holland, who died at Naples in 1859 without issue.

EDMUND BURKE had one only son, in whom he centred his hope and affection. In the fulness of manhood, this son, Richard Burke, was taken from him, and the father, broken-hearted, exclaimed, "His was a grief which could not be comforted." A peerage had been designed for Burke, and the title was to have been Lord Burke of Beaconsfield, but, his son gone, it was declined.

HENRY GRATTAN'S descendants had a more prosperous career, but, nevertheless, passed away in the male line in the next generation.

FRANCIS BACON, "the wisest, best, and meanest of mankind," had no child; nor had the other philosophers, LOCKE, NEWTON, or DAVY.

HUME, GIBBON, and MACAULAY were never married.

HOGARTH wedded, despite the father's opposition, Sir James Thornhill's only daughter, but had no child. REYNOLDS and LAWRENCE did not marry. DAVID GARRICK and JOHN KEMBLE died without issue; and in CHARLES KEAN, the male issue of the great tragedian, EDMUND KEAN ended.

It cannot be said of the poets that, wedded to the Muses, they chose no other brides. Most of those I have named, were married, and had children, but their descendants, in the male line, are all gone.

OHN SHAKESPERE, WILLIAM SHAKESPERE'S father, was of Stratford-upon-Avon, co. Warwick, where, after passing through the regular gradations of municipal offices, he became one of the Chamberlains in 1561, and Bailiff or Chief Magistrate in 1569. In 1599 he obtained a grant of arms from Dethick, *Garter*, and Camden, *Clarenceux*. The confirmation recites that "John Shakespere, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, Gent., whose parent great-grandfather, and late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince, King Henry VII., was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued for some descents in good reputation, credit," &c. John Shakespere, who appears to have been a wool-dealer, married Mary, daughter and co-heir of Robert Arden, of Willingcote, co. Warwick, who was buried at Stratford, 9 Sep., 1608. He left, at his decease in 1601, four sons and one daughter, viz., I., WILLIAM, baptized at Stratford-on-Avon, 26 April, 1564, "England's bard supreme;" II., Gilbert, resident at Stratford, living in 1602; III., Richard, died 1613; IV., Edmund, born in 1580, an actor, buried in the church of St. Mary Overies, Southwark, in 1613; and, I., Joan, baptized at Stratford in 1569, who became wife of William Hart, a hatter in Stratford.

WILLIAM SHAKESPERE, the eldest son, married, in 1582, when little more than eighteen, Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. It is stated that a considerable disproportion existed in their ages, for the maiden was in her twenty-sixth year; but Oldys seems to have learned by tradition that she possessed great beauty; and it is indeed scarcely probable that one, devoid of personal charms, should have won the youthful affections of so imaginative a being as Shakespere.

By her he had three children: one son, Hamnet, baptized 2nd February, 1584-5; and two daughters, Susanna, baptized 26th May, 1583, and Judith, twin with her brother. Of these, Hamnet died in 1596; Susanna became, in 1607, the wife of John Hall, a Medical Practitioner, at Stratford, "*medicus peritissimus;*" and Judith wedded in 1616 Thomas Quiney a vintner at Stratford. Mrs. Hall, to whom and her husband Shakespere bequeathed the bulk of his property, then valued at £300 a-year, equal to £1000 at least in the present time, expired 11th July, 1649, distinguished for piety and mental endowments. Dugdale has preserved the inscription on her tomb:—

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall;
Something of Shakespere was in that; but this,
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare
To weep with her that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere,
Them up with comfortes cordiall?

Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed."

Mrs. Hall left an only child, ELIZABETH, who married first Thomas Nash, Esq., a country gentleman; and, secondly, Sir John Bernard, Knt., of Abington, near Northampton, but died *s.p.*, in 1669. Mrs. Quiney, the poet's other daughter, had three sons—Shakespere, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried under age: and thus expired the bard's issue. Collateral descendants, however, exist to the present day, in an humble sphere of life, sprung from Shakespere's sister, Mrs. Hart, "The descendants of Shakespere," Southey wrote, "are living in poverty and the lowest condition of life." Of course, Southey meant collateral relations. All the poet's descendants passed away in his daughter's only daughter.

EDMUND SPENSER, born in East Smithfield, near the Tower of London, A.D. 1553, and entered a sizar in Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1569, is stated—I know not on what authority—to have been descended remotely from the same stock as the Spencers of Althorp; and to this presumed, but in no wise explained, ancestry Gibbon thus elegantly refers:

"The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough, but I exhort them to consider the FAERY QUEEN as the most precious jewel in their coronet."

Biographers seem to have known little or nothing of Spenser's early life, or the locality whence his parents

came. Recent investigations, however, tend to show that he sprang from the Spensers of Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, and that his immediate predecessors were resident on a beautiful little property called Spensers, situated in the forest of Pendle, about three miles from Hurstwood.

Spenser's earliest patron was Sir Philip Sydney, to whom he dedicated *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and through whose powerful interest he obtained, in 1580, the appointment of Secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and subsequently, in 1586, a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond. Obliged by the terms of the gift to settle on the property, Spenser fixed his residence at Kilcoleman, and became Clerk of the Council of Munster. While in Ireland, he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he celebrated under the title of "The Shepherd of the Ocean," and whom he accompanied the following year to England with the MS. of the "Faery Queen," which was published shortly after. In 1594, the poet, then forty-one years of age, married—some accounts say—the daughter of an Irish peasant, and continued to reside in Ireland, devoted to literature and the Muses, until the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion, when he was forced to abandon his estates and escape to England. His flight was effected in such haste and confusion, that an infant child was left behind, whom the merciless cruelty of the insurgents burnt with the house at Kilcoleman. Broken down by these misfortunes, the unfortunate

poet survived but a few months, dying January 11, 1598-9. He left issue, three sons and a daughter, viz.:—

1. SYLVANUS, of Kilcoleman, who married Ellen, daughter of David Nagle, Esq. of Moneaminy, and, dying before 1638, left three sons: Edmund, William, and Nathaniel. The youngest, the Rev. Nathaniel Spenser, of Ballycannon, co. Waterford, married Margaret Deane, and died intestate, 24th Sept., 1669. The eldest son, EDMUND SPENSER, Esq., had his estates created into the Manor of Kilcoleman by patent, dated 18th February, 1638. The second son, WILLIAM SPENSER, of Rinny, co. Cork, was father of a daughter, Susannah, and of a son, Nathaniel Spenser, Esq., of Rinny, heir to his uncle Edmund. His will, dated 14th August, 1718, was proved 8th July, 1734. By Rosamond, his wife, he left three sons; Edmund, of Rinny, who married Anne, daughter of John Freeman, Esq. of Ballinguile, and died in 1789, leaving an only child, Rosamond; Nathaniel, of Strabane, and John, died without issue, and one daughter, Barbara, the wife of Edmund Connelly, Esq.

2. Lawrence, of Bandon Bridge, co. Cork, died *s.p.*

3. Peregrine, of Rinny, whose son, Hugolin Spenser, was restored to 429 acres of land in the county of Cork, under the Act of Settlement.

4. Catherine, married to William Wiseman, Esq. of Bandon Bridge, co. Cork, and died *s.p.*

Spenser's sister, Sarah, married John Travers, Esq., register of the united sees of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross,

and had a son, Sir Robert Travers, Knight, who, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Richard Boyle, Bishop of Cork, was ancestor *inter alios* of three brothers, John Moore Travers, Esq. of Clifton, near Cork; General Boyle Travers, and Thomas Otho Travers, Esq. of Birch Hill.

MILTON'S ancestors, of respectable lineage, were from Milton, near Thame, in Oxfordshire, whence came their patronymic. They were Catholics, so zealous, that John Milton the father of the poet was disinherited by his father (who held the post of Ranger of the Forest of Shotover) for becoming a Protestant, and was forced, in consequence, to earn his livelihood in London as a scrivener. Milton's father was a good classical scholar, and possessed skill in music. He married Sarah Castor, a lady also of good family, and had two sons and one daughter—JOHN, born in Bread Street, at "The Spread Eagle," where his family resided, 9th December, 1608; Christopher, who became one of the Judges of the Common Pleas; and Anne, married, first, to Edward Phillips, Secondary at the Crown Office, and, secondly, to Mr. Agar.

The eldest son, JOHN MILTON, the poet, married, first, in 1643, Mary, daughter of Richard Powell, Esq. of Forest Hill, a magistrate of the county of Oxford—secondly, Catherine, daughter of a Captain Woodcock, which lady died within less than a year—and, thirdly,

in 1664, Elizabeth Minshull, sprung from respectable ancestry in Cheshire, and nearly related to Milton's esteemed friend, Dr. Paget. The two last wives died without issue (Elizabeth Minshull, fifty-two years after her husband), but by the first he had three daughters, Anne, Mary and Deborah; the youngest and last survivor of whom, who lived to the age of seventy-six, was generously patronized by Addison, and received from Queen Caroline a donation of fifty guineas. She was married to a Spitalfields weaver, named Abraham Clarke, and was mother of seven sons and three daughters, all of whom died without issue except two, who had children, viz., Caleb Clarke, parish clerk at Madras (who married and had issue); and Elizabeth, who became the wife of Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spitalfields, and eventually kept a small chandler's shop near Shoreditch Church. For the benefit of this impoverished descendant of our illustrious Milton, the "Masque of Comus" was performed in 1750, but the receipts amounted to less than £150. A newspaper of the year 1754 has this announcement:—

"On Thursday last, 9th May, died at Islington, in the 66th year of her age, after a long and painful illness, which she sustained with Christian fortitude and patience, Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, grand-daughter of Milton."

The death of Milton took place on November 10, 1674, at his residence in Bunhill Row. He was buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the chancel of the church, his funeral being attended by a great number of noble-

men, as well as by a large concourse of the populace. In 1737, a monument was raised to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and some few years back, another small one was placed in the church where his remains lie interred.

The author of inimitable "Hudibras," SAMUEL BUTLER, died unmarried, 1680, in extreme poverty, if not in actual want.—

"On Butler, who can think without just rage,—
The glory and the scandal of the age?
Fair stood his hopes when first he came to town,
Met everywhere with welcomes of renown:
Courted and loved by all, with wonder read,
And promises of princely favours fed.
But what reward for all had he at last,—
After a life in dull expectance pass'd?
The wretch, at summing up his mis-spent days,
Found nothing left, but poverty and praise.
Of all his gains by verse he could not save
Enough to purchase flannel and a grave.
Reduced to want, he in due time fell sick,
Was fain to die, and be interred on tick;
And well might bless the fever that was sent
To rid him hence, and his worse fate prevent."

JOHN DRYDEN was the eldest son of Erasmus Dryden, Esq., by Mary, his wife, daughter of the Rev. Henry Pickering, D.D. It is supposed that his birth took place on the 9th August, 1631, but the most diligent enquiry has failed in fixing, with precision, the exact place and date. The poet has himself informed us that he was born on an estate belonging to the Earl of Exeter, and Anthony Wood adds that the

village was Aldwinckle All Saints, in Northamptonshire. Undetermined, however, though this point may be, certain it is, that the family from which he sprang was of ancient descent and considerable station—its chief, Sir John Dryden, of Canons Ashby, uncle of the poet, being an influential Baronet in the county of Northampton, and one of its knights in parliament. Canons Ashby was acquired in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the marriage of John Dryden, of Staffhill, with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir John Cope. This John Dryden, who, according to Wood, was by profession a schoolmaster, and the intimate friend of the great Erasmus, appears, from some passages in his will, to have entertained puritanical principles. He died in 1584, leaving a son, ERASMUS DRYDEN, Esq., of Canons Ashby, who was created a Baronet in 1619. He married Frances, second daughter and co-heiress of William Wilkes, Esq., of Hodnell, in Warwickshire, and had by her three sons and four daughters. The former were 1, JOHN, the second Baronet, whose male issue became extinct; 2, William, of Farndon, whose son, Sir John Dryden, was the fourth Baronet; and 3, Erasmus, father of JOHN DRYDEN, the poet, three other sons and ten daughters. Of these, the poet's brothers and sisters, I may add that Erasmus, the eldest, who became eventually sixth Baronet, was direct ancestor, in the female line, of the present Sir Henry Edward Leigh Dryden, Bart., of Canons Ashby; Henry, the second brother, went to Jamaica, and James, the third,

followed the trade of a tobacconist, in London. Of Dryden's sisters, Agnes married Sylvester Emelyn, of Stanford; Rose, Dr. Laughton, of Catworth; Lucy, Stephen Umwell, a merchant of London; Martha, Mr. Blesto, of Northampton; and Frances, Joseph Sandwell, a tobacconist at Newgate Street. There was another, whose Christian name is not recorded, who married one Shermardine, a bookseller in Little Britain.

Dryden received his education as a king's scholar at Westminster school, under the tuition of the celebrated Dr. Busby, and on one of the school forms there may still be seen the words "John Dryden," cut by the poet's own hand. From Westminster Dryden was elected scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650. In 1665, the poet, who had long enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Sir Robert Howard, a younger son of Thomas, Earl of Berkeley, married that gentleman's sister, the Lady Elizabeth Howard, but the union proved anything but happy. The issue of the marriage were three sons, Charles, John, and Erasmus-Henry. Charles, the eldest and the favourite son, obtained some distinction as a poet. About 1692 he went to Italy, and through the interest of his kinsman, Cardinal Howard, became Chamberlain of the household to Pope Innocent XII. His way to this preferment was smoothed by a pedigree compiled by his father in Latin, of the Drydens and Howards, which is said to have been deposited in the Vatican. Charles Dryden survived until 1704, in which year he

was unfortunately drowned at Datchet Ferry, near Windsor. He never married. John, the poet's second son, was placed, when at the University of Oxford, under the private tuition of the celebrated Obadiah Walker, Master of University College, and adopting his preceptor's religious views, became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, as his father did shortly after. The younger, John Dryden, wrote a Comedy entitled "The Husband his own Cuckold," and translated the Fourteenth Satire of "Juvenal." He died unmarried at Rome. Erasmus-Henry, the poet's third son, went, like his brothers, to Rome, and obtained the rank of Captain in the Pope's Guards. In 1708 he succeeded to the family baronetcy, but the estate of Canons Ashby, which should have accompanied and supported the title, had been devised by Sir Robert Dryden, to Edward Dryden, the eldest son of Erasmus, the younger brother of the poet. Sir Erasmus-Henry died unmarried, in 1711, and thus, within about ten years of their father's death, ended the poet's family.

Dryden died on the 1st of May, 1700, and was buried with considerable state in Westminster Abbey, in a space between the graves of Chaucer and Cowley.

ALEXANDER POPE, the son of a silk mercer, was born in Lombard Street, London, 22nd May, 1688. His mother was the widow Rackett, daughter of a Royalist gentleman, William Turner, Esq., of York. Both parents were Roman Catholics, and Pope was brought up and

tinued in the ancient faith. Pope died unmarried, 30th May, 1744; his nearest relative was his half-brother, Charles, whose wife is "the sister Rackett" frequently alluded to in his letters.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born on the 10th November, 1728, at Smith Hill, near Elphin, co. Roscommon. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was clergyman of the parish—"Passing rich on £40 a-year."

His mother, Anne, was daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, Master of the diocesan school of Elphin, through whom the poet used to maintain he had some connection with Oliver Cromwell. It is certain that one of Cromwell's sisters was wife of Colonel John Jones, the regicide. The poor parson, whose stipend was the £40 a-year, was son of Robert Goldsmith, and grandson of Rev. John Goldsmith, rector of Newtown, 1675, by Jane, his wife, daughter of Robert Madden, Esq. of Donore.

Oliver Goldsmith never married. The one romance of his life was, "The Jessamy Bride." In 1769, he made the acquaintance of two sisters of the name of Horneck, distant relatives or connections of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and wards of Edmund Burke. The elder, Catherine Horneck, was then engaged to Henry William Bunbury, the caricaturist. Their marriage took place in 1771, and their eldest son was the late Gen. Sir H. E. Bunbury, Bart., K.C.B. The younger sister, MARY HORNECK, named by the poet, "The Jessamy Bride," was the object of Goldsmith's silent but deep

affection. But his love, unselfish and respectful, was left untold. Poor Oliver felt too conscious of his indigence and ungainly appearance to venture even on the thought of seeking the beautiful girl for his wife. With the Hornecks he made a tour in France, in the autumn of 1770, and in Mary Horneck's company he passed his last Christmas day at Barton, in 1773; but the visit—Goldsmith's last gleam of happiness—over, he turned his steps back to his lonely chamber in the Temple, and, in the following year, was carried thence to his last resting-place. The Jessamy Bride married General Gwynn, equerry to George III., and survived until 1840. In November 1872, Mr. J. M. Bellew delivered before a Dublin audience a brilliant essay on the Life and Writings of Goldsmith, in the course of which he told with grace and pathos the story of poor Oliver's attachment, one of the most touching episodes in the loves of the poets, and shewed the very locket containing Goldsmith's hair, cut off the day he died, and carried ever after by the Jessamy Bride. He exhibited also two portraits of Mary Horneck, one by Hoppner, taken in the bloom of beauty, when she won the poet's love, the other, painted by Samuel Lover, in her old age, when she still wore the locket and still cherished the poet's memory. In her old age, she used to go and sit with Northcote.

"I do not know," said Northcote, "why she is so kind as to come and see me, except I am the last link in the chain that connects her with all those she most esteemed when young—Johnson, Reynolds, Goldsmith—and remind her of the most delightful period of her

life. She had gone through all stages of life, and had lent a charm to each. In her, the Graces had triumphed over time. She was one of Ninon de l'Enclos' people—of the last of the immortals! I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room, looking round with complacency."

Goldsmith, as I said, died unmarried; but there were several Goldsmith relatives of his father, some settled in the county of Roscommon, who may possibly have left male descendants.

"Died on the 8th February, 1847, at the Cape of Good Hope, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart., of Abbotsford, the last surviving son of 'THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.'"

How forcibly did this announcement tell of the vanity of human wishes and the instability of all earthly plans! Scott's ruling passion was ancestral pride; and his chief ambition to be the founder of the family of "Scott of Abbotsford," as a separate branch of the eminent house of which he was a scion. Hence may be traced his never-ceasing anxiety to augment his position, his acquisition and adornment of Abbotsford, and the thousand consequent embarrassments and cares which at last wore his life away. And yet, within the brief space of less than twenty years, not one male descendant survived to succeed to an inheritance acquired at so costly a price. Of Scott's four children, the elder son died childless, far from

home, and the other, unmarried, in Persia. The younger daughter died not long after her father; and Mrs. Lockhart, four years later. Mrs. Lockhart's elder son, for whom Sir Walter had written "The Tales of a Grandfather," had died some years before. There was another son of the Lockhart marriage, Walter Scott Lockhart, of Abbotsford; but he, too, soon followed the rest to the grave, dying unmarried on the 10th January, 1853, aged twenty-six. His sister, the last grandchild of the author of "Waverley," married James Robert Hope, Esq., Q.C., but survived only to 1858, leaving an infant daughter. The baronetcy became extinct with Sir Walter's son.

The family of Scott, renowned in border song and border foray, ranks in antiquity and eminence with the most distinguished in North Britain, and has possessed at various times great landed possessions. The senior line now vests, through female descent, in the Duke of Buccleuch, while the male representation has devolved on Lord Polwarth, who derives from the renowned freebooter, Walter Scott of Harden, of whom many interesting anecdotes are told in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." This ancient laird married Mary, daughter of Philip Scott, of Dryhope, celebrated as "the Flower of Yarrow," and had four sons. By the marriage contract the bride's father, Philip Scott, of Dryhope, engaged to find Harden in horse meat and man's meat at his Tower of Dryhope for a year and a day; but so great was the dread of the freebooter's lawless spirit that five barons pledged them-

selves that, at the expiration of this fixed period, the son-in-law should depart without attempting to hold possession by force! A notary public signed for all the parties to the deed, none of whom could write their names! The original still remains, I believe, in the charter-room of Harden. Of the four sons of Walter Scott and the "Flower of Yarrow," the eldest was Sir William Scott, fifth Laird of Harden; the second, Walter, who was killed in a fray at a fishing party by one of the Scotts of Gilmanscleugh; the third, Hugh, from whom came the Scotts of Gala; and the fourth, Francis, who was ancestor of the Scotts of Synton. The fifth Laird of Harden enjoyed in an especial degree the favour of King James VI. Inheriting his father's turbulent character, he appears to have been much concerned in the feuds of his time, and to have been frequently engaged in hostilities with the neighbouring proprietors. On one occasion, after a bloody conflict, he was made prisoner by Sir Gideon Murray, of Elibank, and sentenced to lose his head, but was offered pardon on condition that he married the daughter of his captor, known by the descriptive appellative of "Muckle-mouthed Meg." To this alternative he consented, but not before he had ascended the scaffold; he lived, however, long and happily with the lady, and had by her eight children; the second son, Sir Gideon Scott, father of Walter Scott, Earl of Tarras, husband of Mary, Countess of Buccleuch, the greatest heiress of her time in Scotland, was ancestor, by a second marriage, of the present Lord Polwarth; the third son, Walter

Scott, became of Raeburn, co. Selkirk; the fourth son, James Scott, founded the family of Thirlestane; and the fifth, John Scott, that of Scott of Woll.

Walter Scott, the first of Raeburn, appears, by acts of the Privy Council, to have been "infected with Quakerism," and to have suffered, in consequence, imprisonment and persecution. By Ann Isabel, his wife, daughter of William Macdougal, of Makerstoun, he had two sons — William, direct ancestor of the Lairds of Raeburn, and Walter, progenitor of the Scotts of Abbotsford. The younger, who was generally known by the name of "Bearded Wat," from a vow which he had made to leave his beard unshaven until the restoration of the Stuarts, married Jean, daughter of Campbell of Silvercraigs, and had three sons, of whom the second, ROBERT SCOTT, of Sandyknow, realized a considerable fortune by agriculture. His wife was Barbara, daughter of Thomas Haliburton, of New Mains, and by her he had, besides four daughters, as many sons, all referred to in Scott's correspondence—viz., Walter, Thomas, Robert, and John. Of these the eldest, WALTER SCOTT, Writer to the Signet, married Anne, daughter of John Rutherford, M.D., and had, with other issue, a third son, SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART., OF ABBOTSFORD, the author of "Waverley."

Sir Walter, born in the College Wynd of Edinburgh, 15th August, 1771, married 24th December, 1797, Margaret Charlotte, daughter of Jean Charpentier, of Lyons, a devoted Royalist during the French Revolution, and by her, who died 14th May, 1826, had issue:—

I. WALTER (Sir), second Bart., Lieut.-Col. 15th Hussars, *b.* 28th Oct., 1801, who *m.* 3rd Feb., 1825, Jane, daughter and heir of John Jobson, Esq., of Lochore, Co. Fife, but died without issue in 1847, at the Cape of Good Hope, of dysentery.

II. CHARLES, student of Brasennose College, Oxford, died unmarried at Teheran, in Persia, A.D. 1841, being Attaché to the British Embassy there.

I. CHARLOTTE SOPHIA, the favourite companion of her father, *m.* 28th April, 1820, John Gibson Lockhart, Esq., Advocate, Editor of the "Quarterly Review," son of the Rev. John Lockhart, D.D., and died 17th May, 1837, leaving one daughter, the late MRS. HOPE, and one son, WALTER SCOTT LOCKHART, a cornet of dragoons, who succeeded to Abbotsford, and died unmarried in 1853. Mrs. Lockhart's eldest son, who died in youth, is immortalized in the writings of Sir Walter under the playful sobriquet of Hugh Littlejohn.

II. ANNE, who died unmarried 25th June, 1833.

Over a shop, No. 12, Aungier Street, Dublin, may be seen the bust of Ireland's lyric poet. In that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, THOMAS MOORE was born. His father, John Moore, who came from Kerry, carried on the business of a grocer, and had previously kept a small wine-store in Johnston's Court, Grafton

Street. His mother was Anastasia Codd, daughter of Mr. Thomas Codd, also a tradesman.

This was the lowly home and humble beginning of one who, in a few years after, thanks to his own genius, was the courted of the fashionable and brilliant society of London, the honoured friend of Lord Moira at Donnington, the associate of Princes and Peers, and the flattered guest at the houses of the nobility. The literary life of the author of "The Irish Melodies" has been already told by Earl Russell, and would be out of place here. I have only to carry down his domestic story to its close. While engaged in private theatricals in Ireland he formed the acquaintance of a young lady, Miss Bessie Dyke, who had recently made her *début* on the stage, and he married her on the 25th of March, 1811, at St. Martin's Church, London. Of this union there were five children, who all preceded their parents to the grave. The last survivors were Thomas Lansdowne Parr Moore and John Russell Moore, who both obtained commissions in the army, and both died in early manhood. The climate of India broke down the health of the younger. He returned home to breathe his last in November, 1842. Moore's "Journal" of the following month has this entry:—

"*December.*—I have not had the heart to return to this journal for some weeks past. All is over. Our dear boy expired on the 23rd of last month, and the calmness, sweetness, and manliness of his last moments were such as to leave, even in the mother's heart, not only comfort, but almost pleasure."

In less than four years after, Moore's last surviving child, Tom, who had left the British army, and joined the foreign legion of Algiers, also died. He had long caused deep anxiety to his father. High-spirited, thoughtless, and extravagant, he contracted debts which Moore was no longer able to pay, and the sale of the young man's commission was rendered obligatory. He then joined, as I have said, the French service, and in broken health, and with enfeebled constitution, soon succumbed to exposure and fatigue. In March, 1846, his father makes this entry in his journal:—

"About the middle of March we received a strange and ominous-looking letter, which we opened with trembling hands, and it told us that my son Tom was dead! The shock was at first almost too much to bear; but, on reading the letter again, we saw reason to doubt the account it contained, and sent immediately to London and Paris to know if there was any truth in the rumour. It was, alas! but too true. The last of our five children is now gone, and we are left desolate and alone. Not a single relative have I now left in the world."

Moore's spirits never recovered this affliction; his heart was well-nigh broken. He survived, however, until 26th February, 1852, when he was laid, by the side of four of his children, in the little churchyard of Bromham, Wilts. His wife was placed next him in 1865.

LORD BYRON had no son, but left, as everyone knows, an only child, ADA, whom he apostrophizes with much pathos in one of his most touching poems. She became the wife of the eighth Lord King (now Earl of Lovelace), and died 27th November, 1852. In ten years after, the death of her eldest son, Lord Ockham, was announced, and caused much commentary in the newspapers, not so much from the fact of his being Byron's grandson, as from the circumstance that, reckless of his position, he became a common sailor, and went out to America in a sailing vessel, working his way before the mast; and that, tired of his newly-adopted profession, he next turned up as a common workman in Mr. Scott-Russell's shipyard in the Isle of Dogs, where he took his wages, week by week, along with his plebeian brethren.

Historical Galleries.

THE historical pictures at Versailles have always been to me of wondrous interest. To the Art Student, the Louvre, the Galleries at Rome, Florence, and Dresden, and our own National Collections have far greater attractions. The critic takes exception to the artistic merits of some of the miles of canvas that adorn the walls of the old Palace of Louis XIV.; but the lover of history wanders on delighted and improved. The pictures at Versailles, notwithstanding occasional exaggeration, recall men and acts so heroic and brilliant that even the memory of them is ennobling, and will yet, when the results of corruption and mismanagement have finally disappeared in France, excite the chivalric race, whose history they pourtray, to emulate the glory of the past.

Sometimes, however, French painters make their country appear ungrateful. A very conspicuous battle-piece at Versailles, by Horace Vernet, commemorates Fontenoy. The moment chosen is when Marshal Saxe is announcing the victory to Louis XV. The Duc de Richelieu and other French offi-

cers are around, and a Highlander, a prisoner, is in the foreground; but not a single soldier of the Irish brigade has been introduced; neither Lally Tollendal, nor Lord Clare, nor even a trooper of Lord Clare's dragoons, *and yet the Irish brigade had something to do with the winning of Fontenoy.*

Pictorial representations of famous historical events, of the distinguished men associated with them, and of the battle-fields, with which from childhood we are familiar, teach a lesson to be learned easily and pleasantly by all. The want of knowledge of their own history is a reproach applicable far more to Englishmen than Frenchmen. Irishmen are also too frequently liable to the same censure. Our Schools, intent on classical instruction, occupied with the annals of Greece and Rome, seem to despise a branch of education that, of all others, most helps a man in his after career. It has often occurred to me that nothing would tend more to remedy this evil, and to create a taste for historical reading, than the formation of a COMPREHENSIVE NATIONAL HISTORIC GALLERY in each of the three metropolitan cities—London, Dublin, and Edinburgh—commemorative of the great events and great men of whom our country is so justly proud. Such a Gallery could readily be formed from the collections already in existence, and by the employment of living artists to supply deficiencies. Besides, the public spirit, and perhaps the family vanity, of Englishmen would contribute by gifts and bequests to the perfection of the series.

The success of the LOAN PORTRAIT GALLERIES OF SOUTH KENSINGTON and DUBLIN suggests another more extended application of the idea—the formation of LOCAL LOAN PORTRAIT EXHIBITIONS in the chief towns of our most important counties, each county to exhibit portraits of personages of distinction, county-men by birth or parentage. Who can turn over the pages of our grand County Histories, the folios of Surtees, Ormerod, Nichols, or Whitaker, and not at once admit that such Local Portrait Galleries could be formed? Yorkshire, Cheshire, Oxfordshire, Durham, Somersetshire, Lancashire, Kent, and Northumberland would each afford ample materials; and Devon is so rich in eminent personages born within her precincts that it required a whole volume by Prince to record her "Worthies." Many a curious story of neglected biography would be illustrated, and many a name, associated with some stirring event, now almost forgotten, would be advantageously recalled to people's minds. There would thus be diffused among all classes, the educated and the uneducated alike, a taste for and knowledge of the history of their country. From the peculiar pride which every Englishman feels in his own locality, from that feudal attachment which is still his characteristic, I am satisfied that if the plan I venture to suggest were once originated, it would readily be carried out.

To the Portrait Gallery of the Dublin Exhibition of 1872, pictures were sent of men heretofore scarcely realized, and considered by many as mythical as the

early annals of Ireland. The DUBLIN PORTRAIT GALLERY was a great success. For once, at all events, there was found a neutral meeting-place in Ireland, where all parties and all creeds, Northern and Southern Irishmen, lovers of art and of their country's intellectual greatness—from Belfast and Cork, from Derry and Kilkenny—could come together around a common centre of national interest, admiration, and instruction. The birthplace of Ussher, Berkeley, Swift, Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Plunket, and Moore; of Ormonde, Sarsfield, and Wellington; of Grattan and O'Connell; the land of adoption of Raleigh and Spenser, Bedel, Petty, and Ware, and the field of distinction of Sidney, Mountjoy, Strafford and Cornwallis—Ireland was rich in materials, and no pains were omitted to render those materials available. It was as encouraging as it was gratifying that England, not less than Ireland, contributed with unsparing hand. Althorp, in Northamptonshire; Knole, in distant Kent; Howick, in Northumberland; Bowood, Knowsley, and Chatsworth vied with the Irish provinces in helping on the national effort. The mansions of the resident nobility sent up valuable portraits, the more secluded homes of the gentry enriched the collection with pictures that had never before left their owners' Halls, and even America contributed from across the Atlantic. Nor did the O'Donnells, of Spain, forget the land from which they sprang. In the words of an accomplished critic, the Dublin Portrait Gallery "for the first time did justice to the genius of Ireland. "Here," said the Saturday

Reviewer, "the visitor could trace the personal history of Ireland in the lives, the physiognomies, and the figures of statesmen, lawyers, orators, and dramatists."

How suggestive are these words! A delightful book might be written, taking these "lives" for its text. Two of the lady-portraitures that attracted most attention were those of the Jacobite beauties—"La Belle Hamilton, Countess de Grammont," and "La Belle Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnel," both lent by Lord Spencer. There is a charm and romance—a story of vicissitude—clinging to the biography of Fanny Jennings, that leads me to enter on it, though already familiar to the historical student. Even such a meagre outline as this will indicate how much might be made of the subject.

LA BELLE JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF TYRCONNEL.

"La Nature l'avoit embellie de ces charmes, qu'on ne peut exprimer, les Graces y avoient mis la dernière main;—sa figure donnoit une idée de l'Aurore ou de la déesse du Printems."

Count Hamilton.

The family of Jenyns, or Jennings, was of some antiquity. Sir John Jennings, made a Knight of the Bath at the creation of Charles, Prince of Wales, served as High Sheriff of Herts in 1626, and sat in Parliament for St. Albans; and Soame Jenyns was the wit of the succeeding century. Of the granddaughters of Sir John Jennings,* SARAH became

* His wife was Alice Spencer, niece of Sir John Spencer, first Lord Spencer, of Wormleighton.

DUCHESS of MARLBOROUGH, and her eldest sister FRANCES, "La Belle Jennings," DUCHESS of TYRCONNEL.

A family that was destined to produce two Duchesses at a period when

"Love ruled the camp, the court, the grove,"

must have had amongst its female members many distinguished by pre-eminent loveliness. Fairest amongst the fair was FRANCES JENNINGS, eldest daughter and one of the co-heiresses of Richard Jennings, of Sandridge, near St. Albans, born in 1648. Even in her extreme youth tongues ran riot in her praise, and, long ere she had reached womanhood, she was the pride of all circles and the idol of her own. No wonder that such perfection should determine the Duchess of York to add Miss Jennings to the brilliant circle by which she was surrounded. Grand ladies of that time deemed they borrowed lustre from the beauty of their attendant handmaidens. It might be at the suggestion of the Duke of York that La Belle Jennings was invited to leave her country home for the post of Maid of Honour at Court. Miss Temple and Miss Churchill had previously accepted the dangerous but coveted position. Miss Jennings was only sixteen when she was appointed, and no sooner had she made her appearance at Court, than the rumour of her surpassing loveliness was confirmed, and she was at once proclaimed the Queen of Beauty. The morality of the Court of Charles II. was at that time at a very low

ebb, and it required no little firmness and propriety to merit, as Fanny Jennings did, a character of unsullied purity. But one or two foolish frolics in which she took part somewhat compromised her reputation. Pepys, referring in his gossip to the "mad freaks of the Maids of Honour," says, "Miss Jennings the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down, and cried 'Oranges!' till falling down, or by some accident her fine shoes were discovered." Not long after, in company with Miss Price, another Maid of Honour, she paid a visit to a famous fortune-teller, who discovered everyone's secrets, and foretold everyone's fate. This seer turned out, however, to be no other than the profligate Lord Rochester, who had disguised himself for the purpose.

Addressed by many admirers, La Belle Jennings seemed to favour Henry Jermyn, then the beau *par excellence*, and to discourage Dick Talbot, the handsomest man at Court, whose offer of marriage she refused. In 1665 she had to accompany the Duke and Duchess to York, and as Talbot, in his official capacity of Groom of the Bedchamber, was of the party, he availed himself of a second opportunity to throw himself at her feet and again to sue for her hand. He was again rejected, but in the same year another aspirant carried off the prize—Count Hamilton's brother George. He was second son of Hon. Sir George Hamilton, Bart., fourth son of James, first Earl of Abercorn.

It would be hard to conceive a more difficult position than that of this young bride, this fascinating girl

of seventeen. Flattered and fawned on by a host of young gallants, who professed to live but for her smiles, neglected by a husband that had soon learnt to care little for the lovely flower he had won, and persecuted by Royalty itself, La Belle Jennings, despite of all, remained to the end "pure as unsunned snow." The propriety of the lady's married life was above all praise. Her husband, too, won at last by the wife's noble example, endeavoured to prove himself deserving of such a treasure.

Evelyn styles him a "valiant and worthy gentleman," and Hamilton merited the encomium. Appointed Captain of the Gens d'Armes Anglais, and created a Count by Louis XIV., he fell in an engagement near Zebernstieg, in 1676. At his death his widow, shortly before become, like her husband, a Roman Catholic, was left with six children, inconsolable and penniless, save a small pension from France. The manner in which the Countess Hamilton conducted herself in this critical and unprotected position, won the just admiration of all who knew her.

In 1679, while at Paris, when she must have been in her thirty-first year, she again met her first and early admirer, Colonel Richard Talbot, then in exile. The tallest and handsomest man of the day, he was not long in gaining his suit, now for the third time urged. In that very year he had lost his wife, Catherine Boynton, and was thus left free to make a second choice. His marriage to the widowed Countess Hamilton took place soon after in Paris.

In 1685 Talbot, still groom of the bed-chamber to James II., was created Earl of Tyrconnel, and his Countess received the honour of the appointment of lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen. In 1686, having previously been made Lieutenant-General of the army in Ireland, Tyrconnel was constituted Vice-roy of that kingdom, and for the next three years held Court, with his beautiful wife, in Dublin Castle. As Vice-Queen, "la belle Jennings" was true to her antecedents. Pure, dignified, and brilliant, she threw a charm over the elevated sphere in which she moved. In 1689 the Lord Lieutenant received from the abdicated Monarch the Dukedom of Tyrconnel. Shortly after the Battle of the Boyne, Tyrconnel sent his Duchess, "with all his own wealth and the King's treasure," into France, and after the first siege of Limerick, having rejoined the King at St. Germains, was invested with the Order of the Garter. In 1691, while defending Limerick for King James, the Duke was seized with apoplexy, under which he died. "On the eleventh of August," says Macaulay, "he (Tyrconnel) dined with d'Usson. The party was gay. The Lord Lieutenant seemed to have thrown off the load which had bowed down his body and mind: he drank: he jested: he was again the Dick Talbot who had diced and revelled with Grammont. Soon after he had risen from table, an apoplectic stroke deprived him of speech and sensation. On the fourteenth he breathed his last. The wasted remains of that form which had once been a model for statuaries were laid

under the pavement of the Cathedral (of Limerick); but no inscription, no tradition preserves the memory of the spot."

It was during her reign in Ireland (for such it might be called), that the Duchess married her three daughters, by Hamilton, to three of the wealthiest men in that country, Elizabeth, the eldest, to Richard Parsons, Viscount Rosse; Frances, the second, who inherited all her mother's beauty, to Henry, eighth Viscount Dillon; and Mary, the youngest, to Nicholas Barnewall, Viscount Kingsland. And what became of this remarkable mother, sister, and wife? Continuing to reside at the Court of St. Germains, she was on November 9th, 1695, one of the four ladies attending Queen Mary Beatrice, when King James paid a visit to Louis XIV. at Versailles.

After the death of the Duke of Tyrconnel, the Duchess determined to remain abroad till the dispersion of the Court of St. Germains, and the marriage of her daughters by Talbot. Narrow circumstances were again her lot, and to such straits was she reduced, that she was glad to avail herself of the kind support of the Jacobites, and of £400 generously awarded out of the pension which James II. received of the Pope.

In 1708 she was in England, and had a private interview with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough, then at the height of his power. A story is current, but not authenticated, that at that time a part of the Royal Exchange being let out in small stalls or shops, the place was a favourite resort of

women of rank and fashion, and that the Duchess of Tyrconnel maintained herself by the sale of trifles, and small haberdashery! To escape discovery, continues the tradition, she wore a white mask, which she never removed; desirous, if possible, to screen from observation the traces of that fine form which had been worshipped as a Hebe or Aurora! By the interest of her brother-in-law and sister, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duchess of Tyrconnel obtained a small portion of her husband's property, and permission to reside in Dublin, a city endeared to her for that husband's sake, and on the site of her house she established a Nunnery for Poor Clares. At length she closed her sad, eventful history, at her residence near the Phœnix Park, 6th March, 1730-1. On that cold wintry night she fell out of bed, and, too feeble to call for assistance, she lingered a few lethargic hours, and expired in her eighty-second year. She was interred in the Cathedral of St. Patrick. Lady Charlotte, her eldest daughter by Talbot, was married to the Prince Vintimiglia. Comte de Verac and Prince Belmonte married two grand-daughters, but neither of them left issue.

The annals of the aristocracy present many striking instances of vicissitudes, but no episode "points a moral or adorns a tale," like the romantic career of La Belle Jennings, the wonderful Duchess of Tyrconnel. In Lord Spencer's gallery at Althorp, and in Lord Talbot's at Malahide, portraits of the Duchess are preserved. The letters of Lady Rachel Russell, Gram-

mont's Memoirs, Mrs. Jameson's writings, and Mr. Steinman Steinman's graceful volume, entitled "Althorp Memoirs," printed for private circulation, contain interesting records of a lady who will be remembered while beauty, wit, and grace, have a hold on British hearts.

Fragments of Family and Personal History.

PARISH REGISTERS afford occasionally amusing and suggestive information.

At LLANMAES, near Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, there is an entry which would, had he seen it, have astonished Sir Cornewall Lewis. The following is a verbatim copy, as certified by the rector:

"'Ivan Yorath buried a Saterdaye the xvi day of July, anno doni 1621 et anno regni regis vicesimo primo, annoque ætatis circa 180. He was a sowdiar in the fights of Boswoorthe, and lived at Lantwitt Major, and hee lived muche by fishing.'

"I hereby certify the above writing to be a true copy, taken from the Register Book of Burials of the parish of Llanmaes, in the county of Glamorgan.

"W. LEIGH MORGAN, M.A.,

"15th July, 1872." "Rector and R.D.

The Parish Register of HUNTINGDON of the year

1599, has an entry of baptism of the deepest interest. It is in these words:—"Anno Dni 1599 Oliverus, filius Robti Cromwell, genor. et Elizabeth Ux. eius natus vicesimo quinto die Aprilis et baptisatus vicesimo nono eiusdem mensis."

"In the year of our Lord 1599, Oliver, son of Robert Cromwell, gent., and Elizabeth his wife, born 25th of April, and baptized 29th of the same month."

Just between the date of the year and the name of the child, this line has been inserted:

"England's plague for five years."

An effort has been made to erase it, but the words can still be easily read.

This Oliver, the son of Robert and Elizabeth his wife, was no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector.

The Burial Register of WESTMINSTER ABBEY has, amidst the records of its illustrious dead, this brief notice:—

"11 JAN., 1672-3, THE LADY HATTON AND HER DAUGHTER."

Curious to discover whom the obituary line commemorated, Colonel Chester, an American antiquary, gave some attention to the enquiry, and finally arrived at a positive conviction that it referred to Lady Hatton, the mother, and Lady Hatton, the wife of Christopher, 2nd Lord Hatton of Kirby. If that be so, a most melancholy and tragic story lies behind these simple words.

Lord Hatton held the Governorship of Guernsey in 1672. Towards midnight, on the 29th December in that year, a terrific thunderstorm broke over Cornet Castle, his lordship's official residence. "Heaven's black artillery" resounded fearfully over the devoted spot, and the powder magazine, struck by the lightning, exploded. There were in the castle at the time the Governor, Lord Hatton, his mother, the Dowager Lady Hatton, his wife, and his two infant children; besides a waiting-woman and nurse. They were all fast asleep. Old Lady Hatton, who was in the upper part of the castle, was crushed to death by the falling in of the ceiling of her apartment. Lady Hatton, the Governor's wife, who, with a mother's instinct and love, had run to her children in the nursery, was also killed. The poor nurse was found dead with the younger child in her arms, unhurt, still holding in its little hands a plaything, a small silver cup, which was battered and bruised by the falling *débris*. The baby, who lay in a cradle completely filled with rubbish, but protected by a beam, likewise survived without having received the slightest injury. Providence threw its protecting mantle over the sleeping infants, and they were saved.

Still more miraculous was the preservation of Lord Hatton himself. By the force of the explosion, he was actually carried in his bed to the battlement of a wall some yards distant.

Imagination can scarcely picture a scene more distressing than this Christmas night at Cornet Castle.

One solitary doorway alone remained of the building. Everything else was a wreck.

It used to be said of the first EARL OF ELDON, that, notwithstanding his strong religious opinions, he went rarely to Divine worship, and was "rather a buttress than a pillar of the Church, for he supported it only from without."

The following entry in the Parish Register of Hertingfordbury, Herts, goes far, either to relieve the Lord Chancellor's memory from the reproach, or else, by registering, as a remarkable occurrence, his lordship's attendance at church, to add corroboration to the charge :—

"June, 1821.

"On Saturday, June 9th (Whitsun eve), the Lord High Chancellor (Eldon) and Lady Eldon, arrived at the Rectory House at Hertingfordbury, on a visit to their relatives, Rev. Dr. Ridley, Mrs. Ridley, and family. On the next day Lord and Lady Eldon attended Divine Service at the Church of Hertingfordbury."

Not content with thus recording the Earl's going to church, the register contains another entry, as a kind of postscript, to record for future generations the important event, that "Mr. Hand, the Sealer of the Great Seal, having arrived express from London, the Great Seal was affixed to the Proclamation for the Coronation of George IV., on the 19th day of July, in the RECTORY HOUSE, at Hertingfordbury!"

At the Austrian Military Engineer Academy, there are two Brady scholarships, founded for youths of Irish birth and extraction. The value of each of these scholarships is about £80 a year, and the right of presentation vests in the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. At the end of the course, the holder receives his commission, and is fully equipped as lieutenant, for whatever arm he may select, infantry, cavalry, or artillery. The patriotic Irishman, who thus, in the days of his prosperity, did not forget the old land from which he sprung, was the son of a small farmer in Cavan. He gave early promise of ability, and his father found means, through the kindness of Colonel Wogan Browne, of Rathcoffy, to have him sent to an Ecclesiastical college at Vienna, to study for the priesthood. One day the Empress passed the students in review, and, observing the figure and bearing of young Brady, who had been spoken to by his patron, said, "Colonel Browne, what a pity it is so fine a young fellow should not be in the army! What was he saying to you just now?" "Your Majesty," replied Browne, with Irish readiness, "he said that you were a beautiful lady, and he only wished he had the honour to serve your Majesty." The Empress, pleased either with his appearance or flattered by the compliment, had young Brady transferred to a military college, whence he entered the army.

His subsequent career is matter of history. When Napoleon was making war on Austria, Brady, then Field Marshal and Baron, fought for his adopted country

with the highest distinction. He married an offshoot of the royal family, and died without issue in Vienna in 1826.

Once, at the period of his elevation, Baron Brady returned to Ireland, and visited, amongst other gentlemen, Mr. Nesbit. One morning he requested his host to drive to a cabin he indicated. On arriving at the cabin door, the old Marshal burst into tears. Mr. Nesbit inquired what grieved him? "I am not grieved," he said; "but here I was born, and I rejoice to see the spot. Old memories crowd upon my heart, and my feelings have overcome me." He then went to visit his brother, a small farmer hard by.

Brady's mother was a Maguire, of Fermanagh, and of this he was vastly proud. "On that side," he used to say, "I have as good blood as any of them."

Twenty years ago, Field Marshal Laval Prince Nugent, then seventy-four years old, arrived in London, on his way to a little village in Westmeath, where he was born. He had some intention of purchasing the old family estate of his branch of the noble house of Westmeath, then announced for sale in the Incumbered Estates' Court. Just sixty-two years before, he had passed through London a little boy of twelve to seek his fortune in Austria. Strange the contrast of the unnoticed lad, with only hope and ambition before him in 1789; and the great soldier, Prince and Field Marshal, returning home, that ambition accomplished, in 1851!

During the interval, of all Irishmen in foreign service Nugent had played the most conspicuous part—the Plenipotentiary of Austria at Peace Congresses, and her General in great battles. The mere enumeration of the decorations and honours he won tells a tale of brilliant service:

Field Marshal, His Excellency Laval NUGENT, a Roman Prince, Count of the Austrian Empire, and Life Member of the Council of the Empire, Magnate of Hungary, an hereditary Lord of the Estates of Carniola, Knight of the Golden Fleece; Knight Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of Leopold, Knight of the First Class of the Iron Crown, Knight Commander of the Military Order of Maria Theresa; Knight of the Russian Orders of St. Andrew, St. Alexander Newski, Saint Anne (First Class), and the White Eagle; Knight Grand Cross of the Neapolitan Orders of St. Ferdinand and Merit, and of St. George; Grand Cross of the Sardinian Orders of S.S. Maurice and Lazarus; Grand Cross of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order; Grand Cross of the Tuscan Order of St. Joseph; Grand Cross of the Modenese Order of the Eagle of Este; Knight Commander of the Bath; Senior Field Marshal of Austria, a Captain General in the Neapolitan, and a Lieutenant General in the British Armies; A Privy Councillor and Chamberlain of His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty; Colonel in Chief of the 30th Infantry Regiment of the Austrian Army.

One of the objects Prince Nugent informed me that he had in coming to England, was to claim for his

son, Count Albert Nugent, the Scottish Peerage of Lennox. He was under the impression that such a claim was tenable, as his son was the direct descendant of Mary Stuart's husband, Lord Darnley, eldest son of Matthew, Earl of Lennox, and was alone capable of succeeding, all the intermediate and previous heirs being aliens. The descent came thus: the wife of Prince Nugent and the mother of Count Albert Nugent, was Jane, Duchess of Riario Sforza, who was in a direct line from the second daughter and co-heiress of Edward Count Palatine of the Rhine, grandson of James I., King of England, and great-grandson of Henry, Lord Darnley. Of course there was no ground for such claim, but the Prince argued that all the intermediate heirs being foreigners, were to be considered as dead branches of the family tree, and that his son, being the son of an Irishman, was not barred by alienage. I explained, however, that this was not our Peerage Law, and that no one but the real heir in blood could succeed to a Peerage dignity. He was satisfied, and did not proceed further in the matter. All he did was to authenticate and to have registered in Ireland his pedigree from the Earls of Westmeath.

It was this false notion of alienage that induced the Eyres of Hassop to assume for several years the title of Newburgh. They did so on the presumption that the real heirs, the Princes Giustiniani of Rome, were foreigners, and incapable of succeeding. The House of Lords, however, at last took cognizance of the case,

and confirmed in 1858 to Cecilia, Princess Giustiniani, who was naturalized in the previous year, the Earldom of Newburgh, the Viscounty of Kynnaird, and the Barony of Levingstone. Her eldest son, Lord Kynnaird, who resides at Rome, was also naturalized at the same time.

Prince Nugent had all honour and consideration done to him both in England and Ireland. Her Majesty invited him to Windsor Castle, and the highest personages in London received him with the distinction due to his military renown. Curiously enough, on his arrival in Ireland, the "national" party accepted him as one of themselves, forgetful that the old Marshal was an unbending Austrian of the legitimist school. At that particular time, Europe was convulsed by political agitation, and by demands for constitutional government. One morning, the Prince, irritated at fresh news from the Continent, about constitutional rights, exclaimed, "A constitution forsooth! I'd give them a Constitution, and express it in one word, '*Bayonet!*"

Subsequently, on his return to Austria, he held several high appointments. When the war with France broke out in 1859, the spirit of the Field-Marshal was roused, and, disregarding his eighty-two years, he joined the Austrian army as a volunteer, and fought with his old gallantry at Solferino.

The Lady Ann Barnard, daughter of James, fifth

Earl of Balcarres, and grand-aunt of the present Earl of Crawford, wrote the beautiful ballad of "Robin Gray," but kept the secret so well, that a controversy arose as to the probable date of the production, some asserting that it was of considerable antiquity, and had been composed by David Rizzio. "I was persecuted," says the lady herself in a very interesting letter, dated 1823, "to avow whether I had written it or not, or where I had got it. However, I kept my counsel in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. I must also mention," continues Lady Anne, "the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and, instead of singing, "To make the crown a pound," my Jamie gaed to sea," say, "To make it twenty merks;" for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessin his gear. It is that line,' (whispered he) 'that tells me that sang was written by some bonny lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'"

SOAME JENYNS, the cousin of two Duchesses, was a celebrated wit, as ugly as Fanny and Sarah Jennings were beautiful; he has been thus described:—"He came into your house at the very moment you had put upon your card; he dressed himself to do your party honour, in all the colours of the jay; his lace, indeed, had long since lost its lustre, but his coat had faithfully retained its cut since the days when gentlemen wore embroidered figured velvets, with short sleeves, boot cuffs, and buckram skirts. As nature cast him in the exact mould of an ill-made pair of stiff stays, he followed her so close in the fashion of his coat, that it was doubted if he did not wear them; because he had a protuberant wen just under his poll, he wore a wig that did not cover above half his head. His eyes were protruded, like the eyes of the lobster, who wears them at the end of his feelers, and yet there was room between one of them and his nose for another wen, that added nothing to his beauty; yet this good man was heard very innocently to remark, when Gibbon published his history, "that he wondered anybody so ugly could write a book."

Such was the exterior of a man who was the charm of the circle, and gave a zest to every company he came into. His pleasantry was of a sort peculiar to himself; it harmonized with everything; it was like the bread to your dinner, you did not perhaps make it the whole or principal part of the meal, but it was an admirable and wholesome auxiliary to the other viands. Soame Jenyns told you no long stories, engrossed not much of

your attention, and was not angry with those that did. His thoughts were original, and were apt to have a very whimsical affinity to the paradox in them. He wrote verses upon dancing, and prose upon the origin of evil, yet he was a very indifferent metaphysician, and a worse dancer.

If the disputed question as to Irish Baronies in fee be ever decided by the House of Lords, the precedents of Slane and other similar titles incline one to think that judgment will be given for the HEIR MALE. Should this anticipation be borne out, many an ancient dignity would be restored to the Peerage of Ireland. DELVIN would fall to the Earl of Westmeath; a Berminghan would inherit ATHENRY; and Lord Dunboyne become Lord Le BOTILLER, of a creation as old as 1324. Other old Baronies might be claimed and established.

The BARONY of POWER, of Curraghmore, created by Patent, 13th September, 1535, seems to belong to Mr. de la Poer, of Gurteen, M.P. for co. Waterford. The title was assumed and borne so late as 1725. In *The Historical Register* of that year is this announcement, "20 Aug. Dyed at Paris, the Lord Power, a Peer of the Realm of Ireland, aged about 80 years." This is the same person that Dr. King mentions in the "*Anecdotes of his Own Times*," a curious gossiping book, written when the Doctor was seventy-five years old, in 1760:

"I remember," says King, "a Lord Poer, a Roman Catholic Peer of Ireland, who lived upon a small

pension which Queen Anne had granted him; he was a man of honour and well esteemed, and had formerly been an Officer of some distinction in the service of France. The Duke of Ormonde had often invited him to dinner, and he as often excused himself. At last the Duke kindly expostulated with him, and would know the reason why he so constantly refused to be one of his guests. My Lord Poer then honestly confessed that he could not afford it; 'But,' says he, 'if your Grace will put a guinea into my hands as often as you are pleased to invite me to dine, I will not decline the honour of waiting on you.' This was done, and my Lord was afterwards a frequent guest in St. James's Square."

Questions are often asked as to the present state of the EARLDOM of BERKELEY, which the following details will answer:—The Earldom of Berkeley was conferred by patent, in 1679, on George, fourteenth Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, co. Gloucester; and has remained unassumed since the decease of Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl, in 1810. Shortly after that event, the late Col. William Berkeley, who then bore, as presumed Heir Apparent, the courtesy title of Lord Dursley, and had a seat, under that designation in the House of Commons, presented a petition to the Crown for a writ of summons, as Earl of Berkeley; but some doubts having arisen touching the marriage upon which the petitioner's right to the peerage rested, the petition was referred to the con-

sideration of the Lords, and a decision come to adverse to the claimant. By that judgment, the alleged marriage of the deceased Lord in 1785 was disallowed, and the inheritance to the title opened to the eldest son, born *after* the nuptials of 1796, which the decision of the Peers confirmed, viz., the Hon. Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge Berkeley, who is, in point of fact, now EARL OF BERKELEY, but does not assume the title. As he is unmarried, his next younger brother, the Hon. G. C. Grantley Fitz-Hardinge Berkeley, is heir-presumptive to the honours. By the will of the late Earl (in which the marriage of 1785 is solemnly declared to have taken place), Berkeley Castle and all the extensive estates of the family in Gloucestershire were devised to his eldest son, Col. Berkeley, and an annuity of £700 a year bequeathed to each of his Lordship's other sons, the estates being strictly entailed (after the death of Col. Berkeley and the male heirs of his body) on each in succession; but a proviso forbade the assumption of the title by any one of them under penalty of a forfeiture of all benefit to be derived from the testamentary bequest.

The deceased Earl's public marriage, as confirmed by the Lords' decision, took place, as I have already mentioned, in 1796; prior, however, to this date, four of his Lordship's children, by the same lady, were born; but the Earl declared that he had been privately married to the Countess, in Berkeley Church, 30th March, 1785, assigning as a reason for the second nuptials that the witnesses to the first were all dead, and

the vouchers to establish it all destroyed, in consequence of the great secrecy observed; and he confirmed that assertion in his last will and testament.

It appears that the Earl's will did not comprise the whole of the Berkeley property. The London or Berkeley Square estate, in addition to that in Dorsetshire, remained attached to the Earldom; but the Hon. Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge Berkeley, who did not choose to assume the family honours, assigned his life interest in it, on attaining his majority, to his eldest brother, Col. Berkeley, who had already succeeded to Berkeley Castle, and who was eventually created an Earl under the title of Fitzhardinge. His Lordship died unmarried in 1857, when his great property passed, under the entail, to his brother, Admiral Sir Maurice Fitzhardinge Berkeley, who made a vain attempt before the Committee for Privileges to establish a right to be a parliamentary Baron in right of the feudal tenure of Berkeley Castle. He was subsequently made, by patent, Baron FitzHardinge.

The rise of LORD LYNDHURST, the son of John Singleton Copley, the painter, and the grandson of a County Limerick gentleman, who emigrated to Boston in America, was due to his own great ability. At Trinity College, Cambridge, the brilliancy of his career gave earnest of his future success. I have heard a story from good authority with reference to that period of his life. In the list of B.A.s, to whom the University assigned "The Travelling Bachelor's" grant,

occurs in 1795 the name of John Singleton Copley. This annual grant was made out of the interest of a fund bequeathed for that purpose, but the money is now, by the direction of the Privy Council, bestowed in a somewhat different, and, it is thought, a more useful manner. At all events, Copley received it, and was thus enabled to visit the New World. On arriving in America, he formed the acquaintance of a French gentleman of his own age. They soon became intimate, and were companions in many of their journeys through the States. At length they parted with much regret, and with strong feelings of friendship. Copley returned to England, became a barrister, reached by degrees the head of his profession, and eventually attained the Woolsack, from which he retired in 1830, on the advent of the Whigs to power. Some time after, visiting Paris, he went to the Tuileries to be presented. The moment, however, he entered the Throne Room, and before his name was announced, the King, Louis Philippe, stepped forward and exclaimed, "Good God, is it you, Copley?" and with French *empressement*, embraced Lord Lyndhurst. His Majesty was the French companion who, under the adopted name he used in exile, had accompanied Copley on his American travels, some forty years before.

I have mentioned that Lord Lyndhurst's father was Copley, the Royal Academician, so well known by his picture of "The Death of Chatham," in the National Gallery. Amongst the unpublished papers of

the first Earl of Charlemont, there is a letter from Copley, evincing his desire to paint a similar historical picture for Ireland. The letter is worth preserving:—

"My Lord, "London, March 22, 1783.

"The subject that now presents itself for the exercise of the pencil, and is one of the finest that modern times has given birth to, is the institution of the new Order of St. Patrick, a subject replete with every picturesque beauty, and invaluable from the portraits it will contain.

"I should feel much regret should I meet with any impediments that should deprive me of the honour of making it one of the monuments I am ambitious to leave behind me. It is this desire, my Lord, that has so far superseded every other consideration, and has led me to presume on your Lordship's goodness, for the necessary means of information for that purpose. A near relation of Mr. Pelham, who has the honour of being known to your Lordship, and who is well qualified to transmit to me sketches of the buildings where the scene lay, of the dresses, &c., is going to Ireland in a few days, and I shall feel myself impressed with a sense of your Lordship's condescension if you will permit him to wait on you, and explain more particularly my design.

"I have the honour to be,

"My Lord, your Lordship's

"Most obedient humble servant,

"Lord of Charlemont, "J. S. Copley.
"Leicester Fields."

Unfortunately Copley did not carry out his intention. The only painting, one by Sherwin, (now at Carton), that commemorates the institution of the Order of St. Patrick, is but a poor work of art. The engraving made from it is infinitely better.

The recent marriage of the Marquess of Bute and the Hon. Gwendoline Howard, recalls a brilliant ceremony at the wedding of the Marquess's ancestors, the LADY SUSAN VERE and SIR PHILIP HERBERT, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of James I. The bride was the daughter and eventual co-heiress of that Earl of Oxford, the soldier and poet of the court of Elizabeth, who first introduced perfumes and embroidered gloves into England, and the bridegroom was Philip Herbert, eventually Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, Knight of the Garter, and Lord Chamberlain of the Household to King Charles I. As heir-general of this marriage, the Marquess of Bute is one of the co-heirs of the De Veres, and should, according to the present law of genealogical descent, be, with the Duke of Athole and the Earl of Abingdon, Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England.

"On St. John's Day," writes Sir Dudley Carleton, to Mr. Winwood, Jan., 1604, "we had the marriage of Sir Philip Herbert and the Lady Susan, performed at Whitehall, with all the honour could be done a great favourite. The court was great, and for that day put on the best bravery. The Prince and Duke of Holst led the

bride to church; the Queen followed her from thence. The King gave her; and she in her tresses and trinkets brided and bridled it so handsomely, and indeed, became herself so well, that the King said, if he were unmarried, *he would not give her, but keep her himself.* The marriage dinner was kept in the great chamber, where the Prince and the Duke of Holst, and the great lords and ladies, accompanied the bride. The ambassador of Venice was the only bidden guest of strangers, and he had place above the Duke of Holst, which the Duke took not well. But after dinner he was as little pleased himself; for, being brought into the close to retire himself, he was then suffered to walk out, his supper unthought of. At night there was a mask in the hall, which for conceit and fashion was suitable to the occasion. The actors were the Earl of Pembroke, the Lord Willoby, Sir Samuel Hays, Sir Thomas Germain, Sir Robert Cary, Sir John Lee, Sir Richard Preston, and Sir Thomas Bager. There was no small loss that night of chains and jewells, and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were well enough served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at £2500; but that which made it a good marriage, was a gift of the King's of £500 land for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the Council Chamber, where the King gave them a *reveille matin* before they were up. No ceremony was omitted of bride cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the court; and at night there

was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, with many other pretty sorceries."

A letter from Mr. Ynyr Burges, of East Ham, in Essex, written last century to his sister Alice, afterwards Mrs. Methold, descriptive of another wedding ceremonial, may be appropriately added: Mr. Burges was an Essex gentleman of large fortune, which eventually devolved on his only child Margaret, Countess Poulett.

"I know that most young ladies are fond of hearing (when they cannot see) the appearance of a Bride and Bridegroom: I confess myself unable for such a *description*, although my wife yesterday told me the names of every part of her dress for your information. I have left her at Wansted, and also my memory; however, as well as I can, you have here an account thereof.

"On Tuesday, the 15th instant, we were married at Gray's Inn Chapel. Her dress a white silk, with gold Facings and Robins; shoes ditto, and a laced mob. Mine a white Cloth Coat and Breeches, with gold buttons and button-holes; a red cloth waistcoat, laced with *Gold*, and a *Bob-wig;* we were that day very elegantly entertained by John Waple, Esq., of Gray's Inn, and in the evening sett out for Wansted.

"Sunday last was appointed for our appearance at church, where we were attended by the two Miss Malyns (each £20,000 fortune). My wife's dress a White and Silver Gown and Petticoat of three guineas

a yard, a Lappit Head of £190; a *Solitaire* and *Earrings*, £500, an enamel watch and Tweeze, £200. My dress a Brown Coat and Breeches, the former lined with silk of the same colour, a White Sattin Waistcoat with a gold shape, a Bag Sword, and Silk Stockings. In the afternoon we sat in those Dresses to receive Company, among whome we had the honour of the Earl of Tylney, Lord Castelmain, and Lady Dorothy Child.

"Next Sunday we appear in Dresses to return the compliments, which will be Mrs. Burges in a rich flowered gown and petticoat. Me in a cloth mixture, embroidered with silver, a Blue Sattin Chain, silk Broad Hose, with silver and velvet Breeches."

A favourite and popular fallacy exists with regard to the use of Heraldry and the labours of the Heralds. So far from being, what some suppose it, a mere conceit of our ancestors, heraldry is an essential institution in a country, like England, of hereditary descent and settled property, and, among the records which elucidate family history, and keep intact the transmission of titles and of property, none are so important, and generally none so correct, as the pedigrees and information derived from the Heralds' researches.

The VISITATIONS made by the Kings of Arms in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are the real depositories of English genealogy, and are received as evidence in all law courts in the kingdom. True enough

inaccuracies occur, but nevertheless the pedigrees of the Visitations are of infinite value. Hundreds of instances could be adduced in which honours would have been obscured, and inheritances lost, but for the genealogical documents preserved in the London Heralds' College.

In Ireland, the neglect and loss of Parish Registers, and the destruction of public and private documents in times of civil commotion, have been such that Irish personal and family history could scarcely be traced at all without the aid of the Office of Arms there. A visit to the old Tower of Dublin Castle, now devoted to the heraldic records and state papers of Ireland, is full of interest. This Tower is the only remnant of antiquity in the Castle, and was formerly its prison. Here in one room is shown the very cell from which Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnel, effected his escape in 1591. With all the traditions clustering around its mediæval walls, the place has been wisely chosen for its present use, and is appropriately the home of the documents which refer to the public and private history of the country.

People are little aware how important are the collections garnered in the College of Arms, London, in the Lyon Office and Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and in Ulster's Office, Dublin. Of the records of Ulster's Office, I may be permitted to say a few words. Among them is to be found a series of MSS., entitled "The Records of the Rolls," compiled about one hundred years ago by the famous John Lodge, Keeper of the Berming-

ham Tower, which contains, in twelve folio volumes, a description of all the grants of land in Ireland made by the Sovereign to the subject. The actual grant is not only given, but the full description of the grantee, the sub-denominations of the lands, the acreage, the conditions, etc. In proof of title to land, tithes, fisheries, etc., and often in proof of pedigree, this collection is invaluable, guiding the litigant to the best sources of evidence. Another valuable series of volumes is entitled "WILL BOOKS," and includes pedigrees of persons named in the Wills preserved in Dublin from the earliest period. One of the most curious of the purely Heraldic MSS. is the collection of "FUNERAL ENTRIES." In former times, and up to the end of the seventeenth century, when a great personage died, a funeral entry was made giving many important genealogical facts. Some of these entries are illustrated by heraldic drawings and emblems, and by contemporary representations of processions, costumes, etc.

Several modern Causes Célèbres have been settled by reference to the records of Ulster's Office. The protracted litigation for the Tintern Abbey Estates, in the co. Wexford, and the various contests the late Mr. Rossborough Colclough had to go through, attracted much public attention. After years of law and trouble and enormous expense, Mr. Colclough was well nigh in despair, when, at the eleventh hour, a clue was discovered in "The Book of Converts," in the Office of Arms, which led to the required evidence establishing the legality of the marriage of an ancestor, and thus finally

determining the case. Again, the heirship of the undevised property of the late Sir Charles Hastings, Bart., of Willesley, co. Derby, was traced, through Ulster's Office, to a poor farmer in Westmeath, who recovered and divided with his cousin the property in dispute. Still more recently, after the death of the late Mrs. Gerrard, of Gibbstown, information which discovered her heirs turned up amongst Ulster's records. The succession to Irish Peerages is invariably established by the proofs derived from "THE LORDS' ENTRIES" in the Irish Office of Arms. Indeed, in many instances, without such evidence, it would be impossible to satisfy the Committee for Privileges, or any legal tribunal. In the Taaffe case, which was tried a few years ago, Lord Taaffe would have been considered an alien, and no decision could have been had, unless a statement made by his ancestor, Nicholas, Viscount Taaffe, in these "Lords' Entries," in the year 1766, had been forthcoming, to the effect that both his sons were *born in London*, a statement which took the claimant out of the category of aliens.

The FOUNDER KNIGHTS OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER were Edward III. (Sovereign); Edward Plantagenet, the Black Prince; Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster; Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; John De Greilly, Captol De Buche; Ralph Lord Stafford; William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury; Robert Mortimer, Earl of March; John, Lord L'Isle, of

Rugemont; Bartholomew Lord Burghersh; John Lord Beauchamp; John Lord Mohun, of Dunster; Sir Hugh Courtenay; Sir Thomas Holand; John Lord Grey, of Rotherfield; Sir Richard Fitz-Simon; Sir Miles Stapleton; Sir Thomas Wale; Sir Hugh Wrottesley; Sir Nigel Loring; Sir John Chandos; Sir James Audeley; Sir Otho Holand; Sir Henry Gam; Sir Sanchet Dabridgecourt; and Sir Walter Paveley.

All these Founder Knights had partaken of the recent glories of the campaign in France, and were all present at the Battle of Cressy. In point of fact, the Order of the Garter was in early times conferred as the chief reward of military merit, and its recipients were frequently of the degree of simple Knights.

Now-a-days, the Ribbon of the Garter is confined exclusively to the higher orders of the peerage. There have been only four Viscounts elected since the reign of James I., not one Baron since the time of Queen Anne, and during the last and present centuries only three Commoners, two of whom, Lords North and Castlereagh, were heirs apparent of Peers. The first Scotchman decorated with the Garter was the Earl of Douglas in the time of Edward IV., and the first Irishman, the Earl of Kildare, in the time of Henry VII. In the existing peerage, the families which have contributed most Knights to the Order of the Garter, are those of HOWARD, which has given 22; GREY and PERCY, 13; STANLEY, 12; TALBOT and SEYMOUR, 10; CAVENDISH, NEVILL, and SOMERSET, 9; RUSSELL, HERBERT, MANNERS, SPENCER and CECIL, 8;

HASTINGS, SACKVILLE, LEVESON-GOWER, LENNOX, and CLINTON, 6.

Since the accession of George III., in 1760, the following are the creations of Knights of the Garter:—By George III., 73; by George IV., 14; by William IV., 14; and by Queen Victoria, 82. This last number is composed of 4 members of the royal family, 24 foreign sovereigns and princes, and 54 subjects.

In another page I have told "The Story of Pamela;" and here I take the opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments to my esteemed friend, Dr. R. R. Madden, the historian of the "United Irishmen," for much valuable information on the subject. Every minute particular connected with the death of Pamela's husband, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, has interest. Moore gives a description of the dagger Lord Edward used in his death struggle, and at the Dublin Exhibition of 1872, a dagger was exhibited purporting to be the weapon in question. The annexed letter, however, sets the matter at rest, and gives a curious and authentic account of the custody of the real dagger from the day it was wrested from Lord Edward. It is now in the possession of Mr. William R. Le Fanu, Commissioner of Public Works in Ireland, together with this letter from his mother, the late Mrs. Le Fanu.

"I was almost a child when I possessed myself of the dagger with which Lord Edward Fitzgerald had defended himself so desperately at the time of his arrest. The circumstances connected with it are these—Mrs. Swan, wife of Major Swan (Deputy Town Major), was a relative of my mother's, my family constantly visited at her house, in North Great George's Street. My mother frequently took my younger sister and me there. I often heard Major Swan describe the dreadful struggle in which he had himself received a severe wound from the dagger which he had succeeded in wresting from Lord Edward, and which he took a pleasure in showing as a trophy. The dreadful conflict is described in the Annual Register, and in the Journals of the day. The death-wound which Lord Edward received, and the death of Captain Ryan, are known to every one. The character of Lord Edward, the position which he occupied, and his tragical death, the domestic happiness which he had enjoyed, and the affection in which he held those near to him, I need not describe. When I saw the dagger in the hands with which Lord Edward had striven in the last fatal struggle for life or death, I felt that it was not rightfully his who held it, and wished it were in other hands. Wishes soon changed into plans, and I determined, if possible, to get it. I knew the spot in the front drawing-room where it was laid, and while Major Swan and the company were engaged in conversation one evening, after tea, in the back drawing-room, I walked into the front drawing-room to the

spot where it was—I seized it, and thrust it into my bosom, inside my stays. I returned to the company, where I had to sit for an hour, and then drove home, a distance of three miles. As soon as we left the house I told my sister, who was beside me, what I had done. As soon as we got home I rushed up to the room which my sister and I occupied, and having secured the door, I opened one of the seams in the feather bed, took out the dagger, and plunged it among the feathers; for upwards of twelve years I lay every night upon the bed which contained my treasure. When I left home I took it with me, and it has been my companion in all the vicissitudes of life. When he missed it, Major Swan was greatly incensed, and not without apprehensions that it had been taken to inflict a deadly revenge upon him. Had he taken harsh measures against the servants, whom he might have suspected, I had resolved to confess that I had taken it, but after a time his anger and uneasiness subsided. I have often seen and heard this dagger described as a most extraordinary weapon, and have been ready to laugh. Moore mentions it, in his Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as being in the possession of some other family; he was quite mistaken. This is the very dagger which had not been many months in Major Swan's hands when it became mine in the manner above detailed.

"EMMA LE FANU.

"April, 1847."

When the late Earl of Aberdeen, on his retirement from the office of First Lord of the Treasury, was made a Knight of the Garter, the Queen was pleased—as a rare and signal token of the royal favour—to command him to retain also the order of the Thistle, of which his lordship was the senior knight, having been given the Green Ribbon as far back as the year 1808. Lord Aberdeen was, with one memorable exception, the only person who was at the same time a Knight of the Garter and a Knight of the Thistle. James, fourth Duke of Hamilton and first Duke of Brandon, had been chosen a Knight of the Thistle on the institution or restoration of that order by King James II., in 1687. In 1712, when his Grace was about to proceed to Paris as ambassador-extraordinary to France on the conclusion of the treaty of Utrecht, Queen Anne nominated him a Knight of the Garter. It was represented to her Majesty that such an accumulation of honours was without any precedent—that no subject had ever before worn two such badges. "Such a subject as the Duke of Hamilton," was the Queen's reply, "has a pre-eminent claim to every mark of distinction which a crowned head can confer. I will henceforth wear both orders myself." The significance of this departure from the common rule was all the more remarkable that, only two years before, a still more distinguished personage, John, the great Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, had surrendered the Thistle on being invested with the Garter. His Grace's example was followed in the next reign by William, third Earl of Essex (of the

line of Capel); in 1761, by the well-known minister of King George III., John, third Earl of Bute; in 1794, by Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch; about the same time, by Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle (of the house of Howard); in 1812, by James, third Duke of Montrose; and in 1835, by the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. But for the special injunction of the Sovereign, Lord Aberdeen would, like these noblemen, have had to give up the insignia of the Order of St. Andrew on receiving the higher distinction of the Order of St. George.

The rise of the ROTHSCHILDS is highly creditable :— The founder of the wealth and influence of this mighty banking and commercial family was MEYER AMSCHEL ROTHSCHILD. Prior to the invasion of Germany by the republican army of France, he was a Banker, on a comparatively small scale, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The vast fortune he eventually acquired is said to have originated in an act of fidelity and honour. The passage of the Rhine by the French was followed by the abandonment of the territories by almost the whole of the minor Princes of Germany; amongst others, the Sovereign of Hesse Cassel became a fugitive, and arrived with his money and jewels at Frankfort, in the hope of finding there a place of secure deposit. The character of Meyer Rothschild induced the Prince to call upon him, and to solicit his taking charge of the property, which amounted to an immense sum. Rothschild at first refused to

accept so heavy a responsibility; but the importunity of the Prince prevailed, and his Highness delivered up the money and jewels to him, without requiring even a receipt. The French army subsequently entered Frankfort, at the very moment, it is said, that Rothschild had succeeded in burying the Prince's treasure in his garden. His own property he did not hide, and of that he was entirely despoiled. In truth he was, like all the other Jews and citizens of Frankfort, reduced to utter poverty; but the treasure confided to him was safe; and some time after the French withdrew, Rothschild re-commenced as a Banker, extending his operations with caution by means of the Prince's money until the year 1802, when his Highness was enabled to return to Cassel. He had heard that Rothschild had been plundered of everything, and, consequently, he had little hope that any portion of his own deposit could have been preserved. But he stopped at Frankfort, and paid a visit to the Banker. "Well, Rothschild," said the Prince, "I am prepared for the worst; did the robbers take all?" "Not one kreutzer of your Highness's treasure has been lost," was the reply. "I have all the jewels, which I secured untouched in a strong chest, and the money I have also, with five per cent. beside, for your Royal Highness, from the day you intrusted it to me." The Prince, it is reported, not only refused the accumulated interest, but the return of the capital itself, insisting that the faithful Banker should still retain it for twenty years more, at an interest of two per cent. At the Congress of Vienna, the Prince

of Hesse Cassel represented Rothschild's conduct in such just and glowing colours, that he secured for his trusty agent the protection of all the potentates assembled, and thus raised him at once to the situation of the first Banker in the world. Meyer Amschel Rothschild left five sons: Anselm, of Frankfort; Solomon, of Berlin and Vienna; Nathan Meyer, of London; Charles, of Naples; and James, of Paris.

Before the middle of the last century, Mr. Maskelyne, brother of Dr. Nevil Maskelyne, the Astronomer-Royal, went as a cadet to India, where he became acquainted with Mr. Clive, afterwards Lord Clive. The acquaintance ripened into intimate friendship, and led to constant association. There hung up in Mr. Maskelyne's room several portraits; among others a miniature, which attracted Clive's frequent attention. One day, after the English mail had arrived, Clive asked Maskelyne if he had received any English letters, adding, "We have been very much misunderstood at home, and much censured in London circles." Maskelyne replied that he had, and read to his friend a letter he then held in his hand. A day or two after, Clive came back to ask to have the letter read to him again. "Who is the writer?" enquired Clive. "My sister," was the reply; "my sister, whose miniature hangs there." "Is it a faithful representation?" further asked Clive. "It is," rejoined Maskelyne, "of her face and form; but it is unequal to repre-

sent the excellence of her mind and character." "Well, Maskelyne," said Clive, taking him by the hand; "you know me well, and can speak of me as I really am. Do you think that girl would be induced to come to India, and marry me? In the present state of affairs, I dare not hope to be able to go to England." Maskelyne wrote home, and so recommended Clive's suit that the lady acquiesced, went to India, and, in 1753, was married at Madras to Clive, then rising to the highest distinction.

One of the most remarkable instances of the loss of landed property is given in the history of the Valentia ANNESLEYS. In the time of their ancestor Arthur, second Viscount Valentia and first Earl of Anglesey, who was high in favour with Charles II., their estates were so extensive and so widely spread that it was said that there was not a county in Ireland in which these Annesleys did not hold property. When the late Mr. John Glascott of Killowen was appointed agent to the eighth Viscount Valentia and first Earl of Mountnorris, the Annesley estate in the county of Wexford reached from the top of Sleibhboy Mountain ten miles to the sea, and seven miles along the coast; and when Valentine Gill published his Wexford map, in 1811, the Annesley inheritance was so vast that he coloured it differently from the rest, considering it almost a county in itself.

At the present moment, just sixty-one years later, not

an acre in the county of Wexford owns an Annesley for its proprietor. Camolin Park, and the last remnant of Lord Mountnorris's property, were sold in 1852, and Lord Valentia's Wexford lands, the last Annesley possession in a county where they had in former days been paramount, also passed away, in the Landed Estates Court.

"The Vicissitudes of Families" was a subject that interested all classes. The letters on the publication of the Book were numerous and instructive. If published, they would form a curious sequel to my stories. One letter I venture to give; it reached me shortly after the work's appearance; it is in these words:—

"I am myself a Grocer's Apprentice, and my great grandfather on my father's side was an extremely good and an enormously rich man; my grandfather, his heir, a scoundrel of the worst cast, a duellist, a gambler, indeed a forger. He lavished his money all away, I have heard, in about thirty years, and it was more than suspected he destroyed himself.

"He had four sons and five daughters. My father, the fourth son, a lawyer near Fleet Street, of large family and small practice, died leaving us penniless.

"Why do I tell you this but to tell you I think it no hardship. I am not as rich as my great-grandfather. My humble position is the natural and *proper* one —it's no hardship to me a bit—it *ought* to be as it is. Of course I should have liked to inherit £20,000 as my share of fortune's gifts, and *if* my ancestors had

not been scoundrels I might; but they *were*, or rather my grandfather was.

"*He spent his wealth*, and so I cannot have part of it. It's just so with most of those whose histories you relate too briefly.

"Do I derive any honour that he was 'a *great* man' in his day? not a bit.

"If I, a Grocer's Apprentice, by strict integrity and industry and common sense, so live that my great grandson shall become a good man, a possible statesman, with ample wealth, &c., the founder of an intelligent family, good as himself, thorough Christians, and thorough gentlemen, then the Grocer's Apprentice will be more deserving so good a biographer as Sir Bernard Burke, and *he* would have a more congenial task.

"With much respect, I am,

"H. Y. H.

"London, 1860."

In the "Vicissitudes of Families" I have stated that the male line of the PALÆOLOGI expired, in all probability at the death of Theodore Palæologus in the latter end of the seventeenth century. There is, however, residing at present in London, (an apprentice to a Wine Merchant) a person of the name of Palæologus, who claims descent from the Greek Emperors. A friend who gives me this information was informed that Mr. Palæologus only heard of the search for the ancient stock when it was too late.

The severest punishment inflicted by the Court of Chivalry was degradation from the honour of Knighthood. So reluctantly was this degradation decreed that only few instances remain on record—the most remarkable are those of Sir Andrew Harcla in 1382, Sir Ralph Grey in 1464, and Sir Francis Mitchell in 1621. The proceedings at Sir FRANCIS MITCHELL'S degradation were of a very remarkable character. A Herald read aloud the words in the judgment, and thereupon the sentence was put into execution. Sir Francis's sword and gilt spurs being the ornaments of Knighthood, were taken from him, broken and defaced, thus indicating that the reputation he held thereby, together with the honourable title of Knight should be no more used. One of the Knight Marshal's men, standing on the scaffold, cut the belt whereby the culprit's sword hung, and so let it fall to the ground. Next the spurs were hewn off his heels, and thrown, one one way, the other the other. After that, the Marshal's attendant drew Mitchell's sword from the scabbard, and broke it over his head, doing with the fragments as with the spurs, and finally proclamation was made that the degraded Knight should be thenceforward reputed an infamous errant Knave.

GEORGE CANNING, eventually First Lord of the Treasury, descended from the old Catholic family of Canning, of Foxcote, in the county of Warwick, through the Cannings of Garvagh, in the North of Ireland. George Canning, his father, was born the eldest son

and heir of Stratford Canning of Garvagh; but having incurred the displeasure of his father, was driven early in life from the paternal roof, and cast an adventurer upon the shoals and quicksands of the great metropolis —great then, as it is now, for either good or evil. The course of the elder George Canning was the reverse of fortunate. Involving himself in debt he purchased freedom by the sale of his birthright, and joined in cutting off the entail of the family estate, that it might be settled upon his younger and more prudent brother, Paul Canning, father of the first Lord Garvagh.

In the year 1768, without any resources on either side, but his own poor allowance, or any prospect of increase, except the increase of expense, Mr. George Canning married Miss Costello, an Irish lady of considerable personal attractions, and good family. Miss Costello, at that time residing with her maternal grandfather, Colonel Guydickens, was only eighteen years of age, extremely beautiful and captivating, but portionless.

Mr. Canning, eager to embrace every hopeful opportunity that presented itself, tried several experiments in business. He set up as a wine merchant, and failed, as might have been expected. Other speculations were entered upon with no better success; and in the midst of these overwhelming troubles, on the 11th of April, 1770, George Canning was born. He must have been a brave prophet who would have ventured to predict that the child of such adversity would one day be PRIME MINISTER of England.

In 1872 heraldic augmentations were granted in Germany and England.

PRINCE BISMARCK was given, by the Emperor of Germany, the right to use the *supporters* of Prussia, viz., Two savages, with wreaths of oak leaves round their waists, each holding a banner, one charged with the arms of Alsace, and the other with the arms of Lorraine.

For services also rendered to royalty, but of a very different character, the Queen of England has granted to SIR WILLIAM W. GULL, Bart., in consideration of his great skill and unremitting attention during the dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales, in the winter of 1871, the privilege of bearing on a *canton* in his coat of arms an ostrich feather, enfiled by the coronet which encircles the Prince of Wales's plume.

The motto has been most felicitously chosen: "Sine Deo Frustra." A Queen and a Princess, with all a mother's and a wife's love, may watch by the bedside, the most eminent physicians may exert their utmost skill, the heart of a whole people may be stirred to the core with sympathy and loyal affection, yet, Without the help of God, all is vain.

INDEX.

Abercorn, Duke of, 6.
ABERDEEN, EARL OF, ROMANCE OF, 155.
Aberdeen, Earl of, K.G. and K.T.,
Abergavenny, Earl of, 5.
Addison, Joseph, 292.
ALBEMARLE, EARL OF, 52.
Ambassadors' precedence, 264.
AMBROSE, ELEANOR, THE DANGEROUS PAPIST, 238.
ANNESLEY Family, loss of lands, 359.
Argyll, Duke of, 46.
Athole, Duke of, 23.

Bacon, Francis, 293.
BAGOT and STAFFORD, 132.
Bagot, 33.
BAPTISM of OLIVER CROMWELL, 327.
BARING FAMILY, RISE OF, 54.
BARNARD, LADY ANN, 335.
BARONETS, Order of, 60.
Baronets' precedence, 259.
Baronets' claims, 61.
Baronets' Daughters, precedence of, 258.
Baronets of the first creation, 60.
Baronets' Widows' precedence, 258.
Baronets' Wives, 257.
Beaufort, Dowager Duchess of, 106.
BEDFORD, EARLS and DUKES of, 24.
BELPER, LORD, 32.
BENTINCK FAMILY, RISE OF, 52.
BERKELEY, EARLDOM of, 339.
BESS of HARDWICKE, 28.
BISMARCK, PRINCE, supporters to his arms, 364.
Blandford, Marquess, 128.
BLAQUIERE Family, Rise of, 54.
BOCCACCIO'S DECAMERONE, 126.
Bolingbroke, Viscount, 292.
BOUVERIE FAMILY, RISE OF, 51.
BRADY, Field Marshal, 331.
Breadalbane, Earl, 46.
Brooke, Rev. Mr., 87.
Bruce of Clackmannan, 154.
BUCKINGHAM, DUKES of, 17.
Burges, Mr. Ynyr, marriage of, 346.
Burke, Mr. Serjeant, 153, 274.
BURKE, EDMUND, 293.

Bute, Marquess of, 51, 344.
BUTLER, of ORMONDE, 14.
BUTLER, SAMUEL, 301.
BYRON, LORD, 314.

CANNING'S RISE, 362.
CAVENDISH FAMILY, RISE OF, 27.
Celtic Peers, 47.
Chancellor of Ireland, precedence of, 260.
Change of Name, 149.
Chatham, Earl of, 292.
CHATTAN, CLAN, 137.
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, 119.
Chelmsford, Lord, 54.
Clancarty, Earl of, 53.
CLAN CHATTAN, 137.
Clarendon, Earl of, 291.
Clinton, 34.
CLIVE, LORDS, 44.
Clive, Lord, marriage of, 358.
Colclough of Tinterne Abbey, 349.
Copley, John Singleton, the painter, 342.
Corporate precedence, 270.
Counties of England, chief landed proprietors of, 37.
County Portrait Galleries, 317.
Courtenay, 6.
COWPER FAMILY, RISE OF, 20.
COWPER, EARL, 20.
Cromwell, Oliver, 290.
Cromwell's Baptism, 327.
CURSE, THE MIDWIFE'S, 191.

Dangan Castle, 96.
Dangan Bible, 106.
Daunt's "Ireland and her Agitators," 277.
DECAMERONE OF BOCCACCIO 126.
Delany, Mrs., account of Dangan, 97.
De la Poer of Gurteen, 338.
De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, 29.
Denison, the banker, 30.
Devon, Earl of, 6.
DEVONSHIRE, EARLS and DUKES of, 27.
Dibdin, Dr., 126.
DOUGLAS of SCOTLAND, 10.
Dowager Peeresses, precedence of, 258.
Drake, Sir Francis, 290.
DRYDEN, 301.
DUBLIN CASTLE, 245.
Dublin Castle Records, 348.
Dublin Portait Gallery, 317.
DUBLIN and EDINBURGH PRECEDENCE CONTEST, 270.
Dukes, 36.
Duke's Eldest Son, a Baron of Parliament, precedence of, 259.
Duke's Widow, married to Peer of less rank, 257.

EDINBURGH and DUBLIN, precedence contest, 270.
ELDON, EARL OF, 330.
English Counties, great landed proprietors of, 37.
English, Scotch, and Welsh Families holding Irish titles, 48.
ESQUIRES, who are? 264.
EXTINCTION OF FAMILIES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN, 289.

FAMILIES, RISE of, 1.
Ferrers of Baddesley Clinton, 63.

Feudalism, principal origin of families, 41.
Finett, Sir John, 264.
Finett's Book on Precedence, contents of, 70.
FitzGerald, Lord Edward, marriage of, 70.
FitzGerald, Lord Edward, 77.
FITZGERALD, LORD EDWARD, dagger used by, 352.
Fitzmaurice of Kerry, 34.
Fontenoy, battle of, 315.
FOREIGN FAMILIES IN THE PEERAGE, 51.
Foreign Nobility, 54.
Foreign Nobles, precedence of, 263.
Foreign Envoys and Ministers, precedence of, 264.
FORESTER'S DAUGHTER, 203.
Fox, Charles James, 292.
FRAGMENTS OF PERSONAL AND FAMILY HISTORY, 327.

GARTER, LADIES OF THE ORDER OF, 182.
GARTER, ORDER OF, 350.
Garter, armlet of, 190.
Garter's Roll, 32.
Gaunt, John of, 117.
Geraldines, 5.
GOLDSMITH, OLIVER, 305.
GORT, VISCOUNTS, descent of, 53.
Grattan, Henry, 293.
GREAT FAMILIES, RISE OF, 1.
GRENVILLE FAMILY, RISE OF, 17.
GREY FAMILY, RISE OF, 21.
GROSVENOR and SCROPE, 113.
Grosvenors, 33.
GULL, SIR W. W., BART., grant of honorable augmentation, 364.
GUNNING, the MISSES, 226.

Hamiltons, 5.
Hampden, John, 290.
Harcourt, Lady, 183.
Hardwicke, Bess of, 28.
HATTON of Kirby, 328.
Heiresses in heraldry, 23.
Heraldic heiresses, 23.
HERALDRY, ADVANTAGES OF, 347.
Heralds' Pedigrees, 348.
HERBERT AND JONES, 146.
Herbert, Sir Philip—Marriage of, 344.
Hereford, Viscount, 6.
Hertingfordbury Parish Register, 330.
Hewitt, Sir William, 18.
High Sheriff of a County, Precedence of, 260.
HISTORICAL GALLERIES, 315.
Holles, 34.
House of Lords, present number of, 36.
Howard, Duke of Norfolk, 6.
Hudson, the Railway King, 30.
HUNTINGFIELD, LORD, 53.

ILLUSTRIOUS MEN'S FAMILIES, EXTINCTION OF, 289.
Irish Baronies, 338.
Irish Peerage, 48.
IRISH REBELLION OF 1641, A TRUE ROMANCE OF, 87.
Irish Lord Chancellor, Precedence of, 260.
Irish Prelate, Precedence of, 262.

JENNINGS, LA BELLE, 319.
JENYNS, SOAME, 337.
John of Gaunt, 117.
Johnson, Samuel, 292.
JONES AND HERBERT, 146.

KEPPEL FAMILY, RISE OF, 52.
Kniephausen, Lordship of, 52.
KNIGHTHOOD, DEGRADATION FROM, 362.
Knights' wives re-married, 257.
Knights' daughters, Precedence of, 258.

LA BELLE JENNINGS, 319.
LADIES OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, 182.
Lansdowne, Marquess of, 34.
Law—the origin of families, 42.
Lawyers created peers, 43.
Lawyers founders of families, 43.
LEEDS DUKEDOM, 18.
Le Fanu, Mrs., Letter of, 353.
Leinster, Duke of, 6.
LEVESON-GOWER, RISE OF FAMILY OF, 19.
Lieutenant of a county, Precedence of, 260.
LONDESBOROUGH, LORD, 30.
Longman, Messrs., 132.
Longman's Life of Edward III., 184.
Lord Mayors, Founders of peerage-families, 45.
Lord Mayor's precedence, 263.
Lucas, Baroness, 21.
LYNDHURST, Lord, 341.

Macdonald, Lord, 46.
Mackintosh of Mackintosh, 137.
Macpherson of Cluny, 138.
Madden, Dr. R. R., historian of the "United Irishmen," 352.
Majesty, Title of, 262.
MANNERS, DUKE OF RUTLAND, 17.
Marlborough, Duke of, 291.
Marriage, Rise of families by, 17.
Maskelyne, Miss, 358.
Mechanical invention, 31.
MEMORIES OF THE VICE REGAL COURT, 226.
Merchant families, 29.
MIDWIFE'S CURSE, 191.
Military peerages, 43.
MILTON, 299.
Monastic lands, 41.
Monk, George, Duke of Albemarle, 291.
Montgomery, 55.
Montgomery, Alfred, 102.
Montrose, Duke of, 23.
Montrose, Duke of, 46.
MOORE, THOMAS, 311.

Naval Peerages, 44.
Nelson, Lord, 291.
Nevill, Earl of Abergavenny, 5.
Newcastle, Duke of, 34.
New Peers not new men, 33.
Nobility, Definition of, 62.
NORFOLK, DUKE OF, 6.
Norwich city, 9.
NUGENT, FIELD-MARSHAL PRINCE, 332.

O'CONOR, 142.
Officers of State, their wives and children, 256.

Officers of State in Ireland and Scotland, Precedence of, 260.
Origin of great families, 37.
ORMONDE, DUKES OF, 14.
Ormonde, Duke of, 291.
OSBORNE FAMILY, RISE OF, 19.

Pagans, 193.
Palmer, Lady, 242.
Palmer, Sir Roundell, 151.
PAMELA, STORY OF, 65, 352.
PAPIST, THE DANGEROUS (Miss Ambrose), 238.
Parish Registers, 327.
Payans, 194.
Payne, Family of, 196.
Peerage of Ireland, 48.
Peerages on Plantagenet rolls, 33.
Peerages, Military, 43.
Peerages, Naval, 44.
Peerages, Indian Service, 44.
Peerages derived from Prime Ministers, 50.
Peeress in her own right, Precedence of, 257.
Peers and Peeresses, Number of, 36.
Peers descended from Speakers of the House of Commons, 44.
Peers descended from Prelates, 45.
Peers descended from Lord Mayors, 45.
Peers of Danish origin, 47.
Peers of France in 1789, 56.
Peers', Baronets', and Knights' widows, 256.
Peers' wives remarried, 257.
Peers' daughters, Precedence of, 258.
Peers and Peeresses' rank among themselves, 259.
PERPLEXITIES OF PRECEDENCE, 251.
Peterborough, Earl of, 291.
Picture Galleries, 315.
Pitt, William, 292.
Plantagenet, a surname, 262.
POPE, 304.
PORTLAND, DUKE OF, 52.
Powell of Perthyr, 147.
Power, Lord, 338.
PRECEDENCE, PERPLEXITIES OF, 251.
Precedence, Privy Councillors', 252.
Precedence, Origin of, 254.
Precedence, Authorities for, 255.
Precedence derived only from men's rank, 256.
Precedence by birth in a Lady, 256.
Precedence emanates from father or husband, 256.
Precedence lost by marriage, 257.
PRECEDENCE CONTROVERSY BETWEEN FRANCE AND SPAIN, 266.
PRECEDENCE CONTEST BETWEEN ENGLAND AND SPAIN, 269.
Prelates, founders of peerage families, 45.
Prelates' wives, 252.
Prendergast, J. P., Visit to Dangan, 98.
PRETENSIONS, RIVAL, 113.
Prime Ministers, 252.
Prime Ministers' Peerages, 50.
Prime Minister's Precedence, 252.

Princes of the blood royal, 261.
Private Balls, Vice Regal, 231.
Privy Councillors' Precedence, 252.
PROGER OF WERNDEE AND POWELL OF PERTHYZ, 147.

RADNOR, Earl of, 51.
Raleigh, Sir Walter, 290.
Receptions, Vice Regal, 228.
RENDLESHAM, Lord, 53.
Ripon, Earl of, 50.
RISE OF GREAT FAMILIES, 1.
Rise of families by marriage, 17.
RIVAL PRETENSIONS, 113.
Rochefoucauld, Liancourt, Duc de, Anecdote of, 56.
Roman Catholic gentry, 63.
ROMANCE OF THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, 155.
ROMILLY FAMILY, RISE OF, 54.
Rossmore, Baron, 53.
ROTHSCHILD FAMILY, RISE OF, 356.
Roxburghe, John, Duke of, K.G., 126.
Royal surnames, 262.
RUSHOUT FAMILY, RISE OF, 53.
RUSSELL FAMILY, RISE OF, 24.
Rutland, Duke of, 17.

Schaw of Greenock, 154.
SCOTT, SIR WALTER, 307.
Scrope of Danby, 63.
SCROPE AND GROSVENOR, 113.
SHAKESPERE, 294.
Shirley Family, 60.
Shrewsbury, Earl of, 5.
South Kensington Portrait Gallery, 317.
Sovereign Princes marshalled by Lord Bacon, 261.
Spanish nobility, 58.
Speakers of the House of Commons founders of Peerage families, 44.
Spencer, Earl, 128, 319.
SPENSER, 296.
STAFFORD AND BAGOT, 132.
STEELE, Career of, 277.
Strafford, Earl of, 291.
STORY OF PAMELA, 65.
STORY OF THE SWORD, 108.
STRUTT OF BELPER, RISE OF, 31.
Sunderland's Peerage Bill, 49.
Surnames in royal families, 262.
Surrey, Earl of, iniquitous execution, 8.
SUTHERLAND, DUKES OF, 19.
Swift, Dean, 292.
SWORD, STORY OF, 108.
Sydney, Sir Philip, 290.

Tablots, 5.
THE MIDWIFE'S CURSE, 191.
THE ABERDEEN ROMANCE, 155.
THELLUSSON FAMILY, RISE OF, 53.
Thirlewall, John, 120.
Tollemache Family, 60.
TOM STEELE, 277.
Trafford, ot Trafford, 64.
TRENCH FAMILY, Origin of, 53.
TRUE ROMANCE CONNECTED WITH THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641, 87.
Tufnell, Mr. Jolliffe, 108.
TYRCONNEL, DUCHESS OF, 319.

Ulster's Office, 348.

Ulster's Roll, 32.
Untitled Families, 63.

VANNECK FAMILY, RISE OF, 53.
Venetian nobility, 58.
Verekers, 53.
Vernon, 33.
Vernon, Sir Ralph, 121.
Versailles Gallery, 315.
Vice Regal Private Balls, 231.
VICE REGAL COURT, MEMORIES OF, 226.
Vice Regal Receptions, 228.
Vicissitudes of families, Letter on, 360.
Visitations, 347.

Walpole, Horace, 292.
Walpole, Sir Robert, 292.
WELLINGTON, DUKE OF, Birth, Birthplace and early home, 94.
WESTENRA FAMILY, RISE OF, 53
Widows of "Honourables" re-married, 257.
Wrottesley, Baron, 33.

THE END.

BILLING, PRINTER, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

In two volumes, price One Guinea.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FAMILIES,

BY

SIR BERNARD BURKE, C.B.,

Ulster King of Arms.

NEW AND REMODELLED EDITION.

THIS compact edition of "The Vicissitudes of Families" has been very carefully revised, remodelled, and in many parts re-written. New Stories have been introduced; and anecdotes and details in further elucidation of the subject, thus forming a substantive and complete record of the changeful fortunes of our great houses,—a work, in fact, illustrative of that portion so eventful, and yet so little known, of this country's domestic history. My topic is the greatness that has gone by,—passing, either rapidly, like the lion struck down in his pride, or slowly, like the oak for ages withering away. The theme in itself is so instructive that I do hope I am not too presumptuous in the pleasing anticipation that these "Vicissitudes" may attract and interest my readers, and turn their hearts to the sorrows and sufferings of those who have fallen,

oft not deservedly, from high estate and dazzling glory, into utter misery and oblivion.

"This work contains as many examples of strange adventure and capricious fate as would suffice to render even a story of romance intensely interesting and pathetic."—*Examiner.*

". . . . Curious collection of the decays and lapses of hereditary glory."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"The clever and profoundly interesting history of 'The Vicissitudes of Families' is one of great attractions."—*Globe.*

"In this work there is a rich mine for the writers of romances in real life, who generally think that real life is more real if it is high."—*Morning Post.*

"These two volumes contain a series of some of the most interesting narratives to be found in the domain of actual fact."—*London Review.*

"The subject is good, and the labour has been well bestowed."—*Athenæum.*

"The present edition is entirely remodelled, and represents in its new form a substantive and complete record of the changeful fortunes of great houses."—*Observer.*

"The subject so ably treated by Sir BERNARD is one of surpassing interest, forming an important chapter in the general history of the empire, and possessing all the charm and vividness of a romance."—Dublin *Express.*

"These remodelled volumes are to the sensational literature of the day what the green field and the harvest moon are to the daubed canvass and circular transparency of the scene painter and property-man. Strength is the characteristic of the work, fulness the surprising feature, gentleness the charm."—*Freeman's Journal.*

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER,

PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

Just Published, Price One Shilling,

THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND

FROM

The Norman Conquest,

IN RHYME.

"This pretty little book will certainly be both attractive and useful to the rising generation. We are all well aware that any rhyme learned in childhood is retained in the memory; while, perhaps, particulars which we have more carefully studied pass from our minds, never to be recalled. The importance of an accurate knowledge of the principal facts and dates connected with English history is an undeniable advantage; and no surer way can be devised for fixing them in the youthful mind than by the method made use of in this little volume. We have here the date, and an epitome, in rhyme, of the reign of every English sovereign from the time of William the Conqueror." —*Dublin Evening Mail.*

"Here we have an excellent history of England for children, in miniature, and in music. . . . The work was written for the children of the author, who thinks that the history of England 'is the most amusing of books, far more interesting than fairy tale or romance. The "Babes in the Wood" is a pretty tale, but, after all, it is mere fancy. The story, quite as sorrowful, of the little Princes murdered in the Tower, is true from beginning to end. Henry VIII. was as terrible a personage as Blue Beard; and Charles II., concealed in the oak, played the part of "The Invisible Prince," without the aid of the fairy, Gentilla. Besides, the information gleaned from history will be of use to you when you grow up, and will stand your friend on many occasions.'"—*Irish Times.*

DUBLIN:

HODGES, FOSTER, & CO.

LONDON:

HARRISON, BOOKSELLER TO THE QUEEN,

59, PALL MALL.

00082174

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018